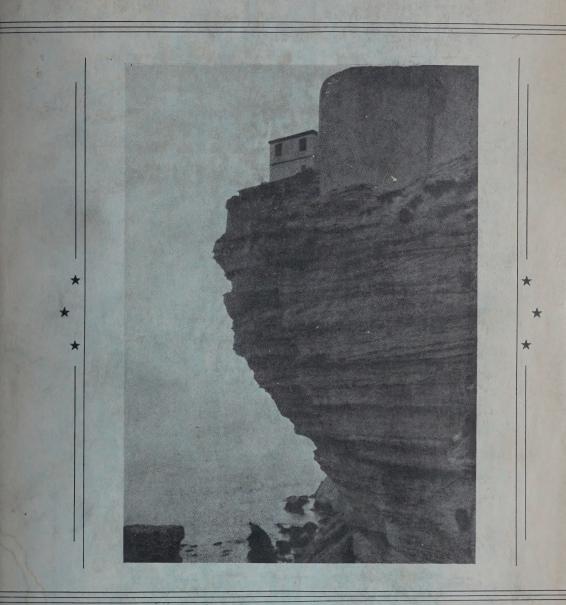
CORSICA THE BEAUTIFUL



A history of the island and an impression of it as it is to-day, with forty-three illustrations

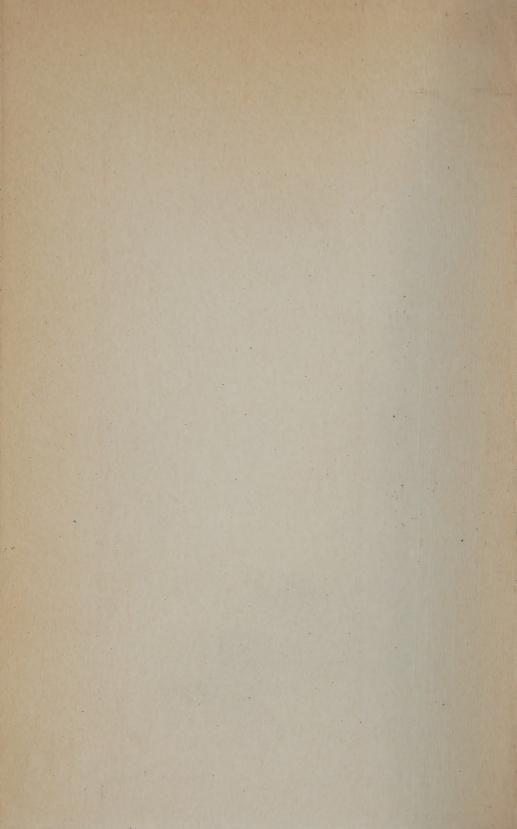
BY MAJOR A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE

CORSICA THE BEAUTIFUL

By
A. Radclyffe Dugmore, F.R.G.S.

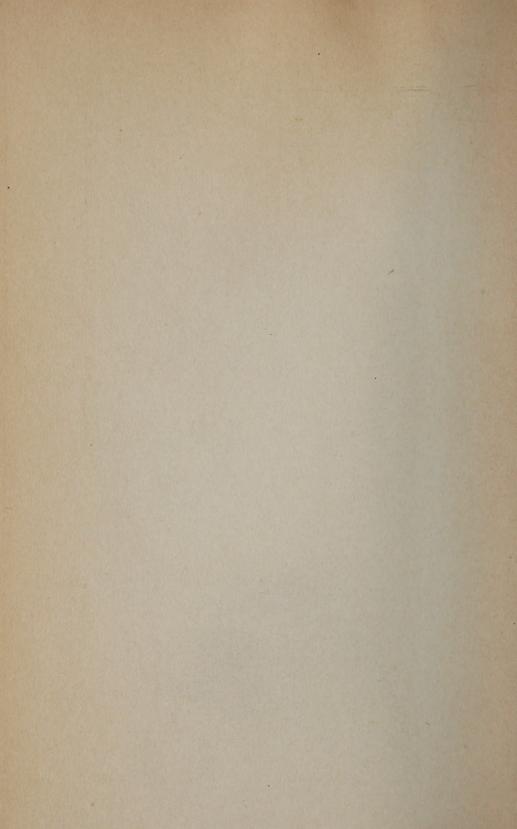
Corsica is a country that should become increasingly popular with those who like to turn away for a time from the gaver and more crowded European scenes. The Island is a quiet part of the world. Its chief attractions are its wonderful beauty and its infinite Major Dugmore, variety. whose books of travel and adventure are widely known, has gathered up in this book the very best of the Corsican scene and the most interesting parts of its colorful and exciting history. His book is illustrated with a map and forty-three pictures from photographs.



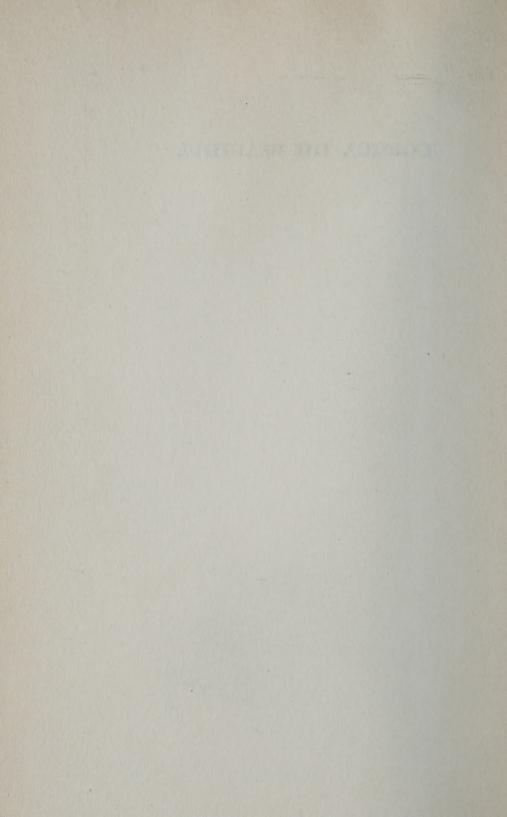


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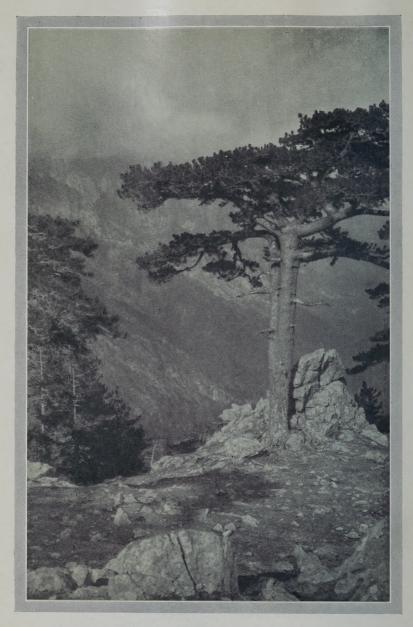
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CORSICA THE BEAUTIFUL







THE COL DE BAVELLA About 4000 feet elevation. The most beautiful place in Corsica.

CORSICA THE BEAUTIFUL

AN IMPRESSION OF THE ISLAND AS IT IS TO-DAY, AND OF ITS HISTORY

By Major A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE F.R.G.S.

AUTHOR OF
"THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A WANDERER," "CAMERA
ADVENTURES IN THE AFRICAN WILDS," "THE
ROMANCE OF THE BEAVER," "THE VAST SUDAN,"
"THE WONDERLAND OF BIG GAME,"
ETC.

WITH 43 ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
BY THE AUTHOR, AND A MAP

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
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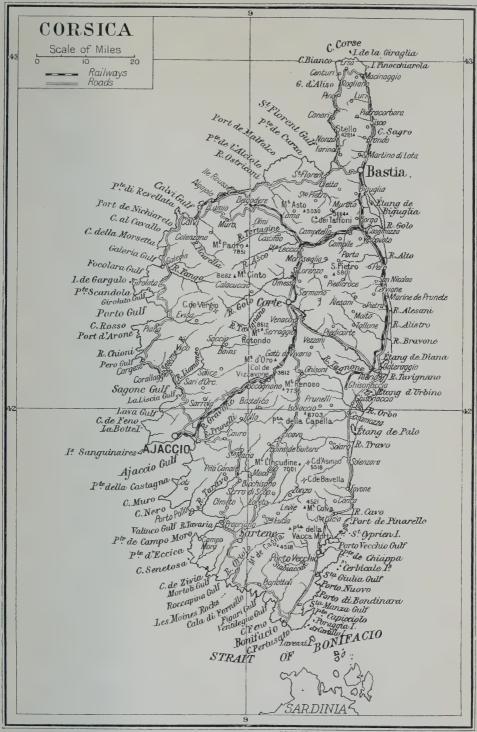
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS AND EXPLANATIONS

N a book of this type it is usual to write an introduction. For some reason it is expected. Nevertheless the reader, with a clear conscience, turns over the pages and exclaims with relief: "At least I don't have to read this." He is not expected to do so. In fact it is not written for him. It is merely for the author's satisfaction as it gives him an opportunity of explaining the shortcomings of his book, or such shortcomings as appear to him to be most noticeable, and more particularly of offering a few words of thanks to those whose works and kindness have been of assistance to him. In this case I wish to express my obligation and gratitude to Wanderings in Corsica, its History and its Heroes, by Ferdinand Gregorovius, translated by Alexander Muir, published in Edinburgh by Thomas Constable & Co. in 1855, a book which is full of interesting facts and, I may add, of pictures, collected with great labour by the author; to Romantic Corsica, by George Renwick, and published by T. Fisher Unwin in 1909, a book

which, unfortunately, is out of print-it is the work of an enthusiast and makes delightful reading; to The Life of a Regimental Officer during the Great War 1793-1815 (not the Great War of our time!), compiled from the correspondence of Colonel Samuel Rice, C.B., K.H., 51st Light Infantry, and from other sources by Lieut.-Colonel A. F. Mockler-Ferryman, published by William Blackwood & Sons in 1913; to The Diary of Sir John Moore, edited by Major-General Sir J. F. Maurice, K.C.B., published by Edward Arnold in 1904 (these two were kindly lent to me by Lieut.-Colonel W. B. Thorp, of the 1st Battalion King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry); to Corsica the Scented Isle, by D. Archer, published by Methuen & Co., Ltd., in 1924; to Histoire de la Corse, by F. Girolami-Cortona, published in Bastia by C. Praggi & Cie; to Hachette's La Corse, one of the series of "Les Guides Illustres"; and to other books of a lesser degree and to Major Routley, H.B.M.'s consul at Ajaccio, and to many other friends in Corsica, particularly Mr. and Mrs. Hand, who drove me about the country and enabled me to see much that I might otherwise have missed. To all of these and to any others whom I may have omitted, I offer my sincere thanks. The reader may ask why I have neglected the flowers of Corsica. The answer is simple enough. Modesty. Others who

know so much more about the subject have already dealt with it, why then should I risk being "an also ran"? The same is not true of the bird life of the island, for so far as I know there is no book on the subject. The years of my life that have been devoted to natural history studies make me realize only too well that the two seasons spent in Corsica, even if the entire time were devoted to bird work, would not entitle me to write what would be a most incomplete account of the birds. Then there is Napoleon Bonaparte whose name is so much associated with the island. Little mention will be found in the following pages of this great man. For after all he did scarcely anything for Corsica, even though he had so much opportunity. He spoke with feeling of the sweet scent of the maquis when he was captive in Elba, yet the country which produced the scent can remember little that he did to befriend it in the days of his power. In dealing with the history of the country I have tried to give a brief but fairly comprehensive outline in chronological order of the chief events and persons concerned in the various developments. is not meant to be a complete history, but rather to give an idea of what the unfortunate island has gone through since it was first known to be settled up to the end of the transient occupation by the British. Since our evacuation Corsica has remained a part of France, even though its people are temperamentally so very different. At last the island is in a state of peace. Let us hope that it will never again know the terrors of invasion, or at least that there will be no worse invasion than that of the tourists who come to see and enjoy the rare beauty of this little gem of the Mediterranean.

August 22nd, 1927.





CHAPTER ONE. GENERAL IMPRESSIONS



CORSICA THE BEAUTIFUL

CHAPTER ONE

ment out of most things in this world, contrast is necessary. A colour is only seen in its full glory when displayed with some other colour. Everything depends on light and shade, in other words, contrast. Thus, when one has endured the murky grey skies of English winter, with but faint and occasional glimpses of a pale heatless sun, and seen the dreary colourless waters that lap our shores, the first sight of Corsica—forty short hours later—fills the soul with joy. Especially if on arriving at Ajaccio the morning be as clear as it usually is.

In the distance the snow-covered Monte d'Oro, whose peak rises to a height of nearly eight thousand feet, makes a wonderful background for one of the most beautiful bays in the world. On the right purple-coloured mountains of an infinite range of tones cut the glowing morning sky with endless sharp-edged rugged peaks. Further to the left the red-hued mountain of Gozzi becomes a mass of copper, burnished by

the golden rays of the sun and made even more brilliant by the deep violet shadows of the clearly defined ravines. Still further to the left, some two thousand four hundred feet high, is the Pte. de Pozzo di Borgo and its twin peak Pte. de Lisa, lit by the rising sun and forming a mighty back-ground to the town of Ajaccio with its tall buildings, pale yellow and blue, with red-tiled roofs and sun-bleached green and grey windowshutters, all rising high above the palm-bordered quay in front of which are moored the small brightly painted fishing boats whose greens and yellows, blues and reds are reflected with the lighter tones of the buildings in a riot of glittering colours. The water is crystal-clear, opalescent in the morning calm, or dazzling blue, purple and emerald-green if the breeze is blowing. After the sombre grey of English winter, beautiful perhaps in its own sad way, is it to be wondered that one is filled with the very joy of living, as all this happy colourful view spreads itself before our astonished eyes? The contrast makes the enjoyment all the keener. To come to Ajaccio from the tropical beauties of the East or West Indies, for example, would be altogether different, and would give little or no sensation because of the lack of contrast.

Corsica is a country which should become increasingly popular to those who can tear themselves away from golf, for there are no links, and from the gayer forms of life. It is a quiet part of the world, whose chief attraction



 ${\bf AJACCIO\ HARBOUR}$ In which the old fashioned but be autiful sailing ships may still be seen.



is its wonderful beauty and its infinite variety. The mountain scenery is as fine as anyone could wish; not only is the form of these mountains so vastly grand and varied, but the colouring is a constant delight to the eye. Red, pink, green, brown, grey and purple, every colour is found in the porphyry, granite and serpentine rocks. No words can describe the glory of these wild mountains with their snow-covered peaks, their grotesque weather-carved rocks, their deep mysterious ravines and the sparkling jade-green rivers which wind their tortuous way in a few hours from the melting snow to the sea.

While the mountains offer the grandest scenery, there are also valleys, cultivated and wild, with olive trees, live oaks, cork trees and terraced vineyards. There are immense pine forests in the higher regions. Sweet-scented maquiscovered hills. Quaint villages perched on mountain spurs, or nestled in quiet valleys. A seashore as varied as it is beautiful, with sandy beaches or many-coloured rocks and cliffs, bordering the dazzlingly brilliant water.

There is also the attraction, in the maquis and elsewhere, for those whose interest is in that direction, of the flowers, plants and trees which abound in endless variety. It is claimed by some to be a Paradise for botanists.¹ The word

¹ Not being a botanist, I refrain from going into the question of the Corsican plants. Those who are interested in the subject will find much information in *Corsica*; the Scented Isle, by Miss Archer.

"maquis," like the vendetta, is always associated with Corsica. It is the beautiful against the hideous, for the maguis is one of the most delightful possessions of the country and is partly responsible for the well-known name so aptly applied, the "Scented Isle." It is the growth of bush and plant which so luxuriantly clothes the hill-sides, and is composed of cistus, with large delicate pink blossoms and large and small white ones, heather, both white and pink, myrtle, juniper, rosemary, lentiscus, lavender, lauristinus, broom, wild olive, arbutus (A. unedo), and others too numerous to mention. The white heather and the cistus, which flower in the early spring, are so abundant that they give the effect of a white mist on the hills. In the higher regions, the arbutus forms perhaps the greater part of the maguis. In the winter the bushes are covered with rich red berries, which, falling on the soft snow, look like drops of blood. To drive through the *maquis* is to drive through an aromatic garden, the very incense of Corsica. For the nature lover it will be seen that the island of Corsica has a great deal offer.

The climate is good, but it is a dangerous subject to write about, because occasionally the clerk of the weather becomes ill-mannered, as he did during the past winter (of '26-'27) when, for over two months, which should have been warm and sunny, it was frequently cold and wet, and the mountain regions snow-bound for days

at a time. That however was unusual. As a rule, from November onward the weather is good, temperature mild, rains infrequent and sunshine in abundance. April, May, and June are usually very fine, but towards the middle of June it becomes warm near sea-level. October and November, though inclined to be wet at intervals, are delightful and the country is perhaps at its best so far as the colouring is concerned, for then the chestnut forests, which in many parts cover the slopes of the mountains, are a blaze of rich gold; in fact, yellow, from russet to bright orange, is the prevailing colour. With the coming of December these rich colours gradually give way to soft greys, greens and hazy purples, which in turn become more and more green, varied by the profusion of many-coloured flowers, from March onward, till the heat and drought reduce the greens to dusty greys.

Of course with a country as mountainous as Corsica, there is every sort of climate. In midsummer, when on the sea coast or in the lower valleys the heat is unpleasantly severe, it will be cool a few thousand feet up. In the winter, when some of the higher cols are impassable owing to snow, you may be enjoying bathing at Ajaccio. A two hours' motor run makes this difference. Generally speaking, it is advisable to avoid the coastal belt during the summer, as malaria is fairly prevalent, especially on the east coast, which is then very unhealthy; even the natives leave it and make their homes in the higher land

some distance from the sea. It is not uncommon to hear (especially in France, where Corsica is nearly always given a bad reputation) of the danger arising from the sanitary conditions of Ajaccio and other towns. These accounts are greatly exaggerated, and one is fairly safe in saying that both Ajaccio and Bastia, the two largest towns, may be considered healthy during the greater part of the year. In the winter Ajaccio is much warmer than Bastia, which being on the north-east end, is swept by cold winds coming from the Continent, while Ajaccio is sheltered by the surrounding mountains. The region about Ajaccio could be made more healthy if it were not for the system of irrigation which prevails. All around, on hill-side and valley, there are small reservoirs and tile ducts. These are usually in a bad state of repair and the stagnant water forms the most perfect breeding place for mosquitoes. Until this is remedied and all pools are properly drained or oil-coated, there will always be malaria.

From present indications the number of winter visitors will increase very greatly and there will be urgent need for more hotels and small houses. During the height of the season, from March till May, and again in the summer when there is another run of short-time visitors, all sorts of hotels and pensions are filled to overflowing, and visitors who have not had the foresight to engage rooms find themselves forced to take quarters which are far from satisfactory. The Grand



Fuel in Corsica is a serious problem especially in the larger fowns. This photograph shows the housewife buying twigs of magnix. MAIN AJACCIO STREET



Hotel is the largest and only modern one, but there are others, such as the Hôtel des Étrangers, which are less expensive and quite comfortable. In most of the less pretentious places the question of baths, or rather lack of baths, is somewhat disconcerting to those who enjoy such necessary luxuries. But when the low cost of lodging is considered, one must not demand too much, and by carrying portable canvas or rubber baths one may get along comfortably and indulge one's desire for cleanliness. Full pension rates are less than one usually pays for room without food in most of our English hotels. With the fluctuation in the value of the franc it is difficult to give an accurate idea of prices, but roughly speaking the rates are from six to twelve shillings per day, en pension, to which must be added the ten per cent on all bills for service (in lieu of tips), and the local tax de séjour. Wine is extra, except at some of the country inns, and the breakfast arrangements are similar to those in France, where the petit déjeuner includes only coffee and rolls. There is a great deal of talk in Ajaccio of building a large hotel, but it is only talk at present, and those of us who like the existing quiet of the place look forward with dread to the proposed so-called improvements. Ajaccio will become more and more popular as a winter resort if suitable hotels are built, for not only is the place itself delightful but it is in a central position from which motor trips through the island can be easily arranged. During the

past winter these trips were organized chiefly by the P.L.M., and charabancs were run to most of the best-known places. It is a cheap way of seeing the country in, what must of necessity be, a very superficial way, and in mixed company, which may or may not be always congenial. You are rushed about from place to place in first-class vehicles. Your meals are arranged for at the various inns *en route*, and sleeping accommodation, more or less, is included in the price of the trip; but unfortunately the organization of these tours is, apparently, carried out without a proper appreciation of the conditions prevailing in the various small villages, with results which are sometimes very amusing, more particularly for the unaffected onlooker. Usually there may be one, or perhaps two, small inns, called "hotels" with high-sounding and often very misleading names. These inns may have perhaps six or even ten bedrooms. The P.L.M. cars, numbering anything up to five in number, arrive, each bringing its full load of sixteen or more passengers. Notice has, of course, been sent on some hours ahead of the numbers to be expected. The wretched innkeeper, who has beds for a dozen people, is told that fifty or sixty will arrive for the night and will require dinner and beds. He rushes about in despair, looks at his rooms, but that does not add to the number of beds. While his wife wrestles with the problem of furnishing meals for the visitors, and this is no easy task in places where there are practically no

shops and all supplies are difficult to procure, the man with a wild look in his eye makes a tour of the village, to see how many beds are available in the various cottages. It sometimes ends in the impossible problem of trying to make two go into one. The line of cars arrives and they disgorge their living cargo, who look at the hotel and compare its diminutive size with their own number, and they wonder what is going to happen. The worried innkeeper greets the throng in a state of terror. The throng greets him with their various demands. The poor man replies vaguely that he will soon be able to arrange everything, but until their arrival he did not know how many married couples there were, nor how many of each sex; so he stares at them in dismay and talks rapidly. Everyone talks. All state their particular requirements and in the end the visitors, having realized the utter impossibility of getting what they want, take what they can get and are more or less settled after a bewildering amount of chatter and argument, and often violent abuse of the poor proprietor, who has really done his best. Now all of this appears to be somewhat unsatisfactory from the point of view of all parties concerned, unless the tourist has an extra well-developed sense of humour. It gives him a bad impression of the country, and really produces a certain amount of dissatisfaction to all concerned, except possibly the touring company, who are responsible for the confusion which might, one imagines, be easily

obviated by the simple solution of arranging so that the cars should arrive each day, or every two days, with passengers sufficient for the capacity of the inn, instead of sending so many cars once or twice a week. The great advantage that the present system has for the passengers is that the tours are remarkably cheap, the cars are extremely good and the drivers reliable and courteous; in consideration of this it does not do to grumble, but accept everything in a good-natured way. When there are parties of two, three or even four, it is better to take a motor and so be more independent, and not be tied down to the schedules of the tour-arranging concerns. This is more satisfactory and costs little if any more; but it is highly advisable, if not absolutely necessary, when planning the trip to avoid staying in any place on a "Tour day." The cost of first-class motors with driver is from one franc twenty-five centimes to two francs per kilometre. One franc and a half is the usual price, to which must be added twenty francs per day for the driver's maintenance if you are away overnight, and ten per cent for tips. (These were the prices last winter.) Travelling by this method has the advantage of allowing people to go where they wish and being able to stop at places that make any special appeal. It is advisable to carry lunch in the car and enjoy picnics by the wayside. It saves time and is far more enjoyable, besides which it is then only necessary to reach your destination in time for

dinner; but it is well to wire or telephone ahead for meals or rooms.

Generally speaking, the roads throughout the island are remarkably good. The worst ones are usually those in the vicinity of the larger towns, where there is much heavy traffic. The roads through the mountains are particularly good, when the conditions are taken into consideration, and though the curves, due to the contours of the slopes and spurs, are numerous and somewhat sharp, the gradients are seldom

very steep.

In many ways Corsica is an ideal place for motor tours. The extraordinary beauty and grandeur of the country and the infinite variety of the scenery must give pleasure to anyone who cares for nature at its best. Long runs are not necessary and one seldom does more than one hundred and fifty kilometres in the day, usually far less. The most delightful way to see the country would be by motor caravan, or with a light trailer and saloon body car. In this way supplies of bedding and food could be carried, you could stop where you want and take side trips on foot to desirable places and be entirely independent of the country inns. For painters, fishermen, or those who simply wander for the pleasure of seeing things, this method would be ideal. Any time, whether summer or winter, would be suitable, as with the various elevations almost any climate could be found.

The total length of Corsica from north (Cap

Corse) to south (Bonifacio) is only 183 kilometres (about 114 miles). Its greatest width—somewhat north of Ajaccio—about 84, and the coastline 500 (roughly, 317 miles), with a total

area of 3367 square miles.

Besides motoring as a method of seeing the island there is the railway which goes from Ajaccio in an easterly and northerly direction, passing Monte d'Oro at an elevation of over three thousand feet, Corte and thence to Bastia, which is on the south-east shore of the Cap Corse Peninsula. A branch road goes from Ponte Leccia, north of Corte, westward to Calvi, and another branch goes along the east coast to Ghisonaccia; the total length of the system being two hundred and ninety-seven kilometres. The carriages on these trains are quite comfortable and parts of the run are through country which is remarkably beautiful.

Ajaccio being, as already stated, in a central position, it is possible to stay there and make trips to all places of interest by spending only a night or two away. But for the tour of Cap Corse and the northern coast as far west as Calvi it is best to make Bastia the headquarters. Corte also is a fairly good centre for both walking and motor tours.

The one drawback to walking tours in Corsica is the question of hotels in the smaller places. Not even the most enthusiastic lover of the beautiful island can find anything to say in their favour. Some are clean, some are not; the beds are

usually good, while the sanitary conditions are frequently non-existent, or if they do exist one can but wish they did not, as they are hopelessly primitive and unsatisfactory. Meals vary according to the local conditions. They may be good, fair or very bad. Milk is somewhat scarce, goats or sheep supply all there is, except in the larger towns where some cow's milk may be obtained. Such luxuries as butter must not be expected except in the larger or more frequented places. The same may be said of tea, so those who desire this beverage should supply themselves with the amount they need. The one thing that one is usually sure to find is good wine. Corsican wine is peculiar in flavour and quality. At first it seldom appeals to our palate, but after a while when you are used to the novelty, its excellence will be appreciated, for it is really delicious, perfectly pure, full of flavour but far stronger than it seems. It is a most wholesome drink and is far preferable to the imported wines both in the matter of price and flavour. The question of the service is not as a rule satisfactory, and anything like punctuality is seldom considered. Time is not a subject which interests the people. They are early risers and so have plenty of it, but they cannot understand that if you request (you never order things or people in this country) a meal for, say, twelve o'clock, why you should not be perfectly happy if you have it at two. There are hotels, even small ones, which are exceptions to the

general rule, but they are somewhat difficult to find. In the larger places, where prices should warrant things being well done, there is much left to be desired.

The Corsican is not a natural born hotelkeeper. One of their strange peculiarities shows itself in the little but important detail of furnishing bedrooms. It is usually a case of the irreducible minimum, from which, though it sounds impossible, some articles may be lacking. You may be planning a stay of a month or more, and you will be shown a bedroom that is entirely innocent of any place in which clothing may be put. If you are lucky there might be a mantelshelf, two or three inches wide, and on this all your belongings are supposed to go, and if you ask for a table, good-natured surprise will be shown. What these good people expect us to do with our necessary belongings it is difficult to say. Comfortable sitting-rooms are somewhat scarce and are unknown in the smaller hotels. Another strange peculiarity of the smaller hotels is the internal arrangements of the rooms. As often as not there will be several rooms connecting with one another, but only one will have access to the stairway or hall. So it means that the other rooms are passage ways. A somewhat embarrassing state of affairs!

With the various and at times rather annoying characteristics of the Corsicans you must not get angry or impatient. They mean well and are most kind-hearted and delightful people. They



AJACCIO ABOUNDS IN INTERESTING NARROW STREETS AND ARCHES



will not spare themselves any amount of trouble on your account and their manner is kindly and courteous. They are proudly independent and most hospitable. Offering money in return for favours accepted is, in the country districts, almost an insult. Strangers to the country may feel that the people are perhaps a trifle familiar. This is not intended to be in any way offensive; it is simply their delightful friendly attitude. Class distinctions scarcely exist, and servility is unknown, while civility is the rule. Brusqueness on the part of a stranger is not understood and is resented. They expect the politeness that they themselves show to everyone. If you want to cross a man's land or go through his yard, you ask permission. You take off your hat and bow with old-time courtesy. Such behaviour costs nothing and its observance means a great deal. Unfortunately some people fail to observe this natural courtesy; they should not be surprised, therefore, if they meet with unpleasantness. I have been about the island a good deal and mixed freely with all classes and have never met with anything but the most delightful civility and kindness. Even girls may wander where they will in the most remote districts or elsewhere and be absolutely safe from anything unpleasant, and experience nothing but the most perfect politeness and respect.

This may sound like a strange statement, because there is a common idea that Corsica is a land of bandits. One is even considered to be

brave for venturing into such a "wild" country, and yet there is no country in the world where one is safer. A stranger is regarded as a sort of guest whose possessions are sacred. This feeling is exemplified by a man who was driving me up in the mountains.

We were talking of bandits and the vendetta, and he said: "Supposing someone stole something from you, it would reflect on the honour of every one of us, but particularly on me and I would have to punish the fellow, perhaps I would even have to shoot him."

"But then you would be hanged for murder,

wouldn't you?" I asked.

"Oh no, I would simply have to take to the maquis and my friends would look after me until the affair had blown over. Everyone would know that I had acted for the honour of my country." And then as an afterthought he added: "I should of course be called a bandit."

This then is, in most cases, what a bandit is in Corsica. A man takes the law in his own hands and is willing to pay the price for having done so. The law is slow, costly, and sometimes uncertain. So it is easier to administer justice in one's own

way.

"It keeps the money out of the lawyer's hands, it is quicker and it is sure," my friend said, and added: "Then there are some affairs that cannot go to Court. The publicity would bring disgrace on us, as, for example, supposing someone insulted my sister, or my daughter, I could not

have strangers discuss such a thing, could I? No, I must settle with the man myself. Perhaps I would have to shoot him, perhaps not; it would depend on how much he had dishonoured us. The punishment would be whatever was deserved, we pay in full, for that is how we keep our honour and make those who are ill-disposed behave themselves. They know what will happen if they

do wrong."

It is the primitive justice that is best known and understood by those who live simple lives. Nearly all the bandits of Corsica have earned their name for taking the law into their own hands; sometimes on serious provocation, but, as they are inclined to be hot-tempered, sometimes without any justification; as a means of settling a dispute, it is certainly a decisive way. Frequently jealousy is the beginning of the trouble. They have not all been bad men, though some became so by the conditions under which they were forced to live when fugitives from the law. They lead a wild life in the rugged mountains, and are in constant fear of surprise; an enemy may take the opportunity of paying back an old grudge by giving information of their whereabouts. A friend will perhaps give news of what is going on and the hunted man will take the first opportunity to revenge himself by shooting his enemy, and so add to his list of crimes and render his position still more jeopardous. The name of bandit is scarcely the right one to use. It is an illfavoured word which in our minds is associated

with those who commit murder for the purpose

of robbery.

Bandits are becoming scarce in these days. The last well-known one was the famous Romanetti, who enjoyed the name of "King of the Bandits." A man of remarkable personality, who had a host of friends. His home was more or less in the neighbourhood of Calcatoggio, a village about twenty-one kilometres north of Ajaccio. He met his end on April 25th, 1926. How, no one will tell you. It was said that the gendarmes shot him in ambush not far from his village. Others suggest that an enemy whom he had punished for some dishonest act had done the deed. But no one would discuss the matter or even mention his name to a stranger. When I saw the crowds going to a near-by hospital I asked the padrone of a small café what was happening. "Someone is dead," was the reply. "Who?" I asked. The only answer was a shrug of the shoulders, which signified that further questions were not desired. It was Romanetti who had "died." His body was brought to Ajaccio and thousands of people saw the mortal remains of the great Romanetti, either out of curiosity, or to pay their last respects to the outlaw who had befriended so many. What his crimes had been I cannot tell, for all stories differed. He may have shot one man or thirty-five, as one imaginative man told me. Be that as it may, his funeral was about the largest and most impressive one that Ajaccio had ever seen. In the cortège no

less than ten of the motors had belonged to the dead man, who owned large property. He was utterly fearless and would not hesitate to come into any town quite openly. Many tourists took snapshot photographs of him for he seemed to enjoy being portrayed, and it pleased his vanity. In his dark loose-fitting corduroy clothes and large-brimmed felt hat, his dark face and long black moustache, he was quite a proper and correct bandit. In the *Daily Mail* of May 11th, 1926, there appeared the "Lament for a Bandit," by D. B. Wyndham Lewis, from which the following passages are taken:

The bandit Romanetti is no more. For eighteen years he was king of the Corsican maquis—the bush, the rocky, ravine-cleft aromatic hinterland of the island where Napoleon was born. He was a short man with flowing moustaches and a gun. He had (so I gather from one who had had an audience of him) the instinctive courtesy of the Latin, mixed with that dash of the theatre, that streak of cabotinage, from which no commanding and romantic public figure is entirely free. . . . To his friends Romanetti was hospitable. To strangers he was amiable, though not effusive. His welcome was kindly, and he saluted with a sweep of the hat and one hand on his heart. He was always accessible. You went from Ajaccio to a given point of the road. The car stopped. A guide appeared in the scented Corsican dusk. single file, with an electric torch winking signals in the night you forded streams, climbed rocks, skirted ravines, and so came to a lonely shepherd's hut. From the interior, at the right moment, appeared the king of the maguis. The rose-red wine of Corsica

was poured; a game of cards was proposed; Romanetti won. Outside, his sentinels leaned on their long guns. The atmosphere was much like that of Lamb House, Rye, when Henry James lived there, or of Max Gate, Dorchester, where Mr. Hardy received; dignity and hospitality. Now Romanetti is dead.

Some have likened him to a modern Robin Hood, and we know no more of the one than the other. Robin Hood's life and exploits are lost in the long dead past of the six hundred years that are gone for ever, and these centuries have been no more complete concealers of facts than the secrecy of the Corsican for all that is connected with the life of the Bandit King who died in 1926. He may have done deeds both good and bad. We do not know. In the minds of many he wore a halo; let us hope they were right. As time goes on this halo will, as likely as not, increase greatly in size until our children's children will hear most fabulous stories of the mighty deeds of valour performed by the King of the Maquis, Romanetti.

People will of course be inclined to judge the Corsicans somewhat harshly for their habit of taking the law into their own hands, but allowance must be made for the conditions which originally were the cause of their disregard for so-called law and order. A glance at the sad history of the island will show that at many times, especially during the Genoese occupation, the law was so lax that justice was impossible to obtain. The people in despair righted their wrongs themselves;



A TYPICAL AJACCIO SIDE STREET



it was their only alternative, and the habit has continued, though, under modern administration, there is an ever decreasing excuse for doing so. Unfortunately the evils of unauthorized authority in dealing with cases produced terrible feuds, out of which grew, what was a scourge to the island, the vendetta. It was a scourge which did more than anything else to prevent the people combining in a whole-hearted way and forming a solid and united front against their oppressors. The country was literally a house divided against itself. No one felt safe against his own neighbour. Everything was sacrificed, their crops and all, in their one effort of selfprotection. Arms were carried more naturally than spades, with the inevitable result that the entire country was suffering from its own homemade poison.

When Pasquale Paoli attempted to lead his people in 1755 his most difficult and important task was to break up the vendetta (see history chapter). To his splendid work the country owes its great debt of gratitude, for under his administration the cruel practice gradually vanished, or at least it became less and less obtrusive. To-day it has practically ceased to be an active factor in the lives and welfare of the people, and it is to be hoped that before long it will be no more than a memory, a bad nightmare caused by the unholy indulgence in bloodshed.

When the vendetta was in full sway, it was carried on with a relentlessness that is difficult

for us to understand. It was not simply a case of one man having a grievance against his neighbour, a thing quite comprehensible, it went much further. The whole family, even to distant cousins, took up the cause. Both men and women, and even children were involved, and not only was the original offender liable to be shot, but all of his family and relations. Literally an endless chain, because each victim added his or her distant relatives, whether by blood or by marriage. To avoid in any way the carrying out of the blood feud marked the man as a coward, who had no consideration for his family's honour. His life became a misery to him, he was the object of the *rimbecco*, the most deadly taunt, which so often had the effect of firing the man's anger to such a point that, to save himself from further disgrace, he would carry on the *vendetta* perhaps by shooting or stabbing an innocent victim to guard his own, so-called, honour.

The Genoese realizing the harm that resulted from the *rimbecco* made it an offence punishable either by fine or by having the tongue of the offender publicly pierced. This was as far back as 1581, when, owing to the importation of firearms, killing became an easy matter. To hide in a bush and await the passing by of an enemy was so simple and safe. Not at all like having to meet him face to face with a knife, or even watch for an opportunity to stab him in the back. The Genoese in passing laws against the inciting of the people to commit murders were not actuated

by feelings of humanity, but by the loss of revenue resulting from the decrease in the island's productiveness. People who were always engaged either in watching for opportunities to shoot their neighbours or in trying to avoid being shot could not possibly attend to their crops. In addition to this there was the decrease in the population owing to the thousands that were killed off. Genoa's purse suffered; hence the laws.

For some reason we think of the vendetta as being almost a purely Corsican custom, whereas it has existed in many other places; Ireland has indulged in it, so also have Tennessee and some of the other States of America, where it was carried on from father to son until families were exterminated. It is a disease that seems to flourish particularly well in mountainous countries. In Corsica, as already mentioned, it was the direct result of oppression combined with a curious sense of honour, an unforgiving nature and a very long memory.

To see these people to-day it is difficult to realize their bloodthirsty propensities of the past. Hot-tempered they may be; that, however, is true of all Latin races, but the Corsicans seem possessed of a most kindly nature, particularly towards children. Their principal shortcoming, if it is to be regarded as such, is their marked lack of enterprise and apparent indifference to progress and to the development of their country. They live rather for to-day and worry little

about to-morrow, a condition of mind which is the natural development of the years, or rather centuries, of oppression and uncertainty of what the hour would bring forth: when their possessions were never safe, to have much was to lose much. Ambition was stifled, even if it ever existed. To-day they are rather content to accept things as they are, to lament the war as having caused such high prices for all that they wish to buy, not realizing, of course, that they receive equally higher prices for all their produce and for labour, and they take little or no steps to better themselves.

In discussing the question of the trade in chestnuts, one of the country's important industries, I was told how the crop had fallen off, that it was less than a quarter of what it had been before the war. The reason that was given struck me as being amusing. It appears that some years before the Great War some German companies came into the country and established plant for the purpose of extracting tannin from the wood or bark of the chestnut tree. When they found that the supply did not come up to their requirements they spread some disease in the forests (how they did this my informant could not tell), and the trees died by the thousand, and had to be cut down; in this way the Germans secured the supply they wanted. To-day a large proportion of the trees are more or less infested with the blight. When I ventured to tell this man of what had happened in the United

States, how a disease had attacked the chestnut trees throughout the north-eastern States and had practically exterminated them, and this without German help, he seemed very much surprised, but, of course, still stuck to his own opinion.

The principal industries of the country are, for export: olive, olive oil, cork, chestnuts, walnuts, timber (Corsican pine being regarded as of extremely fine quality), charcoal, hides, preserved citrons, "briar" roots for pipes, and cheese; for home consumption: wine, fruit, dried figs, walnuts, chestnuts, tobacco and grain. With the mineral products of the island not much has been done. Copper, antimony, manganese iron and coal are found, but the mines have not been developed to any great extent. Foreign capital had been invested without satisfactory results owing to labour difficulties and to government royalties which are prohibitive to a point where they stifle any chance that the investor might have of making the mines pay. Stones of considerable value and great variety exist; marbles, granites, porphyries of many colours, serpentines, amianthus, and many others, including the beautiful and rare orbicular diorite or "leopard skin." But these rest where nature placed them, for little quarrying is done in these days. The base of the great column in the Place Vendôme, Paris, came from Algajola, in the northern part of the island. Many churches in Italy and elsewhere have used the coloured stones in their altars and chapels, but still to-day

marble is imported from Italy because it is cheaper and perhaps, one might add, easier than to quarry it in the island. Formerly bricks and tiles were manufactured, to-day they are imported from France and other countries and the brickyards with their machinery are falling into decay. So it is with many things, including corduroy, they are imported instead of being manufactured and exported. Presumably this lack of established industries is due largely to the shortage of labour. The present population is about two hundred and eighty-two thousand, and apparently it is not sufficient even to carry on the vineyard cultivation and Italian labour has to be imported. Before the war over fifty thousand came over from Italy each year for the grape season, now, owing to the restriction of emigration, the number has fallen to somewhere about one-fifth—a fact bitterly bemoaned by the people of Corsica; whether or not they have sufficient labour in the island to do the work that is necessary is a question that someone else may try to answer. The fact remains, however, that many vineyards are neglected and are abandoned to weeds, while terraces built with great labour are crumbling away for lack of care, and wine of inferior quality to that of Corsica is imported from Algeria to make up the deficiency in the amount consumed in the island. The vine culture is the most important one in the island. Since the scourge of the phylloxera wrought such havoc in the vineyards of Europe and elsewhere it has

been found necessary to replace all native vines with American stock, as this alone can withstand the ravages of the pest. One of the industries which seems to flourish well is that of the "briar" or bruyère, the roots of the white heather, from which the finest pipes are made. Very few pipes are actually made in the island, but the blocks are cut and exported in large quantities both to England and France. Cigarettes and cigars are manufactured both from native-grown and imported tobacco and are sold at prices far lower than in France. The fishing industry is one that is fairly productive. Anchovies and langouste (large crayfish) and lobsters are the chief exportations. Making of charcoal for shipment, I believe, to France and Spain, is an important industry, and gives employment during the winter to a fairly large number of men. will be seen by this brief outline of the island's resources that actual manufactures are but a small part of the country's export trade. It relies mostly on the raw material in which it is rich, considering the size of the island.

One of the attractions which Corsica has to offer to visitors is trout fishing. As this is a subject which interests but a small proportion of people I have given what information I can under the heading of "Hints on Trout Fishing," towards the end of this volume. Shooting offers an attraction to a few of the visitors. Guns are about as abundant as the game, as every Corsican shoots and everything that moves is considered fair

game. Even gulls are killed and blackbirds are eagerly sought and are shot and trapped in very great numbers, so indeed are most small birds. The blackbirds are sent to France and are regarded as a great delicacy, having, it is believed, a special flavour due to feeding on the maquis. The only protection these wretched creatures have is the high price of ammunition. That alone keeps them from practical extermination. Snares and various traps, however, are widely used and cause terrible destruction. Of game birds there are quail, duck, plover, snipe, woodcock and partridge (Red-legged), and these are found chiefly on the east coast. Wild boars exist in fair numbers, though how they survive the incessant persecution to which they are subjected is difficult to understand. Moufflon are still to be found in the higher regions. Their only salvation is the inaccessibility of their surroundings. It is a thousand pities that they are not protected by law. They are becoming so rare that their extermination is but a matter of time. Speaking generally one may say that Corsica is lacking in wild life such as birds and animals. You may travel day after day and, with the exception of hawks and crows, see nothing larger than a blackbird; goldfinches, robins, various warblers, larks, fly-catchers are reasonably common, and occasionally hoopoes, rollers, and bee-eaters after about the middle of March, if you are lucky. Nightingales are so numerous in the spring that some people complain of being

kept awake by their singing, and I have known those who preferred jazz music (?) on a gramophone to the delicious notes of the nightingale. There is no accounting for tastes! If only birdlife were given better protection Corsica would have another great addition to its many attractions. It is a country well situated on the line of migration and great numbers of visitors make stays of various lengths, both on their way to and from Africa, where they spend the entire winter months in the land of perpetual sunshine.



CHAPTER TWO. AJACCIO—PIANA—THE FAMOUS CALANCHE—PORTO—EVISA—THE COL DE VERGIO AND OTHER PLACES ON THE ROAD BACK TO AJACCIO

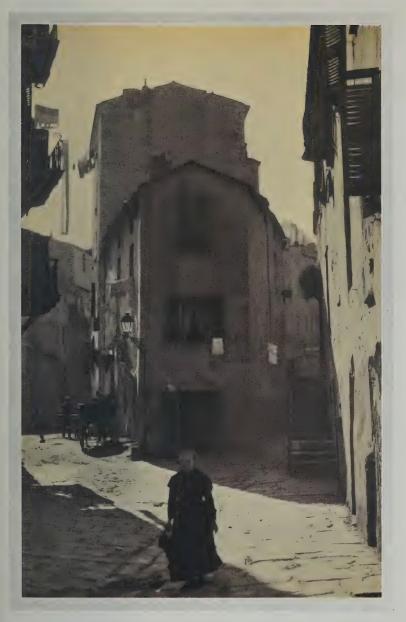


CHAPTER Two

Ajaccio as its capital, wisely for no place in the island is better suited both from the point of view of health and of beauty, for it is situated on the west coast of the island, on the north shore of one of the most beautiful bays in the world. Frequently one hears it compared with the famous Bay of Naples, but in some ways it is even finer, for the surrounding mountains are grander. They range in height from two or three thousand feet near the bay to snow-capped giants in the distance, such as Monte d'Oro, whose peak is almost eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. Back of the town the land rises abruptly to about twenty-four hundred feet within three miles.

The town itself is not particularly beautiful, with its high plain buildings tinted a variety of soft yellows and pale blues and evenly sprinkled with sun-bleached green shutters. Yet seen from the water-front it makes an effective picture, especially when reflected in the calm blue water of the magnificent harbour. The streets, with the exception of the two or three main ones, such as the Cours Napoleon and Boulevard Grandval, are narrow and remarkably picturesque

in their irregularity of line and form and, it may be added, of pavement. From the green-shuttered windows long bamboo poles project across the streets. These are the clothes "lines" from which hang garments of all forms and colours like an endless array of banners. They add an abundance of brilliant colour to the otherwise quiet tones of the buildings. For those who indulge in painting these streets offer almost inexhaustible material. Each change of position, each change of light, to say nothing of the constantly changing groups of people, makes a new picture. But our sense of smell must be severely subdued, for the most picturesque of the streets cannot be called odourless, even by the keenest lover of Corsica. Cleanliness is scarcely conspicuous in these side alleys, into which everything imaginable, and unimaginable, is dumped with a cheerful disregard for the results. But it is only painters who need suffer from these little peculiarities; others may pass through the streets, so fascinating to the artist, but they do not linger, and, in fact, there is no need for visitors to go near them. The main streets are clean and wellkept, even if they are not picturesque. I spent many delightful hours painting in some of the worst and most odoriferous parts and was always impressed by the kindly attitude of the people; greater courtesy I have never found, and this was true both of the grown-ups and the children.
Owing to the ill-advised habit of throwing refuse from windows (a friend of mine received



 $\label{eq:local_local_local} \mbox{IN AJACCIO}$ Where two streets meet and come into the Place des Palmiers.



a dead cat on her shoulder while quietly walking along), I always tried to select a position that was not directly under a window and thus saved myself from receiving many unwelcome contributions. At times, however, it was necessary to select a place which was directly in the line of fire; this usually resulted in a warning being called by some kind person up to the inmates above me not to throw anything out as the Englishman was there. One could not help being struck by the remarkable intelligence of the people as exhibited by their remarks about my efforts. Each detail of the drawing was recognised immediately, even when the picture was in the roughest stage, sometimes with amusing results. On one occasion I happened to be painting in some clothes that were hung on the protruding bamboos and several children were watching my work. Each garment was instantly identified and I was informed of the name of its owner. Being a modest and bashful person I felt myself obliged to omit several garments, much to the surprise of my audience. On holidays and feast days it is best to avoid the narrow streets, for then all the children, and the number that belonged to each house is unbelievable, are very much in evidence. In the early part of the season these Ajaccio children, particularly the girls, indulge in a curious game, which consists of keeping several rubber balls of various sizes going in a most skilful way, either against a wall or the pavement. Occasionally these balls would land on my palette with disastrous results. But apart from these games the incessant high shrill voices of parents or others calling from windows or streets were almost deafening, and decidedly

disturbing to one's peace of mind.

The housing problem is one that demands serious attention in Ajaccio. The buildings are mostly old and badly planned, with dark stairways and entrances to the five or six stories. Ventilation too is bad, and conditions altogether are far from satisfactory; plumbing is almost elementary in the poorer districts and is frequently sadly in need of repair. What the conditions are during hot weather one dreads to think, and yet generally speaking the people seem healthy. This is probably due to the fact that a great deal of time is spent out of doors. Unfortunately tuberculosis is very prevalent, and the people will not take the most ordinary precautions to prevent contamination.

The main shopping street of Ajaccio is the Cours Napoleon, which runs from the south shore northward to the railway station. It is broad but scarcely imposing, for the shops are small and seem to be chiefly devoted to the sale of souvenirs of Napoleon, whose house is in one of the small side streets (Rue St. Charles) and

is owned by the State.

The Emperor was born in Ajaccio on August 15th, 1769, and one is seldom allowed to forget the fact that this was his birthplace. Unfortunately the monuments to the great man are about



RUE ST. CHARLES, IN AJACCIO Where Napoleon was born.



as poor examples of the sculptor's art as could be found anywhere, and one cannot help wondering why he should nearly always be shown draped with the Roman toga. The two most conspicuous monuments are those in the Place des Palmiers and in the Place du Diamant. The latter is commonly known as the "Ink Pot," with Napoleon on horseback in the centre and his four brothers occupying the corners and posing as Roman lictors; the former one shows him standing with his hand grasping a rudder which is apparently steering the world. A somewhat curious conceit. By a strange stroke of fate the rudder, which was originally attached to the globe of the world, has become detached and the would-be master of the Universe holds in his hand the broken rudder, symbolical of the gigantic failure of his unlimited ambition which in the end left him nothing but the realization of utter disaster. Surrounding the Emperor are four travesties of lions, slobbering and painfully ugly. These statues compare most unfavourably with the striking one facing the Quai Napoleon, erected to the memory of the forty thousand Corsicans who gave their lives in the Great War. When we consider that the population of the island is only about two hundred and eightytwo thousand, the proportion of casualties, of about one in seven, seems appalling, and one cannot help feeling that the saying so common among the people that "Corsica supplies soldiers for France" is only too true. Go where you will

throughout the island, in every village, however humble, there is nearly always a statue to those who fell, and many of these statues are both dignified and beautiful.

Visitors to Corsica are always struck by the sombre dresses of the women and girls. Black is the dominating colour, but we must remember that practically every family lost one or more members during the war; mourning therefore became universal, and it has not been discarded as yet though there is, especially in the towns, a marked tendency now to brighter colours. The period of mourning extends to many years, and young and old drape themselves in crêpe even for distant relations. A Corsican widow is supposed to keep herself more or less in seclusion for a long period and seldom or ever remarries. To us, who have almost abandoned these outward signs of bereavement, it seems depressing to see young girls going to school wearing long crêpe veils. But Corsica is not England, and many of the customs are strange to us. Girls are seldom seen in the streets after dark and are nearly always accompanied by a chaperone.

In all questions of morality the standard is very high, higher probably than in almost any other country. The people are very devout and sincere Catholics, and religion enters intimately into their everyday lives. The churches are seldom empty, from daylight to dark. There is always some person saying prayers even when there is no service being celebrated, and the behaviour of



BRIGHTLY COLOURED CLOTHES ADD A PICTURESQUE TOUCH TO THE AJACCIO STREETS



congregations during Mass is exemplary. The priests are hard-working, earnest men, for whom one cannot help feeling the deepest respect. They are pitifully underpaid. It is indeed difficult to understand how they manage to exist on their wretchedly inadequate pay. One thousand francs a year is all they receive, about eight pounds at the last winter's rate of exchange, and all food is very dear in Corsica. The Bishop of Ajaccio in a stirring appeal during Mass in the Cathedral, begged that the people of the island would make contributions so that the curates might be given one hundred francs a month (then about sixteen shillings!). I wonder what our own curates would think of such pay. It is little wonder that the Church in Corsica has such difficulty in getting men to enter the priesthood, that over one hundred and fifty out of four hundred and twenty parishes are without curates. But we are wandering away from Ajaccio and its streets.

In many ways the Cours Napoleon is like streets commonly found in southern Europe—cafés occupy a large proportion of the pavements and these are well filled as a rule with those men who just sit and talk, chiefly politics, and sip coffee or apéritifs. The people of this town take life quietly, there is no hurry and apparently not too much to do, and it takes a very long time to do the very little that must be done. The inhabitants evidently are true to the supposed origin of the name of this town which means

"I rest," and yet they are delightful people, civil, polite and kind and refreshingly trusting. A stranger may enter a shop, make a purchase and then discover an unexpected lack of money in his or her purse; does this cause a break in the proceedings? Not at all. "Never mind, monsieur, or madame, you can pay some other day." "Yes," you reply, "but I shall be away for several days." "What difference does that make, it will do when you return." They are honest and cannot imagine that you can be otherwise. Such faith is not found too often nowadays. Hand-shaking is one of the most inveterate customs of the country. If you meet a person twenty times in a day you shake hands on each occasion, using indiscriminately either the right or the left. Some Englishmen are a little slow in realizing that this is a custom and failure to observe it creates the impression that we are not as friendly as we should be. Some people have stated that the Corsicans are not friendly to the English; where this idea comes from it is difficult to say. It would be much fairer to say that they are particularly friendly to us, even though they are somewhat jealous of anyone starting in business in their country. They prefer us as visitors.

Strolling about the town, and one is forced to stroll rather than walk, owing to the great number of people who insist on walking perhaps four abreast and at very slow speed, one cannot help being struck by the beauty of the Ajaccio girls. They are of a type quite peculiar to themselves, usually small and always extremely well dressed. This applies equally to those who are well off and those who live in the poorer quarters. Many times have I been surprised to see these perfectly dressed girls coming out of the most miserable houses in the narrow dirty side streets. Yet they appear ready to take their place in the fashionable streets of Paris or London.

In some book on Corsica I remember reading the statement that the people of the island are inclined to be morose, that they seldom smile or laugh. What should have given the author such strange ideas one cannot imagine, for everywhere we went there was always the same delightful cheerfulness among the people of all classes. Sit at any café in the streets of Ajaccio and watch the passers-by and you will see smiles on nearly every face and hear a constant ripple of laughter, especially among the younger people. They seem to be happy and free from worry and care, for they take life easy. They are wonderfully obliging and will go out of their way to help strangers. If you go into a shop and ask for anything they have not got, they will, after making profound apologies and explaining that the article is on order and will arrive in ten days (it is always ten days), take you to some other shop where you will find what you want, if you are lucky. Curiously enough the largest shops are not in the main street, but on the Quai beyond the market. This market is fairly

picturesque, being composed chiefly of canvas-shaded stalls on the pavement, filled with the produce of the country, and stands or carts which display various cotton and dress materials and ugly rugs. The most picturesque features of this part are the gipsy women who sell, or try to sell, lace. They are delightfully optimistic and fondly imagine that every man, regardless of his appearance or station in life, must require the lace they peddle in large baskets. But they take your refusal to buy most good-naturedly

and never annoy.

On the south side of the harbour is the Citadelle, which is a rather imposing structure dating back to 1554 when, in its present form, it was begun by the French and completed a few years later by the Genoese after the departure of the French in 1559. From the pier which runs out from the fort, forming the harbour and called the Jettée de la Citadelle, there is a fine view of Ajaccio, with fishing boats of many colours, making a foreground which is brilliant in contrast to the soft hues of the red-roofed buildings of the town. The scene along the Quai Napoleon shows about as much activity as any part of Ajaccio. Steamers and graceful sailing ships come alongside to load and unload their cargoes. Fishing boats, scrupulously clean and tidy, are always coming and going, fish are being landed, nets dried and for ever being repaired by the blue-clothed fishermen. Under the sycamore trees at the entrance to the Rue du Quai there are to be found at all times groups of men who have apparently nothing more important to do than discuss politics and fish and bemoan the sad fact that the boats outnumber the fish in their estimation. Here too women who live near-by do a certain amount of laundry work, always in cold water, of course, for that is the custom of the country, and the more energetic members of the community may at times be seen dipping their nets in great smoking cauldrons of tanning solution. It is a picturesque spot and shows one side of the life of Ajaccio. Further along the Quai are small shops, carpenters' workrooms in dark-vaulted, low cellar-like places; cafés where, in the season, men enjoy light meals of dark purple sea-urchins, coarse bread (composed chiefly of holes), and washed down with the delicious wine of the country. I suppose the spiny sea-urchins are delectable morsels, but their appearance is against them and I have never had the slightest temptation to sample the orangecoloured interiors of these natural pincushions. The Quai extends past the Place des Palmiers, with its rows of graceful date palms, northward, where most of the shipping comes; on past the railway station to the landing place of the seaplanes, which are supposed to go several times each week to and from Antibes. Bad weather occasionally interferes seriously with their regularity.

Seeing Ajaccio from the streets is of course interesting, but to appreciate the beauty of the

town and bay the best way is to go up the hill back of the Grand Hotel. It is a walk through a veritable fairyland. The path winds its way through a grove of grey-green olive trees, past banks of prickly pears laden with pink and yellow fruit, masses of grotesque cactus, twisted and distorted into a thousand weird shapes, "redhot pokers," mesembryanthemum, which in the spring is a blaze of brilliant magenta that is dazzling to the eye, asphodel, cistus, both pink and white, and a profusion of other flowers and plants too numerous to mention. The air is fragrant with the scent that is so delicious and so truly Corsican. Through the foliage one gets occasional glimpses of the town with its tall buildings and red roofs, but at last there is an opening which gives a really wonderful view, one that seems to be almost too beautiful to be real. In the foreground a large live oak makes a frame for the picture; beyond this and below the field of asphodel and grass, a grove of olives and almonds with a few chestnuts and tall cypress. Then the town itself, creamy yellow and red, beyond this again the harbour and the bay, which may be deep ultramarine blue, violet, green or pearly opalescent according to the conditions and time of day. Range after range of mountains stretch across the whole panorama, the higher peaks fading into a hazy blue and crowned with snow. Monte d'Oro shows itself in all its glory as the gem of the whole picture.

To enjoy this scene to the fullest one should

see it in the early morning or late afternoon, by preference, perhaps, the morning, for then the mountains assume an unbelievable range of blues and purples, the gorges and valleys are deep and mysterious in colour, or filled with soft haze from which rise the ridges and spurs defined clearly, each in its own tone. In the morning, too, the bay is likely to be calm enough to take the reflections of all this beauty on its mirror-like surface. In the evening, towards the hour of sunset, when the whole scene is painted in gold and pink, the beauty makes one speechless at the wonder of it all. A more perfect natural picture would be difficult to find, and it is one which apparently appeals to nearly every one of the painting fraternity, from the dear old ladies who mess about in a laborious manner with their inadequate, diminutive sketch-blocks and their water colours, to the vigorous young artists of the modern school who revel in the masses of gorgeous colours and let their fancy run riot. In nearly every crevice of the low and irregular stone wall which borders the hotel grounds at this point, paint-rags protrude and paint is smeared on the stones to tell the story of the painters' efforts, of the joys, and the disappointments. Corsica may well be called a painters' paradise. Subjects are everywhere, subjects to suit all tastes and styles. Even cubists, those weird misinterpreters of nature, find subjects for their strange efforts, which they are pleased to call pictures.

West of Ajaccio, following the sea-front and only a short distance from the town, is the cemetery. One of the strangest I have ever seen. It might well be called the city of the dead, as it is composed entirely of tombs, or rather mauso-leums, severely simple buildings, some quite imposing in size and design, each bearing the name of the family that owns it. Tall cypress trees stand like sentries guarding each tomb. As a rule only the very poorest of the country bury their dead with tombstones, or crosses, or fanciful wire and bead arrangements. A fine building is considered necessary, both in memory of the deceased and for the honour of the living, and these mausoleums may be seen occupying the most conspicuous and beautiful positions on private grounds, or on the wild hill-sides, even more often than in cemeteries, and frequently these homes of the dead are better built and in better state of repair than the homes of the living. As Ajaccio grows along the west water-front it will find that the large amount of land occupied by the cemetery will prove a serious handicap to developments.

Beyond the cemetery, going west along the sea-road called the Route des Sanguinaires, are the best bathing beaches. Of places to dress in there are but few, four huts all told, but that does not interfere with anyone's pleasure, as there are numerous rocks which afford more or less concealment. It is the place where lunch and tea picnics are indulged in by those who enjoy





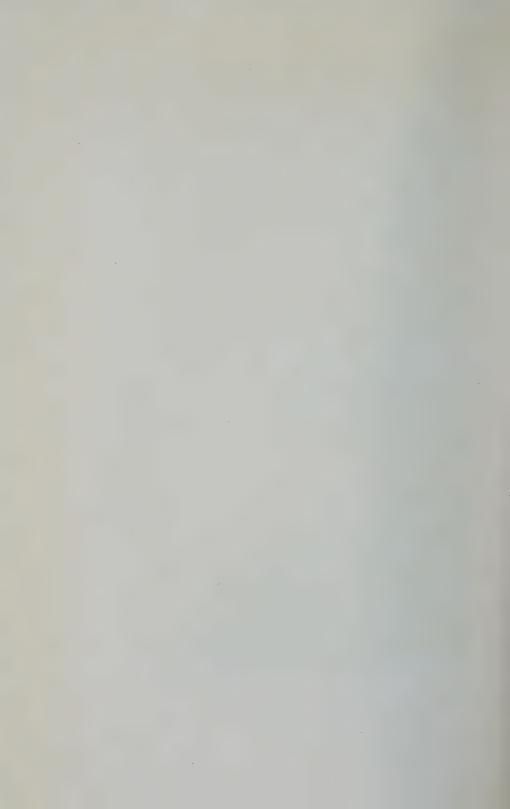


EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE AJACCIO FISHERMEN

Pushing off from the shore.

Cleaning nets. Note strange effect of man seen through net.

Dipping nets in preservative.



their meals in the open air. There is also the bay of Scudo, six kilometres from Ajaccio, and there are few more beautiful spots along the coast. We named the bay the "Blue Lagoon." Perhaps it would have been more correct to call it green, but it was both, and purple too. Its sheltered position keeps it nearly always calm. Here the fishermen bring their boats and cook their meals and rest under the shade of the eucalyptus trees, which overhang the quiet water. Cactus and geraniums in wild profusion, and snow-white irises and other flowers grace the shore and help to make the picture. Further round the point are smaller bays, rockbound and backed with fir trees, while the shore is carpeted in the season by masses of dazzlingly vivid magenta mesembryanthemum, or cardinal rose, glorious in its brilliancy.

From Scudo, west for another six kilometres, the road is not of any special interest, beyond that it leads to the Tower of La Parata, which is the nearest point to the four islands, known as Îles Sanguinaires, about which Alphonse Daudet once wrote in his "Lettres de mon moulin." Strangely enough, most of the visitors to Ajaccio take the drive to La Parata as their first sight-seeing venture. Yet it is perhaps the least interesting of the many available

trips.

For the walks about Ajaccio and indeed most parts of the island the reader is referred to Miss Archer's book, *Corsica*, the Scented Isle. This book also deals with the flowers that are to be found.

Before leaving Ajaccio and starting on our travels, it might be interesting to see what Sir John Moore (then Lieut.-Colonel Moore of the 51st Regiment, the present King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry) thought of the place in 1794. He was making a tour of the island, which had been proclaimed a part of the British Empire, for the purpose of examining the defences. The following account appears in his diary, edited by Major-General Sir J. F. Maurice, K.C.B. After stating that he found the town and the citadel "extremely neat," he goes on to say:

No place in the island can be compared to Ajaccio. I cannot conceive why the French did not prefer it to Bastia and make it the seat of their government. The present commandant of Ajaccio is Signor Peraldi, who was formerly a delegate to the National Assembly of France and one of the three Commissioners sent to La Fayette's army. He is an acute, sensible, open man. He entertained us during our stay [Moore was with Sir Gilbert Elliot, the Viceroy], and at his home we met with all the principal people of the place. Every evening we danced. The manners of Ajaccio are perfectly French, the women handsomer and better bred than I have met with. The town of Ajaccio is enclosed with a wall, and the citadel is fortified; but as it is commanded and has no water but what is contained in cisterns, it is impossible to make it a strong place. The barracks, magazines, and store houses in the citadel are very fine, and must have been erected at considerable expense by the

French. Ajaccio is well situated for trade, and the country very capable of improvement; the chief culture at present is the vine; the wine is excellent.

The most famous of all the natural beauties of Corsica is the region north of Piana known as Les Calanche. The little town of Piana itself is fairly picturesque and interesting, but it is usually seen only in passing to what lies beyond—the Red Rocks of the Calanche.

To give an adequate description of this mass of rocks is scarcely possible, for it seems as though nature had gone mad in its effort to make something unique. First of all the mountain slopes were covered with rocks of every shade of red and purple and orange, strewn about from the highest points, down the steep inclines, till they meet the sea, then came the weather, wind, rain and sun which, in a playful mood, decided to convert each giant boulder and pinnacle of rock into shapes so fantastic and grotesque that the most imaginative gargoyles ever designed by the ingenuity of man seem dull by comparison. Red devils leer at one, strange animals of every size and shape pose in unbelievable attitudes, some ready to pounce on the visitor, while others smile or glare in an insane way. Strange imitations of distorted human beings group themselves about as though guarding the slopes or defying anyone to approach. It is all a nightmare; the visitor rubs his eyes and wonders what he had for dinner the day before. Heath Robinson and Arthur Rackham would revel in the weird

confusion of form, while the colour, especially when seen by the glow of the setting sun, is so startling that it seems unreal, and more like a

wild stage setting than nature itself.

The road which takes the tourist through this spectacular collection of weather-carved red rock allows only a suggestion of the wonders to be seen. But the person gifted with imagination may wander about among the rugged masses for days and find endless strange forms. To see it all one should possess a goat-like ability to climb, as the footing is generally insecure and the rocks

very steep.

Most visitors are content simply to drive through the mile or so of the red rocks of the Calanche, stopping, perhaps, to picnic and take a snapshot or two, and they usually arrive about noon when the high sun shows everything at its very worst. To enjoy it to the fullest the very early morning or late afternoon is far better, for then the long shadows show up forms undreamed of when the sun is high. The colours, too, are far more beautiful, more rich and varied, and it is cooler for climbing. By the more subtle light of the moon the whole place is even more mysterious and wonderful, though, of course, the gorgeous colours vanish in the pale blue light and only strange forms remain. Beyond the Calanche the Gulf of Porto makes a background of indescribable beauty, changeable with every hour of the day. One often hears the sea described as emerald-green, violet and blue, but

here we find our names for colours pitifully inadequate, and the water can only be compared to the colour of precious stones and even they do not altogether do justice to the exquisitely brilliant range of greens, blues and purples which are made more intense by the contrast with the red and orange cliffs of the northern shore of the gulf. These colours, reflected in the water, give an effect that is a delight to the eye. It is all colour and still more colour, with mountains rising three thousand feet or more above the red cliffs to complete the picture. It is no wonder that the Calanche is famous. The most extravagant words cannot but fail to do justice to the beauty, not alone of this particular part, but of the drive onward to Porto and from there along the Porto River and upwards to Evisa.

The splendid road winds its way through endless gorges past streams and cascades of crystal-clear water which come from the rock-bound mountain ranges of Orto, Vitulla and Frobicelle which rise above the Calanche to heights of nearly four thousand feet. On the opposite side of the valley the mountains rise abruptly still another thousand feet higher with the little town of Ota built on the olive and vine-covered slopes a thousand feet above the river.

After a steady but easy rise from Porto, Evisa is reached. It is one of the most delightful little villages in the country, at a height of eight hundred and thirty-five metres (roughly twentysix hundred feet), with mountains in every

direction. A more perfect natural picture would be difficult to imagine than this quaint little irregular village, with its well-placed church, whose campanile plays so important a part in the picture. Like some other clocks in the island the one in this campanile strikes the hours twice over, with a minute's interval between. A rather convenient arrangement for those who are inclined to be absent-minded. Looking westward beyond the yellow and red roofs of the village and the forest of ancient chestnut trees, range after range of mountains lead to the great rounded pinnacles of rock above the Calanche. At sunrise the natural rosy orange of these wonderfully shaped mountains is beautiful beyond description. In the evening about sunset their colour is the purest purple with the high lights painted brilliant orange by the sun, and then when the sun has vanished the purples and blues alone remain infinitely beautiful and a superb background for the village which is in deep shadow and from whose many chimneys the blue smoke of the evening fires rises lazily to melt into the colour of the distant mountains. The subject is one that has inspired many artists, but, so far as I know, full justice has yet to be done to it. The several paintings that I saw in Paris at the Salon and elsewhere all failed to give the atmosphere, or I might say, the spirit of the place.

Fortunately Evisa boasts of two hotels so that visitors may stay there and revel in the beauty of the country immediately surrounding the village. The village itself is small, containing only about nine hundred inhabitants, whose chief industry is the gathering and drying of chestnuts. These are used for export and for feeding both domestic animals and the people themselves. The animals eat the dried peeled nuts, while the people grind the nuts into flour from which they make bread, and it is not much worse than the rest of the bread made in Corsica. As to the hotels, the one we stayed in is hoping to become more up-to-date. It has electric light and a bathroom, but so far no bath had been installed and there was no running water, even though there was a basin. It takes time to do things in Corsica,1

The regular tourist comes and goes, sees the views from the road in passing, glances at the picture of the village with its mountain background and passes on; perhaps he may drive on to the Col de Vergio or he may if he is in a hurry, which is usually the case, return to Ajaccio by way of Vico, and what has he seen? almost nothing. Perhaps the weather has been unfavourable, in which case his visit has been but wasted time and opportunity. Mountain country is capricious, and the secrets of the possible beauties are guarded, to be revealed only to those who will wait patiently and with hope and faith in their heart. Clouds, jealous of their neighbours, may descend even to the deepest valley and all is lost

¹ The promised improvements have actually taken place.

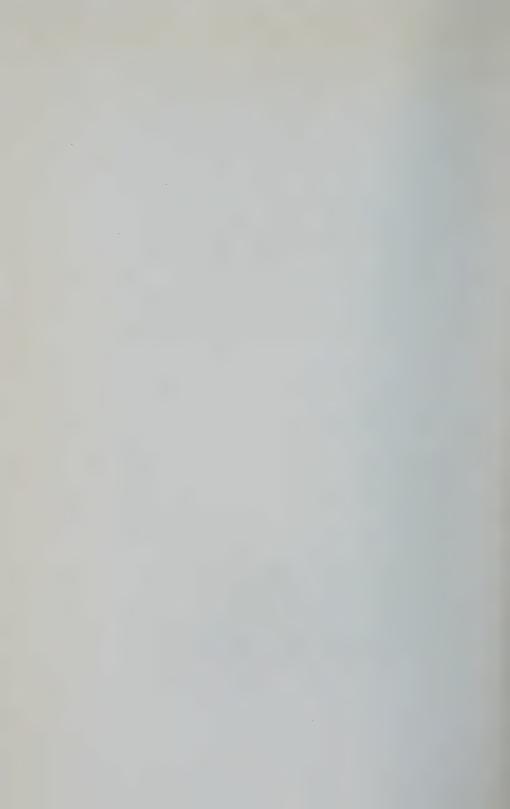
to view, or, in playful mood, they may open here and there and in a tantalizing way give mere glimpses of what they guard. They may leave the valleys and lower hills and settle on the crowning points in exasperating fashion, or they may be kind and drift lazily from range to range and make the picture perfect with an ever-changing sunlight and shadow, displaying first one peak and then another, snow-capped or bare, rocky or forest-covered. And so it is that those who would see the country at its best must possess themselves in patience for the reward that will come when nature is kind enough to show them the exquisite beauties she keeps for those who woo her with understanding.

There are two walks which the visitor to Evisa should not fail to take. One is westward through the village past the cemetery and on till the road turns to the left. Leave it there and cross the field and through the chestnut grove beyond it; through a network of goat-trails the way leads along the crest of a rocky spur, covered with cistus and other shrubs of the sweet-scented maquis. The superb view unfolds itself with every step until the top of the steep precipice is reached. On the left far below in the gorge is the Porto River, green and clear, on the right the equally clear Aïtone rushes down between steep walls of copper-red and green-tinted rocks. The Capo d'Orto and other mountains in their various rich pinks and orange colours form the left side of the great picture, while on the right is the





THE VALLEY OF THE SPELUNCA NEAR EVISA
One of the most magnificent views in Corsica.
THE QUAINT AND BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED VILLAGE OF EVISA



Spelunca and Capo alla Vetta, with the village of Ota on the slopes. Following the course of the Porto River, which has been joined by the Aïtone, the village of Porto can be seen at the mouth—and beyond this the deep blue waters of the Gulf. Whichever way one looks the view is equally beautiful, equally impressive and satisfying. The other walk is eastward along the main road, towards the Col de Vergio, about three kilometres from the village; after passing through the chestnut grove at the beginning of the pine forest, go left from the road, and cross a field past a small cottage standing among some cherry trees, this brings you to the rock-strewn edge of the Aïtone ravine. From here the view is even more majestic than from further down the valley, for the great cliffs of the Capo alla Scaletta tower above, an imposing mass of rich colour ranging from purple-red to orange, while from below, a thousand feet or more, in the narrow dark ravine there comes the distant roar of the Aïtone River. You hold on to the nearest rock and lean over the edge of the almost vertical wall (if you have the courage) and see this snow-born water in clear jade-green pools, or rushing foaming white over the boulders which try in vain to bar its way. Further to the west the ravine twisting and turning past rugged spurs widens gradually, and in the distance are the mountains on either side of the Gulf of Porto. The extraordinary range of colouring of the rocks and mountains is a veritable feast for the eye. Every hour of the

day it changes, and one wonders when it is most beautiful. The colours are perhaps best seen in the early morning, while the strange bold outlines of the various mountains and their spurs are finest in the late afternoon. Then, too, the endless ravines seem deeper and more mysterious

in their intense purple shadow.

Turning from the west to the east beyond the magnificent pine forest of Aïtone is a distant view of the Col de Vergio, which is clothed in snow until the middle or end of March, and sometimes even till well into April. Over this Col is the highest road in Corsica, being 1464 metres (about 4800 feet). For those who like walking the best way is to go on foot; the road from Evisa to the top of the Col is only about II kilometres, so that it is an easy day's tramp. Most people are in a hurry and rush through in motors, so they do not have much opportunity to see and enjoy the splendid road through the Aïtone pine forest and the endless view obtained, either from the road itself or by going short distances on to the various spurs. The forest of magnificent tall pines reminds one almost of Canada. The view from the Col de Vergio is one of extraordinary grandeur and beauty. The wind-swept foreground is usually covered with packed snow till April, and torn and distorted beech trunks rise here and there, mute evidence of the relentless power of the storms. To the east, on either side, openings in the fast-moving heavy clouds give glimpses of the rugged snow-covered





THE COL DE VERGIO
4,800 feet above sea level. Over this col is the highest road in the island.
LOOKING SOUTHWARD FROM THE COL DE VIZZAVONA



mountains, dark blue in the sombre shadow, or brightly lighted by patches of sunshine in the further distance. Far down, below the clouds, is the Golo Valley bordered by the great forest of Valdoniello. A bewildering deep valley of sunlight and shadow. Now and then the clouds may open sufficiently to show the snow-covered peak of Mount Cinto, 2710 metres in height (9003 feet). Then again they may settle down in a wreathing mass which, like a curtain, hides the world from view. To the west beyond, great clouds nestle in the valley immediately beneath the Col and give glimpses of the cloudflecked forest of Aïtone on the left, with the deep valley in the centre and the smiling blue sea beyond Porto. Unfortunately when we were there the intense cold interfered with our pleasure so that we were forced to leave the wonderful picture and make our way back to where the sun was shining. But we carried with us the memory of one of the finest pictures any of us had ever seen.

From Evisa the return to Ajaccio may be made by way of Vico instead of by the Calanche and Piana. The road for some distance is through forests of live oaks, and after passing the village of Cristinacce across the bleak Col de Sevi at a height of 1094 metres. From there the road descends rapidly towards Vico, a picturesquely placed village of about 1400 inhabitants, in the valley of the Liamone.

Not far from Vico, about 11 kilometres, are the

baths of Guagno, which would be better known and better kept were they in any other country, as the mineral waters, which are at almost boilingpoint, are said to possess remarkable curative powers. All this neighbourhood above the valleys is mountainous and extremely beautiful, but the road leading back to the coast and the Gulf of Sagone is only mildly interesting. Sagone itself is a little further to the west on the road to Piana. A dreary village which seems to have small excuse for existence as it has never had the courage to recover from its destruction by the Berbers and has forgotten the days when it boasted a bishop. In a field of asphodels the old Genoese tower stands guard over the little place, and almost the only life it sees is the passing motor and the ships which come in, when the weather is favourable, to load up with charcoal. The way back to Ajaccio is interesting chiefly during the first part along the shore, where the water, calm or rough, is always beautiful. On the land side, until the Liscia and the beautiful Liamone Rivers are crossed, it is flat and more or less marshy, and said to be unhealthy during summer. After that the road winds its way uphill through cultivated country past the small village of Calcatoggio, over the Col San Bastiano and downhill from there back to Ajaccio.

CHAPTER THREE. FROM AJACCIO TO ZONZA AND THE COL DE BAVELLA, AND BACK BY WAY OF SARTENE-PROPRIANO—ALSO FROM ZONZA TO PORTO-VECCHIO AND BONIFACIO,



CHAPTER THREE

NOTHER of the supreme beauty spots of the island is the Col de Bavella. It is one of nature's masterpieces which, during the winter and spring months, she guards only too jealously from the eye of the intruder. It is the culminating point of a most wonderful day's motor run from Ajaccio. Every mile of the way brings fresh beauties until one finds oneself speechless, and our list of adjectives becomes exhausted.

The first part of the road is through cultivated land, going in a westerly direction through the village of Cauro, 21 kilometres from Ajaccio. With the valley of the Prunelli River in the foreground there is a magnificent view of the snowcapped Monte d'Oro and other high ranges. Rising steadily and through increasingly wild maquis country, past many villages which cling to the mountain slopes in a seemingly precarious way, the road brings you to Zicavo, where the tourist usually stops for lunch. Then through fine old chestnut groves, past roaring torrents of crystal-clear water, the road continues ever upward, going snake-wise round the innumerable spurs which form deep-wooded or scrub-grown ravines, from which the blue smoke of the many

charcoal huts rises and curls among the sweetscented maquis. Everywhere, whichever way one looks, are views of astonishing beauty. In fine clear weather the mountain ranges seem endless, but not so beautiful as when there is the constantly changing light and shade of moving clouds. I once came over this road in a terrific thunderstorm, and a grander sight I have seldom seen. The crashing of the thunder resounded among the mountains, reminding one of the big gun bombardments in the Great War, while the lightning sent its pale blue flames down below into the deepest valleys. Mountains, dark and foreboding, would appear for a moment or two, then vanish behind the masses of swift-moving violet clouds, from which rain fell with tropical violence. It was a wonderfully impressive sight, but one that was scarcely conducive to comfort in motoring.

The highest point of the road is the Col de la Vaccia, 1199 metres high, between Zicavo and Auliène. It commands a glorious view of the valleys of the Taravo River to the west and to the south towards Sartene the Rixxanese with its

many tributaries.

Zonza, a small village of some eighteen hundred inhabitants, is the usual stopping-place for those wishing to see the Col de Bavella, which is 9 kilometres away. Zonza itself, which is between seven and eight hundred metres above sea-level, is not of any special interest; it is rather more tidy than most of the villages and boasts of a small





TWO VIEWS OF THE COL DE BAVELLA The well-shaped pines make a perfect foreground to a superb natural picture.



hotel which is somewhat primitive but quite possible for those who do not demand luxury. (Another hotel has been built since this was written. It is under the management of the P.L.M. and is quite up to date.) Visitors wishing to go to the Col de Bavella often spend the night at San Gavino di Carbini, where the hotel is said to be both clean and comfortable. Like all the villages, Zonza has a fine war memorial which is a credit to its people, though perhaps of minor interest to visitors. The chief reason for coming to the place is that it is within so short a distance of what may, I think, be considered the most perfect view in Corsica—the Col de Bavella. From Zonza the sharply serrated peaks of the mountains may be seen and their strange outline piques one's imagination and makes one impatient to see the famous Col at close quarters.

The 9 kilometres of road, rising about 1300 feet from Zonza, are through the wonderful pine forest of Zonza, where the trees are of great size, tall and as straight as masts. In the springtime every tree has its bark scarred and a small earthen cup hung close to the trunk to catch the resin which, like drops of clouded amber, move so slowly that it seems as though months must pass before the little red pots could be filled. After leaving the deep shade of the forest the road twists round the sloping mountain spurs in a somewhat perilous way; on the right side boulders seem ready to come crashing down and crush the passer-by, on the left the Oriviscia

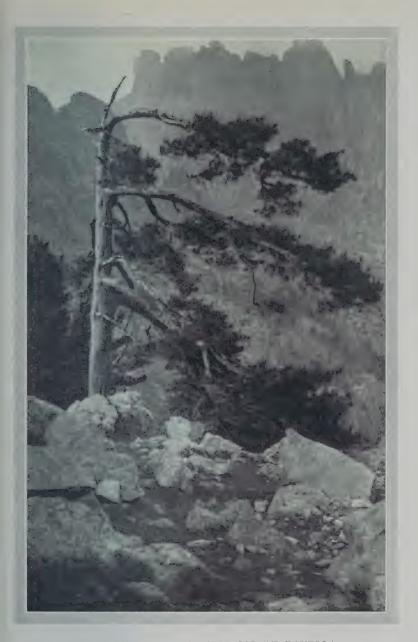
River, hundreds of feet below, dashes seaward, a mass of foam and green, and the road is so narrow that the nervous passenger clings tightly to the side of the car, hopes for the best, and experiences a feeling of relief when at last the highest point is reached and the road leads on to the smooth grassy stretch of more or less level ground.

To describe the beauty of the view that unfolds itself is a task beyond my powers. Nature appears to have done her best to produce a really perfect masterpiece, and the person who is not thrilled by it must indeed be lacking in soul and the power of appreciation. It is not uncommon to find a magnificent view of mountains and distance, but only too often the essential foreground is wanting. Here, it is a question which is the more satisfying: the foreground of strangely decorative storm-blown pines, with their flat tops of dark rich green and their purplered trunks rising from the velvety crocusstrewn grass; the middle distance of precipitous rocky mountains, rosy-red and orange, green and grey, with their peaks nearly 6000 feet high rising from the dark pine forests with which the gorges and valleys are clothed; or the distance which gradually loses itself in the purple haze and shows still more mountains and broader valleys until, dimly visible, the sea, delicate and iridescent as the inside of a shell, stretches out towards the coast of Italy, which, if the day be unusually clear, may disclose itself a hundred miles or more away.

Not everyone who goes to the Col de Bavella has the good fortune to see its true beauty, for the clouds are particularly capricious in this neighbourhood; one moment the whole scene may be sunlit and clear and the visitor basking in the warmth; the next minute the clouds, as though resenting the presence of the intruder, suddenly drop from the mountain peaks and, like the curtain of a stage, conceal all that lies beyond the immediate foreground. The great pine trees, silhouetted against the pearly grey mist, appear to increase in size and display more fully their twisted branches and strange forms. A cold wind comes sweeping up the gorge and across the Col which is over 3700 feet in height, and the visitor is drenched with the chilly Corsican-Scotch mist. As suddenly as it came the mass of clouds may roll up the steep sides of the gorge, the rosy-orange slopes of Taffonata and Ferriate appear on the right, while the pinnacles of orange, green and grey of Pargolo, Gio-Agustino and Fornello gradually reveal themselves on the left. Again, this may be but a momentary and tantalizing glimpse with which to thrill the visitor and make him appreciate the kindness of these cloudguardians of their superb picture. Or perhaps if he is one of the lucky ones the view will remain and he may watch at his leisure the change in the lights and shades as the sun gradually sinks. Slowly the mountains change their forms, unsuspected pinnacles appear, ravines become bluer and deeper and more and more mysterious. The

shadow of one mountain peak will creep up the slopes of the lighted sides that face the sun. Until at last, peak after peak loses its brilliant colour and becomes a jagged edged mass of deepening purple, while the valleys are veiled by ghost-like mists.

For those who prefer Nature in her more turbulent moods, a visit to the Col de Bavella during a storm is well worth while. It is a mighty affair, for the wind howls and screeches like ten thousand souls in torture, the trees creak and bend to the blasts and the rain beats against one's face with painful force. But it is worth a lot of discomfort to see the mountains angry, and the clouds swirling madly up the gorges, breaking themselves against the rugged masses of rock, then flying onward disclosing now and then a brief view of a cluster of forest trees or a clump of rocks and then hiding it again as though sorry to have allowed you to see even this much. It is a truly wonderful sight, but one that people seldom see, for the fear of the return drive or walk back to Zonza discourages them in the attempt. I was caught once at the Col when a storm broke and shall never forget the thrill of it. I tried to paint, just an impression of what was happening. My palette was blown frequently against me, to the detriment of my mackintosh. It was not an altogether satisfactory experience, and at last the easel and canvas were torn from their stone anchorage and hurled for several hundred yards down the steep slope, a proceeding which did not in any way improve the picture.



A WIND-TORN PINE ON THE COL DE BAVELLA



Soaking wet from the driving rain and numbed by the intense cold, all further attempt at painting was abandoned, and I walked back to Zonza, where a roaring fire and a glass of arbutus spirit in a cup of black coffee soon restored me to a normal condition.

During the winter months the heavy snow makes it practically impossible to visit the Col de Bavella. Some years it is not open to cars until the middle or end of April. It is therefore advisable to visit this most glorious spot either before the snow begins or in May or June. Unfortunately the majority of visitors to Corsica come during the winter and so are unable to see this place of beauty, and even those who are in the island during the suitable time visit the Col only in passing on a P.L.M. tour. These tours go from Ajaccio to Propriano, Sartene, Bonifacio and Porto-Vecchio, reaching Zonza in the evening of the same day. Then next morning before starting back to Ajaccio or to Corte (they go both ways) they stop a few minutes at the Col, when, if it happens that at that particular time the clouds are clear of the mountains, the passengers obtain a brief view; if conditions are not favourable they must go on according to schedule time and the sightseers can say they have been there, but they have seen nothing. One must be prepared to wait on Nature's mood, and it will not be hurried. So for the Col de Bavella it is advisable to take a car and see it, for in the whole island there is nothing more worth while.

From Zonza, which is about 100 kilometres from Ajaccio, there are several good trips by car: one is to return to Ajaccio by way of Levie, Sta. Lucia de Tallano, Sartene, Propriano and Olmeto. Thence by Cognocoli-Montichi or by Petreto-Bicchisano and on to the Zicavo-Cauro Road to Ajaccio. There is not much difference in the distance between these two ways, which are about one hundred and twelve or fifteen kilometres. The other trip is by way of Porto-Vecchio, Bonifacio and Sartene to Ajaccio, 182 kilometres. Another good trip is down to the east coast at Solenzara, along the coast to Ghisonaccia, westward through the Inzecca Gorge to Ghisoni, Vivario, Vizzavona and Bocognano to Ajaccio, a wonderful trip of about 150 kilometres; or by going another 42 kilometres Corte could be included, making a total of roughly 112 miles. This is full much for a day's run, though of course it could be done; the chance of enjoying the various points of interest would, however, be slight, as most of the road is through mountains over high cols, such as the one at Vizzavona, which is about 3600 feet above sea-level, so that high speed is impossible except over the few short stretches of level road.

Of these trips, taking them in the order given, the first one is via Levie to Olmeto. After leaving Zonza the country is interesting, though in a somewhat mild way, chiefly through more or less continuous cultivated land, where vines and olives predominate. The small towns of

Levie and Sta. Lucia di Tallano have no special attraction beyond their somewhat fine position and the views, and the fact that some of the best known wines of the country come from this district and are known as Tallano wines; while near Levie there is a quarry of orbicular diorite, also called "corsite," a very beautiful hard stone which in the best examples has the appearance of a leopard's skin. It is said to be found only in one other place in the world. Below these the road follows the Rixxanese River over which there is an interesting old bridge. Sartene, the next town, is of fair size, with a population of over six thousand, and is situated on the heights overlooking Propriana and the valley of the Rixxanese. Rather a depressing place with its dark coloured buildings of somewhat uninteresting design. Historically its chief point of interest is the hardship it endured through the repeated Saracen raids during the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries and in the feuds between the families Rocca Serra and Ortoli, commonly known as the Borgo-Santa Anna fights, from the names of the two sections of the town. To-day the chief point of interest of Sartene is the Good Friday Procession, a deeply religious ceremony in which all take part and march through the candle-lit town chanting sadly. For this procession people come from far and near and its dignity is not enhanced by some of the visitors who come merely as sightseers. Near Sartene are the finest dolmens and menhirs at present known to exist in Corsica.

From Sartene the road descends rapidly to Propriano, a busy little port which handles the produce of the rich country to the east. The small town has no special interest for the tourist beyond the fact that it was somewhere in this neighbourhood that the great Sampiero landed on June 12th, 1564, with a handful of friends, and he then deliberately destroyed his vessel, saying that from that day he would find refuge in his sword. After gathering together a few followers, he commenced his victorious march, collecting adherents as he proceeded, until after nearly three years he fell a victim to treachery on January 17th, 1567 (see history chapter of this period for further details). After Propriano the next place is Olmeto, a very picturesque village of about two thousand inhabitants. Near by are the ruins of the Château d'Arrigo della Rocca-he styled himself Count of Corsica and waged a relentless war against the Genoese. Finally he was poisoned at Vizzavona (see history chapter, period 1372). At Sollacaro, a short distance beyond where the roads fork, is where there are the ruins of the Château Vincentello d'Istria and the scene of Dumas' book, Les Frères Corses. There is nothing of special interest from there on to Ajaccio except the rugged country and views of the Gulf of Ajaccio.

The alternative and much more popular route after leaving Olmeto is by way of Petreto-Bicchisano, through beautiful country fairly high and varied, and crossing the Taravo River and



THE DRAWBRIDGE BY WHICH ONE ENTERS THE OLD FORT OF BONIFACIO



other streams in which there is good trout fishing. The Zicavo-Cauro-Ajaccio road is joined near

the Col de St. George, 762 metres high.

The other trip, by way of Porto-Vecchio-Bonifacio and Sartene, leads, after leaving Zonza, over the Col de Belase (1088 metres) through the magnificent pine forest of the Ospedale, a delightful road with glorious views of the south end of the island, through a few picturesque villages and down the steep slopes to Porto-Vecchio, the old Genoese port and fortified town which was at one time an important place. Owing chiefly to its unhealthiness it has to-day a most woebegone appearance, and its inhabitants, numbering over four thousand, have to leave the place during the nights of the summer months owing to the prevalence of malaria. The cork industry is its chief source of wealth. The fort is still standing and is rather picturesque, but the town has little attraction for visitors and it is not advisable to spend the night there. The road from Porto-Vecchio southward to Bonifacio (about 27 kilometres) is broad and level through rather un-interesting country where cork trees give the only relief, except during the spring when flowers add a touch of colour to the otherwise drab landscape.

Then comes the interesting old town of Bonifacio, built on the weather-worn and stained white cliffs, surrounded and dominated by a massive Genoese fort overlooking the deep blue sea, and filled with the glamour of sieges and

warfare and heroism. The old town is quaintness itself. The restricted area where building was possible has led to the narrowest of streets over which numerous arches keep the tall buildings from becoming too familiar with one another, for they are very close together. It has been said that these arches were for the purpose of conduct-ing water. Where the water came from is not explained. The houses are all enclosed in a mighty wall and access to them is through two drawbridges, one being over a deep dry moat, the other approached by a steep roughly-paved stoneway on the edge of the overhanging cliff. Among the somewhat gloomy dwelling-houses are several churches of interest, San Dominico, built by the Knights Templars in the thirteenth century, on the walls of which are their sculptured arms. This is considered by some people to be the finest church in Corsica. The fifteenthcentury church, San Francesco, built in honour of the visit of St. Francis, and the church in the high part of the town, Santa Maria Maggiore, in which is preserved a piece of the True Cross. There are some paintings in these churches which are reputed to be of considerable value.

In some ways Bonifacio reminds one of Calvi from the fact that the *citadelle*, or fort, dominates everything. The great pile of massive masonry is very imposing, especially when viewed from the water, and it is easily understood why its various would-be conquerors failed in their attempts to subdue the enclosed town. With



 $\begin{tabular}{ll} THE OLD TOWN OF BONIFACIO \\ Built on weather-worn cliffs, dominated by a massive Genoese fort. \\ \end{tabular}$



modern guns the destruction would be simple enough, but the old ships possessed nothing of sufficient power to inflict serious damage on such

heavy masonry.

Bonifacio is said to have been founded in 828 (or 833) by Boniface, Duke of Tuscany, who, having gained a victory over the Saracens off the coast of Africa, built a fort as a protection against raids by the Moors. Of the original fort it is doubtful whether anything still remains. The last part of the original work, known as the Terrione Tower, was demolished in 1900 by

order of the military authorities.

Towards the end of the eleventh century the Pisans had secured possession of the place, but lost it to the Genoese about 1193. It then became a miniature Republic under Genoese protection, and had its own laws with free trade, and its people enjoyed exemption from imposts in Genoese harbours. The town was governed by a council called the Anziani, at the head of which was a Genoese podestà, or commissioner, who was more or less a figure-head. Considering that the town had only about one thousand inhabitants it was probably the smallest of all Republics.

Strangely enough, while the whole island was at constant enmity with Genoa, Bonifacio remained at all times true, in which respect it resembled closely the northern town of Calvi. By the great siege undertaken by Alfonso of Aragon in 1420 Bonifacio earned its proud

reputation. The Spaniards in this siege had a powerful force of about eighty ships, and succeeded in forcing an entrance into the harbour. After the fall of the Scarincio Tower the enemy After the fall of the Scarincio Tower the enemy thought they had conquered their objective, but they had not reckoned on the heroic defence of the occupants. The names of Filippo Campo, Orlando Guaracchi, Jacopo Catacciolo, Giovanni Cicanesi, Chiaro Ghigini, and Margareta Bobia are mentioned as having displayed conspicuous bravery in stemming one of the most desperate onslaughts, during which they cut down the enemy "even to the last man. They then threw fire on the ships in the harbour, and the King was repulsed with great loss." After this fight, in which both men and women took part, the food supplies began to be exhausted and owing to the treachery of two deserters this news was conveyed to Alfonso, who, finding that he could conveyed to Alfonso, who, finding that he could not reduce the town by force of arms, determined to blockade it and prevent all supplies coming in. Genoa, hearing of the plight of Bonifacio, equipped a small fleet, but delayed sending it owing to bad weather and other reasons, or excuses, for three months, and the wretched people were reduced to terrible extremities. Alfonso carried on negotiations from time to time and promised much if the people would capitulate. But they would not give up hope of Genoese help and so prolonged the pourparler from week to week. The delays angered the Spaniards, who determined to make a vigorous



THE TOWN OF BONIFACIO All the buildings on the harbour front are of comparatively recent date, $\,$



assault, using towers lashed to ships so that men could reach the ramparts. But they were met by missiles of every kind, including lime and burning tow; stones, large and small, were the chief ammunition. In their turn the Spaniards used devices of every kind they could command, including burning sulphur (an early form of gas-attack). In spite of all that the enemy could do he was unable to retain a foothold in the forts, but, notwithstanding the frequent letters that were sent begging help from Genoa, the brave defenders were left to rely on their own superhuman efforts. Alfonso tried to erect a monster tower which would overtop the ramparts. Without serious molestation this work was allowed to be carried on until it was suddenly destroyed by the gate being opened and the defenders rushing out with firebrands which, being thrown into the structure, completely destroyed it. Nothing, however, discouraged the assailants and at no time were the defenders given any rest. Food became so scarce that everything that could possibly contribute to human sustenance was eaten: cats, rats and weeds, and "the pious wives of Bonifacio freely gave of their milk to relations, brothers, children, connexions, and godfathers."

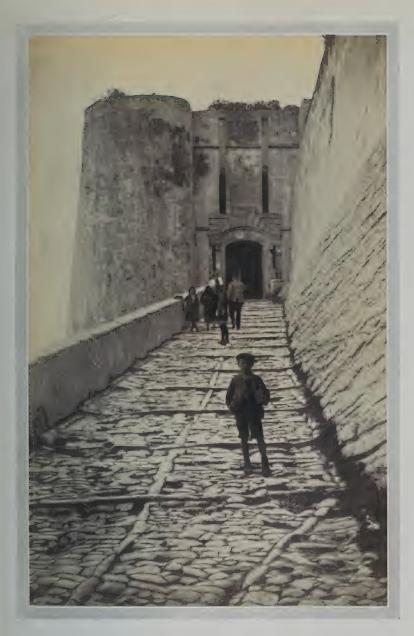
Reduced to almost the last extremity an agreement was made by the people that if at the end of forty days relief did not come they would yield and in evidence of their good faith they gave hostages. The Spaniards, anxious to secure

the coveted possession of the town, tried, by every means in their power, to prevent any message being sent to Genoa, but their efforts were outwitted by the defenders who built a small vessel and lowered it into the sea at night. The messengers eventually reached their destination and delivered their letters of entreaty. Fifteen days later they returned with news that with the first favourable wind a fleet would set sail for their relief; but the days went by and

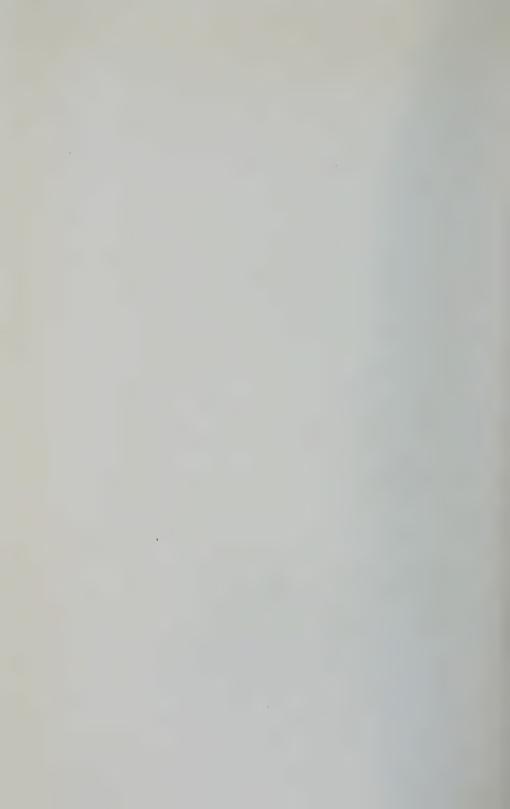
there was no sign of the promised ships.

The forty days drew to an end and the King demanded the fulfilment of the promise of surrender; but the people still held out, and the following morning, to the surprise of the enemy, great sounds of rejoicing were heard, bells were rung and fires burned. When the Spanish envoys arrived at the gates they were informed that during the night reinforcements had come from Genoa, and to give effect to their state-ments they displayed numbers of "men" (who were in reality women) in armour and carrying spears; these were seen on the battlements. No ships had been seen to arrive and the Spaniards were bewildered. Four more days passed, that is four after the expiration of the forty days of grace, and during this time renewed attacks were being made on the forts.

At last, however, the Genoese fleet actually arrived. Several of the Bonifacio men, headed by Angelo Bobia, swam out to the ships during the night, only to find that the captains were



SOUTHERN ENTRANCE TO THE FORTS OF BONIFACIO



afraid to attack the Spanish fleet. Bobia, Jacopo Benesia and others insisted that an attack be made immediately, and won their point. The Genoese, after severe fighting, forced their way into the harbour, while the defenders threw stones and lighted torches on to the Spanish ships. Alfonso was beaten at last, and left the harbour with the remnants of his fleet. This was in January, 1421.

The heroic defenders of Bonifacio had won, through bravery, determination, resource and self-sacrifice, and earned a reputation which will live for all time. Genoa's treatment of the town

needs no comment.

About a hundred years after the famous siege the town was visited by the plague (cholera?) which resulted in the loss of a large part of its population. In 1541 the Emperor Charles V (King of Spain and Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire), on his return from his unsuccessful expedition against Algiers, spent some days in the town and lived in the house of Filippo Catacciolo. He was anxious to see the town that Alfonso had been unable to take. The great Napoleon, when an artillery officer, was stationed for some months in Bonifacio.

To-day we find the historic place somewhat gloomy and depressing. The people are most polite and kindly, but they appear to be rather sad, the town still more so with its poor shops and its air of but scant prosperity. Yet it is so full of interest that the visitor would enjoy spending a few days there if only the hotel accommodation would justify it. The newer part of the town is on the harbour front, and, though not so picturesque as the old buildings and streets within the walls, makes a good foreground to the old fort which rises high above the water.

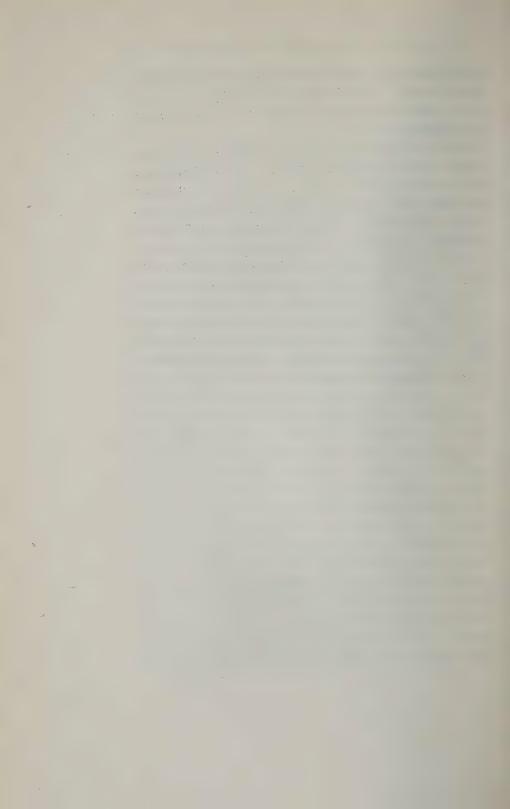
A visit to the sea caves is worth while if the weather is behaving itself, but unfortunately this is a windy district, and in rough water the caves cannot be entered. The three grottos are known as "Le Camere" (the rooms), "le Bain de Vénus" and "le Sdragonato"; of these the last is by far the most interesting. All caves and grottos have a peculiar fascination for some reason difficult to explain, but in the case of the Sdragonato it is the extraordinary beauty of the sea-covered floor that makes the attraction. The water, being as clear as crystal, with perhaps a slight green tinge, allows the colouring of the marine growths, both animal and vegetable, to be seen as though through a sheet of waving glass. The colours are rainbow-like in their variety, but the tones of pure purple and mauve predominate and give the effect of a huge Persian carpet of exquisite hues. Above the vaulted roof, hung with stalactites, there is an opening fringed with plants, beyond which, intensified by the dark frame, is the deep blue of the heavens. Strangely enough, this skylight of the cave is almost exactly the shape of Corsica. The sea about this coast is somewhat treacherous, and

with lightning speed the calm gives way to rough broken water, so it is well not to linger too long inside the cave or the low arched entrance may

prove dangerous.

South of Bonifacio are the straits of the same name which separate Corsica and Sardinia. Before leaving the subject a word of warning regarding the water of Bonifacio may not be amiss. It will be sufficient perhaps to say that it is neither good nor over-abundant.

After heading back northward to Ajaccio the road is not particularly interesting as the country is rather bare. About half-way to Sartene and near the coast is the Lion of Roscapina, a large rock which, as its name implies, bears a resemblance to the profile of a lion. Beyond this there is little that calls for special attention.



CHAPTER FOUR. FROM ZONZA BY WAY OF SOLENZARA, THE GORGE OF THE INZECCA, GHISONI, CORTE AND VIZZAVONA—ALSO TO CORTE BY ALERIA, CERVIONE, PIEDICROCE, MOROSAGLIA AND PONTE LECCIA, AND BACK TO AJACCIO AND TO BASTELICA



CHAPTER FOUR

HE other important trip from Zonza is the one going north-east to Solenzara, thence along the east coast to Ghisonaccia, and inland to Ghisoni, Vivario, and Vizzavona down to Ajaccio; on from Vivario by way of Venaco to Corte. A trip of unusual interest

and beauty.

The first part is over the Col de Bavella, through the mountain gorges and the Col de Larone along the Solenzara River. The whole road is one succession of wonderful views. The eighteen kilometres on the coastal road seem tame after the mountain run, but the way is straight and quickly covered and there is so much ahead that it gives the eyes a chance to rest and the mind has time to think of some new adjectives with which to express one's opinion of the procession of grandeur and beauty which displays itself as the miles are passed. The Défilé de l'Inzecca is the beginning of renewed joy. From the moment the bridge over the Fium' Orbo is reached the scenery becomes more and more grand and impressive. The steep rugged rocky mountains covered with sweet-scented shrubs form the walls of the boulder-strewn torrent of pale green and frothing water above which the road winds its

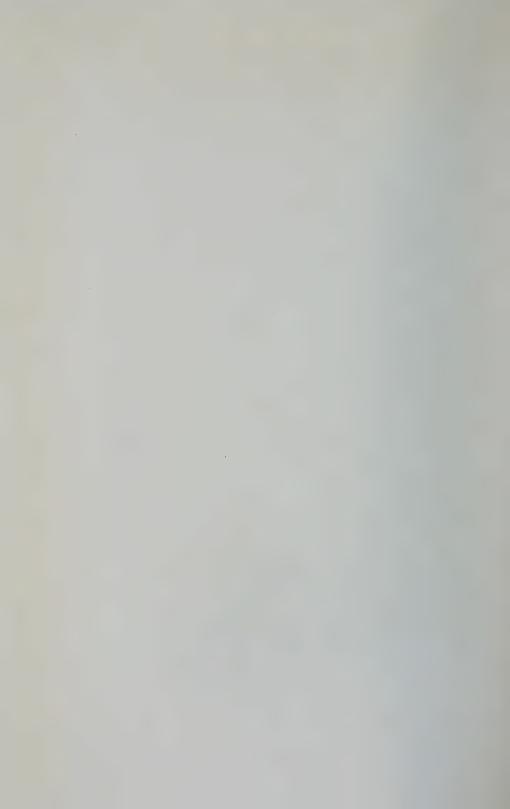
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crooked way as though clinging to the abrupt sides of the wall. Beyond, towering one above the other, are magnificent mountains, forest-covered or bare-pinnacled rock, 3000 feet or more in height. The Inzecca is Corsica in its wildest humour. Following the course of the river to beyond where it branches, rising steadily, the road comes to Ghisoni about 2000 feet above sea-level. To the south-west are the peaks of Christi and Kyrie Eleison. Still higher mountains show against the skyline to the north and west. Ghisoni itself is an attractive place, with good trout fishing in its neighbourhood and an inn, or hotel, which is far above the average. It also shares with Bastelica and Bastia the honour of having electric light. I may be wrong, but I think these three towns are the only ones that can boast of such a modern convenience. In this respect Ajaccio was far behind its smaller far-away neighbours and only recently has it had electric light.

From Ghisoni one can return to Ajaccio through Zicavo and Cauro, a very beautiful road, but we will go by way of Vivario which is about seventeen kilometres away. The road rises rapidly, through chestnut and pine forest, past Monte Calvi and over the Col de Sorba, which is 1305 metres (over 4000 feet) high; from the Col the descent to Vivario is very rapid. In the event of the passes being blocked by snow, and this frequently happens during the winter months, it is possible to see the Inzecca and then



GORGE OF THE INZECCA
One of the many fine ravines in the island,



turn back and take the road to the left (without crossing the river) which leads to Vezzani, a rather picturesque village in the copper mine district. From there through the pine forest the road is narrow and owing to the heavy haulage of timber is usually badly cut up, the ruts being so deep that driving may even be dangerous, especially if logs are being moved. In bad weather this way, which leads over the Col de Morello, may also be blocked by snow, in which case, instead of turning north-west after leaving the Inzecca, it is necessary to return to the coast and turn left at Cateraggio, just beyond Aleria, where the famous King Theodore landed in 1736, following the Tavignano River through a rather uninteresting broad valley to Corte, or if there is plenty of time, continue along the coast road another twenty-five kilometres to the railway station of Prunete-Cervione, then turn inland to Cervione, Piedicroce, Morosaglia and on to Ponte Leccia where you turn left and have about a twenty-five kilometre run to Corte. This is a very delightful run after leaving the flat east coast district.

Cervione, which is about a thousand feet above sea-level, is a thriving little town, very beautifully situated with many fine buildings. It was here that King Theodore lived for a time in state in the house of the Bishop of Aleria. After passing Cervione the road winds its way sometimes below and sometimes along the mountain ridge, through chestnut forests and *maquis*-covered country with

magnificent views across the valley and of the mountains west of Corte, and past many picturesque villages built on the narrow spurs of the hills. In some of these villages the ridges are so narrow that there is no room for a road and the single line of houses is approached by winding paths. In selecting these positions for villages it is evident that the question of safety from attack was the primary object. In the troublous times this district was the scene of much fighting, consequently strategic sites were necessary for the homes of the people, positions which could be held by small numbers against a superior force and surprise was practically impossible. Living in such villages must be decidedly inconvenient, as there is no level ground except the narrow steps of the terraces which break the extreme steepness of the slopes. In many cases these ridges jut out into gorges, where, hundreds of feet below, rivers or streams look like mere threads of green and white. Near the village of Piedicroce, about half-way between Cervione and Ponte-Leccia, there are the mineral springs of Orezza and a hydro-therapeutic establishment which is much frequented during the summer. The water is sparkling and is very rich in iron and is exported under the name of "eau d'Orezza."

Morosaglia is the next place of note. It was there, at Stretta or Rostino (parts of Morosaglia) that Pasquale Paoli was born on April 5th, 1725. He was the youngest son of Hyacinth (also

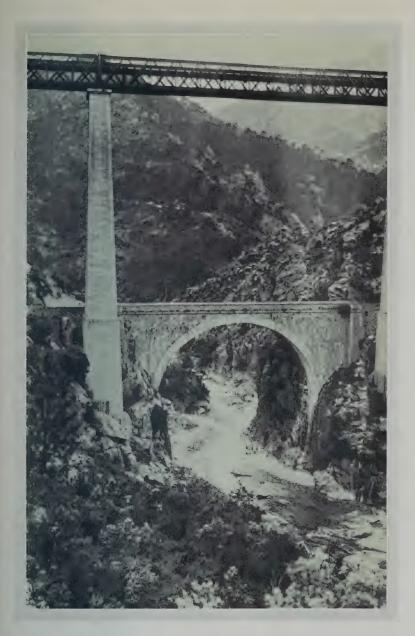
called Giacinto) Paoli the patriot, who was exiled to Naples on account of his activities in trying to free the island from the oppression of Genoa. With him went his fourteen-year-old son Pasquale, who was destined to play so great a part in the history of Corsica. At the request of his brother Clemens, Pasquale returned to the island, landing at Aleria on April 29th, 1755, and was proclaimed general and leader of the people (see history chapter of this period). On the 15th of July he took command with conspicuous vigour and intelligence, commencing his task by getting at the root of so much of the trouble—the vendetta. He founded the town of Isola Rosso (Île Rousse), built a small fleet to harass the Genoese ships, and made active war against Genoa. He established a government, so that Corsica became a Republic; each thousand of the population sent a representative to the Consulta, or senate, and these in turn elected nine of their number to form the Supreme Council, who held office for one year. It was a government of the people. A standing army of eight hundred was organized, but all men above sixteen years of age were trained as soldiers. Agriculture was encouraged by every possible means. Education was developed. The Corsican University was opened at Corte on January 3rd, 1765, with Corsican professors and free education for those who were too poor to afford to pay the regular fees. Meanwhile the country was always more or less at war with Genoa, who with the

new conditions resulting from Paoli's methods was compelled to call in the assistance of France and finally to sell her claims to the island to the French. For some time Corsica maintained her position and defeated the troops of France in many battles, but at last the overwhelming superiority of the enemy proved too much for the islanders, and at the Battle of Ponte Nuovo, on May 9th, 1769, the war may be said to have ended, and about a month later Corsica submitted to the supremacy of France. Paoli, his dream shattered, utterly discouraged, left his native land for which he had tried to do so much; he sailed from Porto-Vecchio in a British ship on June 11th, 1769, the day before Corsica acknowledged the sovereignty of Louis XV. For years he remained in England, and after the French Revolution he went to France, where he was received with enthusiasm. From France he returned to Corsica, which he had left twenty years before, and landed in the little bay of Macinaggio, on the north-east coast of Cap Corse (July, 1789). Conditions were far from satisfactory in the island and the question of whether it should continue as part of France or avail itself of the opportunity to proclaim its complete independence became of extreme importance. Paoli's openly displayed disgust at the ruthlessness of the revolutionary methods finally led to his being accused of treason to France and outlawed; this was in June, 1793, and that in turn resulted in his leading the people to secede, much

to the indignation of Bonaparte, who was against a breach with France. This was duly accomplished at Corte in 1793 and Paoli was elected President. His first act of importance was to offer the suzerainty of the island to Great Britain, with the result that in February of 1794 British troops were landed near St. Florent. (This is dealt with more fully in the history chapter.) England's need of a Mediterranean seaport, which at that time she did not possess, made her only too anxious to help the Corsicans, and on June 19th the island was proclaimed part of the British Empire; but unfortunately, for some reason difficult to determine with accuracy, Paoli and the Governor, Sir Gilbert Elliot, were unable to work together. From all that one can read on the subject it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Paoli was badly treated. Be that as it may, the result was most unsatisfactory. Paoli was "invited" to return to England by George III. It is hard to think of this great patriot, who so well earned the name of "Father of his country," whose life had been devoted to its needs, leaving his beloved island, as he did in October, 1795, to die in London on February 5th, 1807, knowing that all his fighting and planning had been in vain, as Corsica had been abandoned to the French within a few months after his departure. His body rested in St. Pancras churchyard for eighty-two years, but the memory of his deeds lived on in Corsica and at the end of that time the mortal remains were brought back, and

on September 7th, 1889, laid to rest in the house where Pasquale Paoli had first seen the light of day in 1725, one hundred and sixty-three years before. The monument to his memory in Morosaglia is the "École Paoli," a special school founded by the great patriot when he believed that he had secured the independence of Corsica. In Westminster Abbey there is another monument, on which is inscribed the following gracious record of the notable Corsican:

To the memory of Pasquale de Paoli, one of the most eminent and illustrious characters of the age in which he lived. He was born at Rostino in Corsica, April 5th, 1725, was unanimously chosen at the age of thirty supreme head of that island, and died in this metropolis, Feby. the 5th, 1807, aged eighty-two years. The earlier and better part of his life he devoted to the cause of liberty, nobly maintaining it against the usurpation of Genoese and French tyranny. By his splendid achievements, his useful and benevolent institutions, his patriotic and public zeal, manifested upon every occasion, he, among the few who have merited so glorious a title, most justly deserved to be hailed the Father of his country. Being obliged by the superior force of his enemies to retire from Corsica, he sought refuge in this land of liberty; and was here most graciously received (amidst the general applause of a magnanimous nation) into the protection of His Majesty King George the Third, by whose fostering hand and munificence he not only obtained a safe and honourable asylum, but was enabled during the remainder of his days to enjoy the society of his friends and faithful followers in affluent and dignified retirement. He expressed to



A DOUBLE BRIDGE FOR RAILWAY AND ROAD Targe hundred feet high across the Vecchio River, near Corte.



the last moment of his life the most grateful sense of His Majesty's paternal goodness towards him, praying for the preservation of his sacred person and the prosperity of his Dominions.

From Morosaglia the road, with frequent windings, leads downhill to Ponte-Leccia and the Golo River. Another twenty-four kilometres following the valley and you reach Corte. This trip across the mountains from Cervione to Ponte-Leccia is about 64 kilometres, or from the Inzecca to Corte about 128, and should take between six and a half and seven hours, if no

long stops are made on the way.

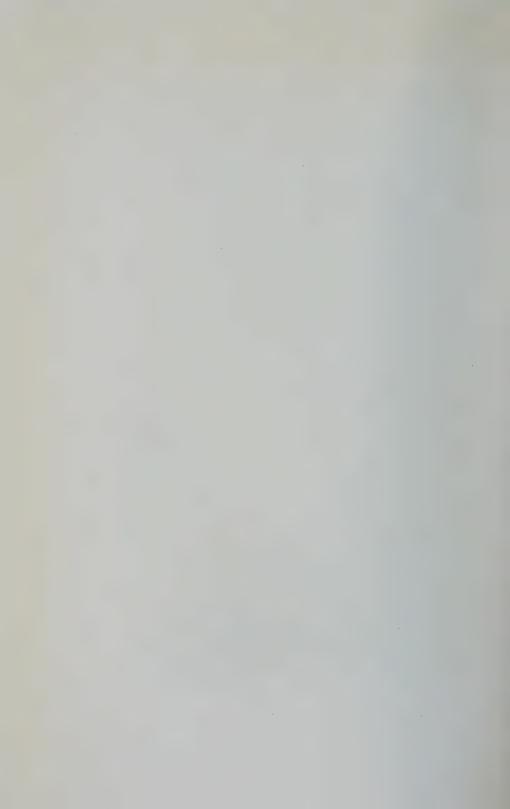
If the road from Ghisoni to Vivario be open it is only a question of the visitor's wishes whether or not to go on to Corte; it is a trip well worth taking, as it leads through Vivario and Venaco, two small towns most beautifully situated at fairly high altitudes and offering magnificent views of the valleys and mountains. After leaving Vivario the road crosses one of the most interesting bridges in the country. It spans the Vecchio River, which is a fine mountain torrent of the clearest of water, and above the roadway is the railway viaduct nearly 300 feet high, built in 1827 and known as the Punto Vecchio. The view looking westward between the two high graceful columns shows great mountains, partly forest-covered, partly bare rugged rocks, rising thousands of feet on either side of and beyond the ravine through which the stream dashes among the boulders to get away from its birthplace of snow

and ice. It is a rare view where man's handiwork combines with Nature in her wildest architectural effort and produces results impressive and truly beautiful. Passing over the lofty bridge in the train one sees for a brief second or two the mountains and the deep ravine, but to see it in all its glory one must be near the road and not hurried. All the way, after leaving the bridge, the road is cut into the steep and rugged slopes of the mountain with its sharply cut outline. Just before reaching Venaco, looking up to the west, there is a remarkable rock resembling a resting camel with such strange truthfulness that it is hard to believe that it is not the work of some giant sculptor. Venaco itself is some little distance above the railway station and is one of the most beautifully situated small towns in Corsica, commanding views of great extent of broad valleys and vast ranges of mountains, with the sea in the far distance. Around the picturesque village the scenery is varied by chestnut forests, waterfalls and vineyards, all dominated by the massive mountains with their sharply defined peaks.

Northward from Venaco some ten kilometres is Corte, the strangest town in Corsica. It is like an island on the edge of gigantic cliffs, as it rises from the valley, almost encircled by the Tavignano and Restonica Rivers, a pile of rock, green, yellow and brown, surmounted by a fortress overlooking the town which seems to cling close to it for protection. The irregular red roofs of the



THE ANCHENT TOWN OF CORTE Almost encircled by the Tavignano and Restonica Rivers.



equally irregular buildings rise one above the other on the abrupt slopes of the rocky streets that lead to the citadel. In front of these on the eastward side is the newer part of the town with its eight or nine story austerely simple and rather ugly buildings. To the west, circling almost from the south to the north, rise mountains one above another, some of the highest in Corsica, such as Rotondo, Cardo and others over 8000 feet above sea-level; between the great mountains are deep shadowed ravines, through which the rivers have cut their way. To the south-east, following the Tavignano River, the country is more mildly undulating, chiefly beautiful because of its contrast to the vigorous scenery of the mountains overlooking the town.

To say that Corte is 396 metres above sea-level, that it has over five thousand inhabitants, and that it has a citadel, means nothing. It is a place that must be seen to be appreciated. The narrow winding passage-like or even stairway-like streets are curiously quaint. On a holiday the visitor may complain of the odours, for cleanliness is scarcely the ruling virtue of this town. But it is easy to forget this in the picturesque beauty of the place and in the remembrance of the turbulent history of this most important inland town. Situated as it is in the middle of the island, about half-way between Bastia and Ajaccio, it has been the scene of unusual struggles and has at times been of such strategical importance that its possession by one side or the other became a

matter of the utmost value. Nearly all the Powers that have held the island by right of conquest have occupied Corte. Founded by the Moors in about 713, it has in turn been the residence of Saracen kings, the Corsican headquarters of Genoa, France and even England. Innumerable times have important proclamations been issued from this fortified stronghold, and the frowning citadel has seen the signing of oaths of allegiance to other countries as often as it has seen the independence of the island proclaimed, and revolution commenced against the various oppressors and would-be owners. Probably more important documents have been signed in Corte than in any other town in Corsica, and more hopes built up and shattered. It has seen deeds of valour and heroism that kindle the imagination, and it has also been the home of intrigues, treachery and murder, the very reading of which makes the blood turn cold. It was here that the Genoese, fearing the attack that was being made by Gaffori (in 1746), thought to arrest his fire by taking his son, who was in their hands, and hanging him alive to the outside of the citadel wall, hoping by this dastardly trick to save their position through the appeal to the feelings of the father. After momentary hesitation the duty of the patriot rose above even the parent's affection, and he ordered the fire to be continued. The fort fell and the boy was uninjured. After this, at Corte, Gaffori and two others, Venturini and Matra, were proclaimed the leaders of the people.

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Four years later Corte was witness of another act of heroism and the story has been put in bronze in a plaque at the base of Gaffori's statue. This time it was a woman who displayed remarkable valour. It happened that while Gaffori was absent the Genoese made an attack in the hope of securing his wife, so that they might use her as a hostage; but Madame Gaffori had the true fighting spirit and she resisted. With the help of her household she barricaded doors and windows and returned the Genoese fire. For several days this continued and those who were with her advised surrender, whereupon the brave woman took her stand by the side of a barrel of gunpowder and with light in hand declared that should her people abandon the defence, she would blow up the house and all who were in it. Fortunately Gaffori returned in time to rescue his wife and household. house, pock-marked with shot, still stands as witness of the heroic act, and the loophole is still shown from which the boy was suspended by order of the Genoese commandant. The opposite and tragic side of the story came later when the Genoese, who had learned to fear Gaffori as they had his predecessor Sampiero, decided to resort to treachery. With the aid of Romei and Gaffori's unnatural brother, Anton-Francesco, the great patriot was foully murdered in 1753. Anton, instead of being branded like Cain, was caught soon after his dastardly crime and was broken on the wheel. Romei sought the protection of the Genoese. Eventually, by order

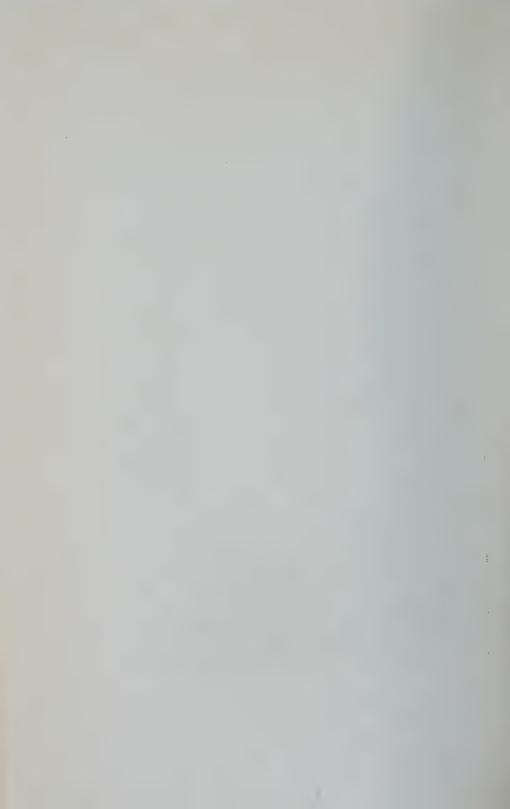
of the people, his house was completely destroyed. Gaffori's murder resulted in a declaration of war against Genoa to the bitter end (see history chapter of this period for further details).

It was at Corte on June 19th, 1794, that Corsica was proclaimed a part of the British Empire when Paoli declared, before Sir Gilbert Elliot, that at last the little country had found a permanent refuge in the heart of the King of England. A hope that was not destined to fulfilment. It is somewhat difficult to-day to believe that our troops, among others the old 51st, the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry of the present time, were actually in Corte and are believed to have helped to build some of the barracks in the citadel. Had Elliot been a man of different nature it is quite possible that the island would still be, as Paoli hoped, a part of our Empire. With this history in our minds the strange citadel which dates back to so long ago (it is claimed that the actual fort was built by Vincentello d'Istria in 1420) becomes of particular interest, but even apart from the stories of true romance the fort in its lofty position is a fascinating picture. The illustration which accompanies this chapter will give a better idea of companies this chapter will give a better idea of the appearance of this structure than any words of mine; the overhanging towers, the massive walls and the steep rock-bound slopes by which many an escape was made during the dark days of trouble, all combine to



THE STRANGE AND ANCIENT FORT DOMINATING THE TOWN OF CORTE

British troops were quartered here in 1794.



make a striking foreground to the surround-

ing mountains.

One feature of the present-day life of Corte is the Good Friday procession which takes place in the evening after dark. Then every house is illuminated by rows of candles placed on each window-sill, over doorways, and on every available projection. The myriads of flickering flames give a weird effect to the otherwise dark winding streets. Then from the church beneath the great fortress the long line of the procession comes out, priests and choir boys, members of different sodalities, in sombre garb, black-robed women, young men and old and tiny children, all marching very slowly, chanting a sad hymn of lamentation which echoes among the buildings of the narrow streets till it loses itself in the darkness. Every person carries a candle, by whose light the face of the bearer alone is visible. Old faces, wrinkled and worn, handsome, too, after the manner of the older Corsicans, both men and women, and the dark-eyed faces of girls, all looking out from their black shawls, which, thrown over the head, make some of them look like the Madonna. Near the head of the procession is a life-size figure of Christ, recumbent, taken from the Cross. By the light of day perhaps it might all appear somewhat crude, but in the flickering yellow candlelight the procession is dignified and deeply religious, more so than anything of the kind I have ever seen. There is no jarring note, because it is all so simple and earnest and so impressive that you find a lump in your throat. I said no jarring note marred the dignity of the scene, but I forgot two young women of the non-understanding type of sighseer, strangers to the country, who were completely out of place; they stood on the corner of the street and smoked cigarettes and giggled as the simple procession passed. They seemed not to realize that this darkly-garbed line of people were living again, in symbol at least, the greatest of all tragedies. One felt angry with the lack of respect that these two exhibited, and perhaps sorry that their finer feelings were so dead.

The town of Corte possesses a very amusing example of Corsican architectural peculiarities. Symmetry appears to be a creed in this country, and this is especially noticeable in the arrangement of the windows. If there are four windows on one side of a house, there must be four on the other side. Occasionally it happens that the interior of the house does not allow of perhaps two of the four, so dummy windows are made on the exterior. These may even have shutters to make the illusion complete and satisfy the laws of symmetry. In some cases the fake windows are merely painted ones, and in one particular instance the artistic (?) talent of the decorator evolved the brilliant idea of not only painting the shutters partly open, but he painted a life-size picture of a boy and a girl gazing at one another from the two dummy windows. It is doubtful whether anyone will dispute the

statement that if there is architectural talent in Corsica, it hides its light under a very efficient bushel.

Corte is a good base for trips, both on foot and by car, and even by mule. There are mountains of sufficient height and difficult enough to satisfy those who enjoy climbing. There are the various gorges to explore, some within walking distance, others, such as the Scala di Santa Regina, which are full far for walking, but within easy run by car, and there is trout fishing in the neighbouring rivers.

As an alternative to returning to Ajaccio by train or car, the trip through Evisa, Porto and Piana by way of the Scala di Santa Regina, considered by some to be the finest gorge in Corsica, through Calacuccia, between Monte Cinto (9003 feet) and Monte Rotondo (8730 feet) and over the Col de Vergio (4800 feet), is a magnificent run by car, of about 170 kilometres, rather more than twice as far as returning by way of Vivario and Vizzavona. In returning the shorter way we go over the road already seen on the way to Corte until Vivario is passed; from there the road rises and soon enters the pine forest of Vizzavona, and reaches what might be called the "hotel village," as there is practically no village, but the numerous hotels attract people during the summer when, far from the malarial districts, they can enjoy the cool air of the mountains and the fragrance of the glorious pine forest, to say nothing of the beauties of Monte d'Oro, which is 7970 feet in height. Near the Col de Vizzavona (1162 metres) is a ridge rising out of the wind-swept beech trees and on this ridge, overlooked by Monte d'Oro, there is the ruin of an interesting old Genoese fort in fairly good condition. In bygone days this fort, with its wonderful commanding position, must have been of great importance as it controlled the pass between the east and west sides of the island, the direct line between Bastia and Ajaccio. Of its history I can find nothing, which is unfortunate, as it must have been the scene of many fights. The life of those who were compelled to occupy this fort could not have been particularly pleasant, especially during the winter months, when, owing to its exposed position, the gales from both east and west had full sweep. The biting cold at this high elevation and the heavy snows and fogs must have made the place almost untenable at times. At present its chief attraction is that of the views in all directions. Monte d'Oro to the north, Renoso, 7860 feet high, to the south, the valley of the Gravone leading to Ajaccio to the southward, and the forest-covered mountains and open valley to the east.

The road down from the Col de Vizzavona is beautiful all the way, and the views of Monte d'Oro are especially fine. It follows the Gravone River to within a few miles of Ajaccio, crossing from the south to the north side of the Ucciani bridge, about thirty kilometres from Ajaccio

and twenty from Vizzavona.



MONTE D'ORO 7970 feet in height. From the Col de Vizzavona.

RUINS OF AN ANCIENT GENOESE FORT WHICH GUARDED THE COL DE VIZZAVONA



Another trip which visitors to Ajaccio should not miss is the one to Bastelica. It can be accomplished in an afternoon if time presses, but it is far better to devote the whole day to it in order that the light may be favourable. If the driver of a car is asked to take you to Bastelica, the chances are that he will both go and return by Cauro, as the road is easier, but do not believe him if he tells you that the road by Tolla and Ocana is dangerous and bad; it is not. True, it is steep in places and has many sharp bends, but it is perfectly safe if taken quietly and with

ordinary care.

Perhaps the best way is to go by way of Cauro, for the views all the way are very beautiful. Cauro itself is a tidy village from which Monte d'Oro can be seen to advantage. Turning off from the main road to Zicavo the way leads in a north-easterly direction over the Col de Marcuggio (661 metres high) along the south side of the Prunelli River, through very varied country until the pine forest is reached. Seen through the tall trees there are wonderful views of the snow-capped mountains above and beyond Bastelica, the little town which is so beautifully situated beneath Monte Renoso, whose summit, snow-covered during many months of the year, rises 7860 feet above sea-level. It is a superb background for the chestnut encircled town in which stands the fine statue, by Vital Dubray, erected in 1890, of Sampiero, the great patriot, known as the "most Corsican of Corsicans." It was here that he was born about the end of the fifteenth century, and played a conspicuous part in the history of the island in the fighting against the Genoese. He was finally murdered (for in no other way can his treacherously accomplished death be described) near Eccica-Suarella (a short distance east of Cauro) on January 17th, 1567.

Sampiero's original house was destroyed by the Genoese. Another was erected on the same site and on this is a plaque that was placed there by William Wyse, an Irish Catholic and nephew of Napoleon (see inscription in list of places under heading of Bastelica, and accounts of Sampiero's life in history chapter of 1553-57).

Bastelica, which is at about 2600 feet elevation, is one of the more up-to-date towns of the island and boasts of electric light generated by waterpower. The trip back to Ajaccio should be made along the north side of the Prunelli Gorge at the bottom of which is the river. Anything more beautiful than the mountains and ravines, looking south from the road, would be difficult to imagine. People who know Kashmir say that the scenery reminds them of that wonderful country. In order to see this district at its best the light should be low, that is to say, before eleven in the morning or after two or even three in the afternoon, and the winter months are better than the summer as the sun is lower and the ravines in deep shadow appear more intensely blue, while the mountain-tops are covered with snow. Within



ON THE ROAD FROM AJACCIO TO OCANA Showing the ravine of the Prunelli River.



a few kilometres after leaving Bastelica the views begin in their full glory. All the way to Tolla picture follows picture, one more beautiful than the other. Tolla, too, makes a perfect foreground for the distant mountains, its quaint rich buffcoloured buildings with their red-tiled roofs form a delightful contrast to the blue and purple background. I have never been fortunate enough to see this country in the autumn, but one can easily imagine how wonderful it must be when the great chestnut forests, which clothe the hill-slopes and valleys, are a mass of gold.

After passing Tolla, the road rises gradually until it comes to the Col de Mercujo where it goes through a narrow cut in the solid reddish rocks and emerging suddenly opens up one of the finest views on the whole trip. You look down on the valley of the Prunelli and see the river cutting its way through the deep ravine between magnificent mountains whose rounded tops of many-coloured rock appear from their abruptness to be far higher than they really are. In the distance is Ajaccio Bay, fifteen kilometres away. The road descends rapidly, twisting and turning so suddenly that careful driving is necessary.

Before long you come to Ocana (which is about twenty-four kilometres from Ajaccio), another fascinating place and perfect picture or rather a perfect series of pictures. The warm colour of the picturesque houses with their yellow and red roofs, the narrow steep stone-paved (more or less) streets and alleys, the well-placed church, the

deep green orange trees laden with fruit, dark grey-green ilex (live oak), forests of chestnuts and olive-covered slopes and terraces, the little stream which supplies the village, and beyond all the endless ranges of blue, purple and pinkish mountains as far as the eye can reach. Few villages in Corsica are more beautifully situated, and there is a charm about the people of this neighbourhood, greater indeed than in most parts. They are cheerful, kindly and hospitable and want to do all in their power to give pleasure to the visitor. In appearance they seem to belong to a different race from those of other districts, and it is particularly noticeable in the children, whose dark brown or blue almond-shaped eyes make them peculiarly pretty. One wonders whether those almond eyes come from the Saracens, and if so, why are they so frequently blue, while the hair is usually very dark brown or black. The chief industry of the place is olive oil which is ground from the fruit by the same method that was employed by the great-greatgrandfathers of the present generation; grinding stones, revolved by horse- or donkey-power, crush the fruit into a pulp, this is filled by hand into curious soft baskets which are placed one above the other under a hand-turned press which forces out the clear oil, one pound of fruit yielding a quarter of a pound of oil. The whole operation takes place usually in a small dark room, round which the horse can scarcely walk, and everyone is in the way of everyone else. The door furnishes

the only opening for light and air. It is difficult to understand why the community does not erect a more modern and labour-saving plant in more commodious quarters, but Corsica is not progressive. It is not entirely that the people are lazy, for they seem to work fairly well, in the country districts at least, but they lack enterprise and are too easily contented.

To continue our way to Ajaccio: about four or five kilometres from Ocana, where the road swings round on the edge of a spur of the hill, looking south-easterly, is one of the finest views of the trip. From there, with the jade-green river far below, a rocky cliff forms the base of a steep hill, covered with dense maquis, chiefly composed of arbutus, and beyond this a deep ravine the sides of which are of great height, a mass of rosetinted rock, with a mountain three or four thousand feet high as the background. Seen either against the morning light, when the ravine is in dark violet shadow, or by the warm glow of the setting sun it is a picture worth going any distance to see. After this is passed the road goes through maquis-covered hills, where the scent from the aromatic shrubs is so truly Corsican, past groves of ancient olive trees gnarled and twisted with age, through vineyards and peach and almond orchards, whose flowers are so beautiful in the spring, on downward to the main road to Ajaccio. Those who cannot enjoy this trip to Bastelica must indeed be hard to please, and certainly in the whole of Corsica there is no

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more beautiful or satisfying run; but strange to say only a very small proportion of the visitors take advantage of the opportunity of seeing so much within so short a distance of Ajaccio. Yet the whole run is not sixty miles in length. CHAPTER FIVE. BASTIA, CAP CORSE AND CALVI







CHAPTER FIVE

In order to see the northern part of Corsica it is as well to make Bastia the headquarters, for though the hotels leave something to be desired, good cars can be had, or tours by various companies are run for those who prefer this somewhat cheaper form of travel. But Bastia is rather more than a starting-point for trips; it is a place well worth seeing, both on account of its history which though not ancient is, nevertheless, interesting as having played an important part in the island's welfare, and the quaintness of some of the old streets, as well as the beauty of the old port.

The town was founded about 1380 or 1383 by the Genoese, Leonello Lomellius, one of the five men who comprised the *Maona* who were supposed to govern the island. At that time Bastia was only a small fishing hamlet (probably named Cardo, the present name of a small village about two kilometres inland from Bastia), of which no mention appears in the works of any of the earlier writers. Lomellius built a fort and made the place his headquarters. The location appealed to him as of strategic value and as being within fairly easy distance of Genoa (about 200 kilometres). Later on the importance of Bastia

became more apparent and the fort was enlarged from time to time until it reached its present dimensions. An imposing mass of masonry, known as the Porto-Vecchio Citadelle which stands guard over the old port.

During the many years that Genoa retained her precarious hold on Corsica, Bastia was usually able to protect itself in the various attacks that were made against it. In 1553 Sampiero secured possession of the fort in his fight for the freedom of the island. Again in 1746 the place was captured by Charles Emmanuel III, King of Sardinia, with the aid of some British ships. In 1748, at the request of Genoa, the town was occupied by the French under General Cursay. On May 22nd, 1794, Bastia surrendered to Lord Hood, the British having blockaded the town after discovering that the prolonged bombardment was proving ineffectual. The town was then garrisoned by our troops, the regiments represented being the 50th, 51st, 69th, and Royals (see history chapter for account of British occupation). After the British evacuation Bastia and the whole of Corsica became a part of France.

To-day, Bastia, with its thirty-three thousand inhabitants, is the largest town in Corsica and by far the most flourishing. Commercially it is much more important than Ajaccio. Yet it will never become a winter resort for tourists owing largely to the almost incessant wind, which, during the winter, is often bitterly cold. It has not the

appealing softness of Ajaccio. From a painter's point of view it is however more attractive, and no part has a greater fascination than the old port. It is but 150 yards across, a compact little basin filled with fishing boats of every imaginable colour, surrounded by a broad quay usually occupied by fishermen drying or repairing their nets. Facing the water are picturesque buildings of various heights, some as much as eight or nine storys, irregular in shape, with the bases of some jutting forward, variously coloured in pale blue, cream and rose, and roofs of soft green tone, with the imposing church of Saint Jean-Baptiste whose twin campaniles tower above the surrounding buildings; back of the town at a height of about 3000 feet is Monte Muzzone. On the south side of the port the quay passes the public gardens and continues round beneath the shadow of the fort to the Jetée du Dragon, on which the lighthouse stands. This would be a delightful walk if only the authorities would enforce sanitary regulations, but as it is, the filth is such that no one can take advantage of the walk or of the benches which are so well placed under the overhanging rocks. It is a disgrace to Bastia, and could so easily be remedied with a little supervision and firmness. In the old part of the town, west and south of the old port, there are many fascinating streets, narrow and very steep, across many of which are arches like those of Bonifacio. For the painter there are endless subjects if only he can endure the filth which on a warm day

becomes nauseating. For those interested in old books there is the Library which contains over 47,000 volumes, among which are many old and very rare works. Of the churches Saint Jean-Baptiste is the largest and Sainte Marie and Sainte Croix in the old citadelle are the most interesting. In the church of the Sainte Croix is a copy of a black crucifix that was said to have been found by fishermen with lights on it, floating in the sea, in 1428. According to the story the cross was taken to the church of Saint Jean-Baptiste, but the following night was again found in the same manner in the sea and was this time taken to the church of Saint Croix. For those who are interested in collections of Corsican minerals, shells and birds, as well as historical objects, there is a Museum that is worth visiting.

The modern part of the town is well planned and contains some fine buildings, broad streets, open squares and the new port for the use of the larger vessels. The shops in Bastia are by far the best in the island. A strange regulation prohibits motor traffic in one of the main streets during several hours on Sunday in order to allow complete freedom for the numerous pedestrians.

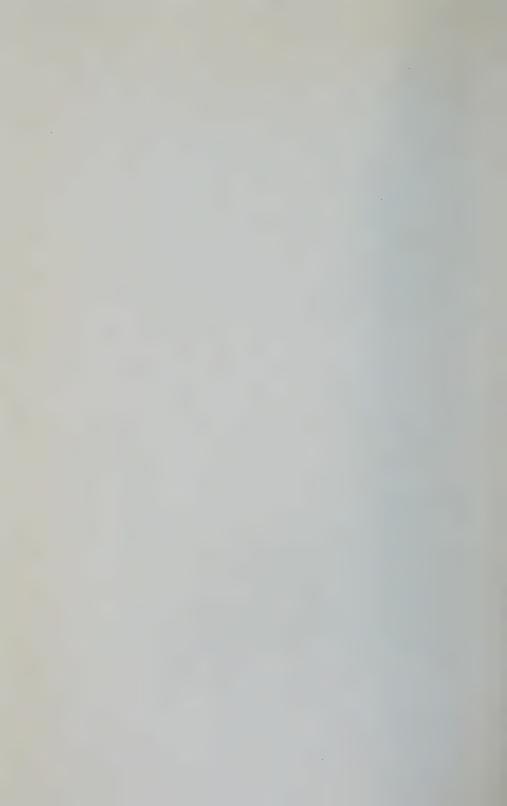
During the period of British occupation Bastia was apparently a wide-awake town. Colonel Samuel Rice, then a subaltern in the 51st Light Infantry, writing to his father in August, 1794, says: "It is a large and populous place, and resembles very much the generality of French towns. We are going to be very gay here; an





THE OLD PORT OF BASTIA

LOOKING ACROSS THE LITTLE HARBOUR TOWARDS THE CHURCH
OF SAINT JEAN-BAPTISTE



Italian Opera is shortly to open, which is to be patronized by the Governor, and is much approved of by the garrison. A coffee-house for English papers is also to be established, which I think a much better thing than the former. In fact, you do not know how grand we are going to be." He also speaks discouragingly of the unhealthiness of the place: "I am sorry I cannot tell you our troops get much better, though it is to be hoped they soon will, as the weather begins to get cold and consequently more favourable to their complaints, which are chiefly the fever and ague. We continue daily to bury a great number of men, and I am afraid we shall for some time to come. We cannot muster above hundred and fifty men fit for duty now, and I am afraid it will be some time before we can call ourselves a regiment again." It is satisfactory to be able to state that to-day Bastia is a healthy place, thanks to the improved conditions of the surroundings and of the good water supply. On October 20th, 1794, the last of our troops evacuated the town in Nelson's fleet. This was the end of our brief occupation of Corsica (see history chapter for further details).

The chief reason for tourists coming to Bastia, whose beauty and interesting features are unproclaimed and consequently seldom appreciated, is in order to make the Cap Corse tour. It is a trip which, provided the weather behaves itself, is really delightful and makes a comfortable day's run, either by car or public motor-bus. The

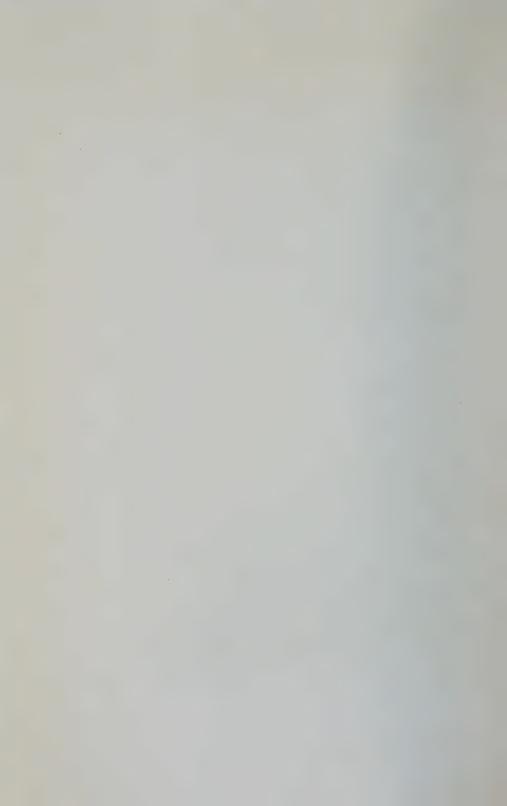
complete tour, without going to St. Florent, is about 108 kilometres. The shorter tour, which cuts across the peninsula from Marine de Luri to Pino, is 85 kilometres. Whichever way you go the scenery is very beautiful. The road, and it is a good one, skirts the shores except where it crosses from the east to the west coast, and leads past many little villages perched on the edge of the gloriously coloured sea, tucked away among the hills or standing on rocky cliffs far above the blue and green water: throughout the greater part of that trip the air is perfumed by the aromatic shrubs and plants which give so justly the name of the "Scented Isle" to Corsica. Flowers too in their season strew the land with various colours and make a contrasting foreground to the far-away snowcapped mountains which now and then show themselves to the south from the higher parts of the west coast road. If the day be clear the islands of the Tuscan archipelago may be seen off the eastern coast—Elba, Capraja, Pianosa and further south the little island of Monte-Cristo.

Martello towers in various stages of ruin overlook prominent points and in the past guarded possible landing-places against the marauding Saracens and others who thought to gain foothold on the fertile cape. Near Luri stands the remains of Seneca's Tower, which is said to be the place in which he lived during his seven years of exile and where much of his writing was done. It is difficult to believe that his unjustly bad opinion





OLD GENOESE TOWER IN CAP CORSE CAP CORSE. THE NORTHERN END OF CORSICA



of Corsica could have developed in such surroundings, for the country is beautiful and fertile and well cultivated in all directions around Luri. However that may be, the tower retains his name. The little port of Macinaggio, on the northeastern point of the road, claims the distinction as having been the place from which on February 16th, 1767, Paoli's expedition of 200 men embarked for the capture of Capraja, which is 100 kilometres eastward, and at the time belonged to Genoa. Over three months passed before the island finally surrendered to the Corsicans.

The little village of Pino nestles among luxuriant live oaks, and overlooking the beautiful miniature port of Scalo is the stopping-place for lunch, and it is one of the inns where one is sure of a good meal and excellent wine. A word of warning may not be amiss; the wine is very much stronger than the stranger imagines! Cap Corse is noted for its wines which have a greater reputation than those of any other part of the island, and go where you will, even to the smallest and least pretentious inns, you are almost sure of finding something well worth drinking.

Of all the places on the Cap Corse tour there is none to compare with Nonza for picturesqueness; to enjoy its beauty to the fullest extent it should be seen either before ten in the morning or towards sunset. It is a small village of about five-hundred inhabitants, and is built on a high headland; the rich buff-coloured houses seem to grow out of the almost vertical rocks which rise from the

clear green and blue sea many hundreds of feet below. The roofs of the irregular-shaped buildings are a mixture of green and yellow with here and there a patch of red, a fascinating range of colours. Standing on the solid mass of rock dominating the village is an imposing martello tower in fairly good state of preservation. The south side of the village with its narrow winding streets is nestled against the more gradual slope with terraces leading down the small valley; whichever way you look the place presents a picture of unusual beauty and charm. The stories of two deeds of particular valour add their touch of glamour to Nonza. About 1731 when the condition of the unfortunate island was pitiable, the Genoese had demanded unconditional surrender, to which the Corsicans replied by simultaneous uprisings in all directions. Genoa, seeing the danger which was threatened by this concerted action, appealed to the Emperor Charles III for aid, and he sent eight thousand German mercenaries to assist the Genoese troops against the ill-clad and ill-equipped islanders who, in their stress, recalled from all parts of the Continent those who had emigrated. There was immediate response to the call, and among the many who came was one Filician Leoni, who landed at St. Florent and by chance encountered his father who was on his way to attack Nonza which was strongly held by the Genoese troops. The son immediately took the place of his aged father and captured the position, but at the cost of his life and the

father, true patriot that he was, counted the cost but light for Nonza had fallen! The next and still more thrilling deed was in 1768 when the Genoese sold Corsica to France. It was a sale without "vacant possession," and the French were forced to fight for their purchase. In the course of their campaign they had, with superior force, taken most of the peninsula and were making a vigorous attack on Nonza. An elderly man named Casella was holding the tower with a small garrison of militia, armed with one cannon, a number of muskets and a good supply of ammunition. The militia, realizing that Casella would not surrender, abandoned him during the night. Nothing daunted, the sturdy old man arranged his loaded weapons to the best advantage and when attacked, rushed about from place to place firing each rifle in turn. The French officer, desirous of saving unnecessary bloodshed, sent a messenger under a flag of truce to tell the defenders of the tower that as all the other garrisons had surrendered they would be foolish to hold out any longer. Casella evidently had a sense of humour, he asked time to hold a council of war. This was granted. A little later he appeared and declared his willingness to surrender, provided he might do so with the usual honours of war and that he might remove his artillery and baggage for which the French should furnish transportation. This proving satisfactory the officer drew up before the tower to await the garrison and their equipment, and

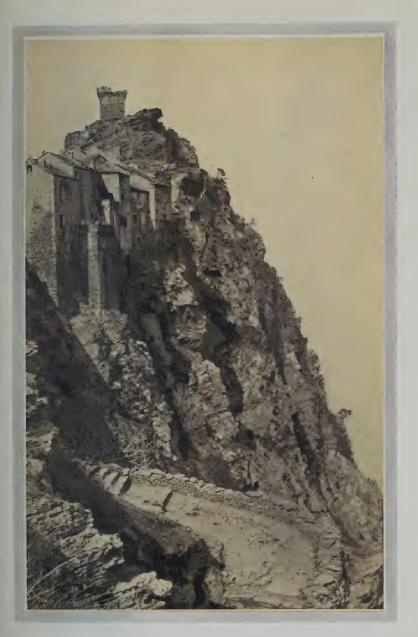
after a while, becoming impatient, he demanded of Casella the reason for the delay, to his astonishment the old man replied: "I am the garrison."

This aroused the officer's indignation for he felt he had been made a fool of and he rushed at "the garrison," but Casella drew his sword to defend himself. Fortunately for him, however, the French Commanding Officer, Grand-Maison, arrived on the scene, and hearing the story was so struck by the old man's courage that he not only had the indignant officer placed under arrest for failing to keep his word, but sent Casella under a guard of honour to Paoli's headquarters.

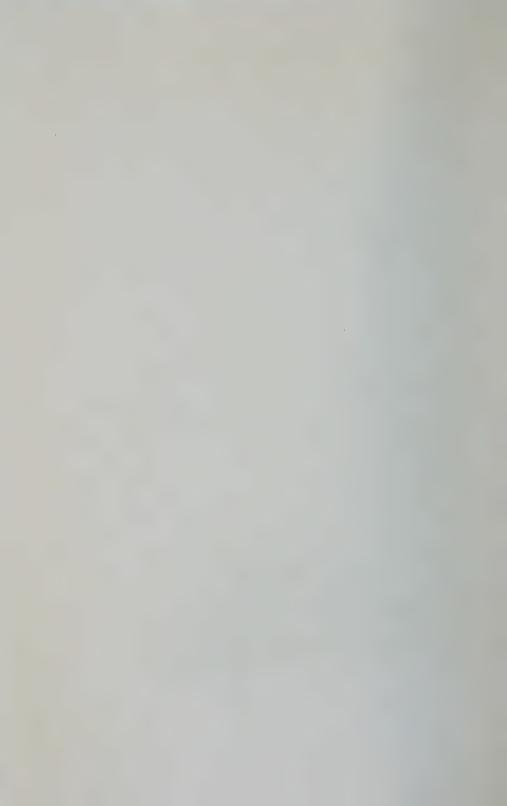
It is a pleasure to sit in the shadows of the great rocks or houses and paint a picture of this place and try to see in the picturesque masses of light and shade not only the beauty of the present day but the history and romance that live among the strange buildings and massive rocks. Few places seem to live up to their history; more often they are disappointing and one's imagination is unequal to the task of bringing to life the long dead but still alive past. But Nonza in some strange way supplies the imagination with all that is necessary so that the past is living side by

side with the present.

From Nonza the road back to Bastia leads for a while along the rocky cliffs, winding in a snakelike manner under overhanging boulders so strangely shaped by weather, round small bays of pale emerald-green water and beyond, across



 $\label{eq:NONZA} \mbox{Probably the most picturesque village in the island.}$



the Gulf of St. Florent, there is the coastline which continues as far as Calvi, backed to the southward by endless ranges of mountains. After crossing the Seraggio River the way leads up steep hills through the famous vine-clothed valleys which supply the finest wines of Corsica, slowly rising past Patrimonio, the little village with its well-situated and picturesque church, built on a terraced spur partly surrounded by large olive trees and commanding a superb view of St. Florent and the distant mountains. Still upwards and sharply bending till the vineyards give way to the sweet-scented scrub until the Col de Teghime is reached. It is but 541 metres (approximately 1700 feet) in height, yet it gives the impression of far greater elevation and commands magnificent views when clear of fog, but unfortunately it is frequently lost in a cold mist caused by the clouds indulging in a rest when on their way across this neck of the peninsula. It was on this road that our troops made their way to Bastia when we besieged the fort in 1794.

From the Col de Teghime it is less than ten kilometres to Bastia, downhill all the way and with good views in all directions; you see the great swamps and salt water lake of Biguglia and the flat land beyond it, a land scourged by malaria and uninhabitable during the summer. You get fascinating glimpses of Bastia through delightful gardens, tropical in their luxuriant growth of palm trees, oranges, bamboos, and richly coloured flowers. It is from this road that

the town and its great fort is to be seen to the

best advantage.

The trip to Calvi by way of St. Florent and Ile-Rousse is one that is well worth making; it is about ninety kilometres in length. The return journey may be made by way of Santo-Pietro di Zenda and the gorge of Lancone which adds another thirteen or fourteen kilometres to the distance, or by way of Oletta and the gorge of Lancone, which is a little less. It is also possible to go to Calvi by way of Ponte Leccia and Ile-Rousse by train, but it only allows about one hour and a half in Calvi if the return journey is made the same day. It is of course cheaper than by car, unless several people go together. St. Florent, the San Fiorenzo of former days, is rather a sad little town with less than a thousand inhabitants. The harbour at the head of the large and beautiful bay capable of being a fine port is depressing in its desolation. It was here, near the Tour de Mortella, that the British troops landed for the first time on February 7th, 1794, and on the 19th, St. Florent, then in the possession of the French, surrendered and was occupied by the 50th, 51st, 69th, and Royals (see history chapter). The little town was founded in 1440 and has been in turn occupied by the various conquerors and would-be conquerors of Corsica on account of its valuable harbour facilities. Unfortunately the surrounding country is marshy and unhealthy and the place itself uninteresting and lacking in enterprise.

Even though it is on the road used by most of the visitors to Calvi, there are only the poorest facilities in the way of refreshments for the passer-by, and prices are ridiculously high. Half a mile away from the town are the ruins of the cathedral of Nebbio and remains of the ancient town. Many Roman coins have been found in this district.

Between St. Florent and Ile-Rousse the road crosses the desert of Agriates, a lonely, sterile tract of some fifty thousand acres in extent, practically uninhabited except by shepherds and their flocks of diminutive sheep and goats. In its own way it is beautiful with its infinite range of soft grey tones and distant views of sea and mountains. The brightest spots of colour to be seen are those gorgeously plumaged birds, the bee-eaters, which visit the district in April and May. Ile-Rousse, formerly called Isola Rossa, is the next town in a westerly direction. It was founded in 1758 by Pasquale Paoli with the idea of making it his seaport to compete with St. Florent and Calvi, or, as he described it, as "the gallows on which to hang Calvi," which was then in the hands of the Genoese. It was here in January, 1743, that the strange adventurer and King of Corsica, Baron Theodore Von Neuhoff, made his last appearance in the country that had crowned him. The place derives its name from the red rocky islands at the mouth of the bay; the population is about two thousand and the town has an air of mild prosperity, fostered by the railway and the Nice and Toulon steamboat

service, which carries away the produce of the neighbouring country, consisting chiefly of olives, olive oil and fruits. After passing the almost deserted village of Algajola, which produced the great block of blue-green granite supporting the pillar in the Place Vendôme (Paris), and Lumio, a little further inland, with its seven-hundredyear-old church, the next place and last one of our trip is Calvi, the proud Civitas Calvi, semper fidelis, that resisted all attempts to capture it until, when in French hands, it fell to the combined land and sea attack of the British, under General Stuart and Admiral Lord Hood, on August 10th, 1794. The 25,000 bullets, 4500 bombs, and 1500 shells almost wiped out the fort-enclosed town, and it is sad to see the ruin that still remains in silent testimony of the terrible punishment which was apparently necessary to induce the hitherto unconquered town to surrender. One regrets that the bombardment should have been considered compulsory when perhaps a blockade might have effected the same result. It is an example of the relentlessness of war (see history chapter for further details of the siege of Calvi).

It was during this bombardment that Nelson lost an eye which was injured by a piece of stone, splintered by a shot. Seven years later the sightless eye proved of use. The well-known incident occurred during the battle of Copenhagen when Sir Hyde Parker signalled Nelson to retreat. Placing the telescope to his blind eye he declared that he could see nothing, and therefore disregarded the signal, which, as it happened, turned out for the best, as later on, during a truce, he was able to withdraw his ships from a serious situation without loss. Visitors to Calvi will be sure to see one or perhaps more round shot which are claimed to have destroyed

Nelson's eye.

Calvi was founded by a Corsican adherent of Genoa, named Gioveninello, Lord of Nebbio, and throughout the centuries of strife between the Republic and Corsica, it remained at all times true to Genoa (the French occupation having been made by agreement). To-day we find Calvi divided into two parts, the old and the new. The former, enclosed in a great fort, the latter outside to the south-east on the shore of the bay. Above the gate which gives entrance to the citadel, carved in the solid stonework, is the proud motto of Calvi, the ever faithful. It was stipulated by the French General Casabianca when he surrendered to the British that this inscription should be allowed to remain intact. Needless to say General Stuart observed both the letter and the spirit of the terms, and the plucky garrison marched out of the fort beneath the inscription, the wording of which they had tried so hard to observe. They were accorded the honours of war and sent by transport to Toulon, while John Moore, commanding the 51st, occupied the fort. Somewhere near Calvi lie the remains of the bodies of British soldiers, their dust a part of the

Corsica for whose freedom they gave their lives, not very far from the old cemetery where in 1732 five-hundred German mercenaries were buried. They had been hired by the Genoese to fight against the liberty of Corsica, yet their graves were for many years attended by the kindly people of the district.

Inside the old town there is a ruined house, scarcely more than a pile of weather-worn bricks. On the face of a small part of standing wall there is a white marble slab, bearing the following

inscription:

Ville de Calvi Ici est né en 1441

CHRISTOPHE COLOMB

Immortalisé par la découverte du Nouveau Monde, Alors que Calvi etait sous la domination Génoese; Mort à Valladolid, le 20 Mai, 1500.

If the claim be true that the great navigator and discoverer of the New World (or at least part of it) was really born in Calvi, this insignificant tribute would seem almost an insult to his memory. Genoa of course claims to be the true birthplace of Columbus, and it has even been alleged that the records of Calvi were destroyed in order that the little Corsican town should never be able to prove its claim. If Calvi is correct in the statements made then it seems a thousand pities that some American society does not take steps to secure the ruined remains of the house and preserve it against further destruction.



Where Nelson lost an eye in 1794, also said to be the birthplace of Columbus in 1441.

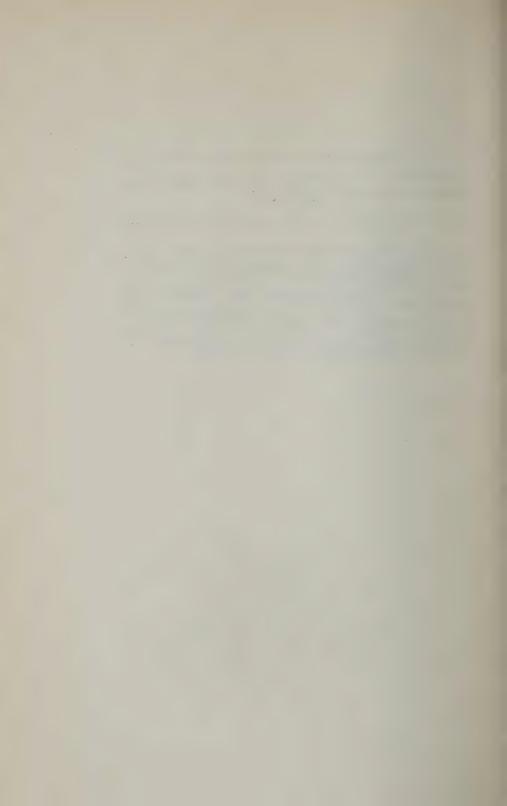


The old town is a picturesque confusion of old and new ruins and large plain modern buildings and narrow streets, all perched high above the sea on a rocky promontory and surrounded by walls and turrets of solid masonry. The railway station seems almost out of keeping with the old town, but the new town is modern in most ways and the quay more tidy and clean than any I have seen elsewhere in the island, so that people coming ashore from the Toulon or Nice steamers get a good impression on arriving. When I visited Calvi there was no real hotel such as the one that has been recently built, the one which I had the misfortune to try had better not be described. Perhaps before this is published a new owner will have acquired it and conditions will change. This is but a word of warning. To the east of Calvi is a long stretch of fine sand which affords a perfect place for bathing. Back of the town, instead of cultivated land, there are great slopes of sweet-scented scrub and maquis-covered hills stretching back even to Monte-Cinto with its snow-capped peak rising 9000 feet above the sea. Other and lesser peaks too numerous to mention form the broken horizon to the south and east, while to the north and west, sparkling deep blue and purple, lies the Mediterranean in all its glory. To stand on the hill-side back of Calvi on a spring day when the ground is carpeted with the gorgeously coloured mesembryanthemum and gaze on all this beauty, is to make one thank God for being alive.



CHAPTER SIX. OUTLINE OF THE HISTORY OF CORSICA TO THE YEAR 17361

¹ While every effort has been made to give events in chronological order and with accuracy, there is so much confusion in the dates given by various writers that mistakes may be found, if so the reader must pardon them. In order to avoid making these chapters too long, all unnecessary detail has been left out and the salient facts so given that the reader may at least get some idea of the history of Corsica without the confusion of superabundant material.—Author.



CHAPTER SIX

HE earlier history of Corsica seems to be wrapt in the mists of uncertainty and confusion from which it is difficult to follow with any degree of accuracy the everchanging fortunes, or rather misfortunes, of the unhappy island. That it was a scene of almost perpetual strife is the one fact which remains clear throughout the centuries, from more than six hundred years before the Christian era, until

the final possession by France in 1815.

Nearly every nation whose shores touched or even approached the Mediterranean attempted with varying results to conquer the rugged island and its sturdy people whose origin is so strangely obscure. According to Seneca¹ they were at least partly Ligurian. It is, however, doubtful whether anyone can state definitely who the first settlers were or when they came. Of prehistoric relics, in the way of buildings, tombs, or other remains of man's handiwork, there is practically nothing, therefore surmise must play a large part in the reconstruction of the past.

¹ Lucius Annæus Seneca, second son of Seneca the Elder, was banished to Corsica by Claudius in A.D. 41. During the eight years he remained in the island he devoted his time to various studies and literary work.

Even the origin of the name Corsica is uncertain, though apparently it was in use before Cyrnos, by which name it was known to the Greeks. It seems a pity that France should have thought fit to abandon the word Corsica for Corse.

600 в.с.

In all probability the first serious attempt at About settlement in Corsica was effected by a small 500 to number of Greeks (about 580 B.C.). Some twenty years later these were joined by a considerable number of Phocœans from Asia Minor, who had left their homes to escape the oppression of Cyrus the Great. There is diversity of opinion as to whether these people founded the town of Alalia (the present Aleria, on the Tavignana River, on the east coast, about half-way between Cap Corse and Bonifacio), or whether the Etruscans were there before them. It is, however, fairly certain that the Phocœans remained only about five years. They had trouble with the Tyrrhenians and Cartheginians and lost a large part of their fleet in an engagement off the coast of Sardinia. Whether on account of this misfortune or because of the extremely unhealthy climate it is difficult to say, but at any rate they left Alalia and sailed to the westward and landed on the coast of France and there founded (or joined others of their own race who had arrived at an earlier date) the seaport town of Massila, the present Marseilles. The Greeks, who had remained in Alalia, were driven out by the Etruscans, who, under a treaty with Carthage, were given some sort of precarious control of

Corsica. This control was, apparently, weak, for About the Carthaginians, after a while, took possession 250 B.C. of the island and held it until they, in their turn, were driven out by the Romans during the First Punic War. It was, however, one thing to turn out those whose foothold on the island was presumably confined to parts of the coast, and quite another to subdue the people of the interior, for it seems to have had, even then, an inland population. Roman victories appear to have been shared with an almost equal number of defeats. "In the year 240 [B.C.] M. Claudius led an army against the Corsicans. Defeated, and in a situation of imminent danger, he offered them favourable conditions. They accepted them, but the Senate refused to confirm the treaty. It ordered the Consul, C. Licinius Varus, to chastise the Corsicans, delivering Claudius at the same time into their hands, that they might do with him as they chose. This was frequently the policy of the Romans, when they wished to quiet their religious scruples about an oath. The Corsicans did as the Spaniards and Samnites had done in similar instances. They would not receive the innocent general, and sent him back unharmed. On his return to Rome, he was strangled and thrown upon the Gemonian stairs."1 Romans having conquered finally, or should we say subdued, the Corsicans, founded the town or colony of Mariana in 104 B.C., and re-established 104 to 88 Alalia, or Aleria, in 88. From this time onward B.C.

¹ Wanderings in Corsica, by Gregorovius.

for many centuries the history of Corsica is a list of ownerships changing continually, and of complications too elaborate to be dealt with in detail in this chapter. It will therefore suffice if a brief summary be given of the various approximate dates when changes occurred.

Rome having lost her hold on the island, the next change took place when, after some years of conflict between the Goths and the Vandals, the latter under their popular hero, Genseric, or Gaiseric, as he is also called, brother of Gunderic, finally took possession of Corsica and held it for over half a century. The value of the much fought for island was that it supplied them with good timber for the building of the ships with which, to a great extent, they controlled the Mediterranean and carried on their acts of vandalism, in particular against the Catholic Church.

Retribution followed when Justinian sent an expedition to North Africa under the leadership of Belisarius; at Tricamarum, near Carthage, the Vandals were completely defeated by the Byzantines, and their usurper king, Gelimer, was forced to flee to the mountains where he was captured about a year later. Belisarius, after this victory, sent an expedition under Cyril to Corsica and captured the island which seemed to lose rather than gain by its change of rulers. The Byzantines taxed the wretched people to a point beyond all reason, and in return did not even protect them against their many enemies.

The Goths and Lombards made frequent attacks on the islanders, and finally, to add to their troubles, the Saracens gained a foothold with A.D. 712 disastrous consequences, and continued to hold A.D. 774 Corsica until Charlemagne, Roman Emperor and King of the Franks, rescued it from the Moors and held it in comparative peace for over thirty years. Then, once again, the Moors came from Spain and secured a more or less complete possession, until they were routed by Charlemagne's son, who is said to have exterminated the Moors that were in the island. Others, however, returned from time to time and continued in possession of certain parts until as late as 930. An important epoch in the history of Corsica was the building of the fort at Bonifacio in 828 by A.D. 828 Boniface, Marquis of Tuscany, who had recently gained an important victory over the Saracens near Utica, on the coast of Africa. He was granted "the feudal lordship of Corsica" by Louis the Pious, so that once more it was governed in part by Tuscany. (For the Moors were still in partial possession, notwithstanding the efforts of both Boniface, and later his son Adalbert, to dislodge them.) Barengar II, King of Italy, was for a time master of the island which was, apparently, governed by his son Adalbert and then by his grandson of the same name. The Emperor Otto II wrested it from Adalbert, and A.D. 962 once more it was held by the Marquisate of Tuscany. From then on to the end of the eleventh century, Corsica appears to have been in a state

of feudalism and confusion, during which the feudal lords governed the southern part of the island, while the north was held as a sort of republic, known as the "Terra di Commune," except apparently the region of Cap Corse, which was still in the hands of the feudal barons. During this period the seeds of democracy were sown, the people "continued to develop themselves under all the storms that assailed them, ennobling the rude vigour of a spirited and warlike people, encouraging through every period an unexampled patriotism and a heroic love of freedom, and making it possible that, at a time when the great nations in the race of European culture lay prostrate under despotic forms of government, Corsica should have produced the democratic constitution of Pasquale Paoli, which originated before North America freed herself, and when the French Revolution had not begun. Corsica had no slaves, no serfs; every Corsican was free."

In this year the Corsicans became, by their own wish, subjects of the Holy See, under Pope Gregory VII, who invested the Bishop of Pisa and his successors with the island. This was confirmed and extended to a concession of full sovereignty in 1090 (?) by Pope Urban II. Under the Pisan régime the country appears to have flourished for nearly one hundred years in spite of internal troubles and dissensions which were

chiefly owing to the objection of the Corsican

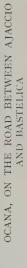
1 From Wanderings in Corsica, by Gregorovius.

bishops to the subjection of the Archbishop of Pisa; until in 1138 (or 1133?) when Pope A.D. 1138 Innocent II made what proved to be an unfortunate division of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the island between the archbishops of Genoa and Pisa. The Corsican bishoprics of Ajaccio, Sagone and Aleria were retained by Pisa, while the others, Mariana, Accia and Nebbio, were retained by Genoa. Considering that the feeling between Pisa and Genoa was extremely bitter, this division of control was bound to produce trouble. One of the first serious acts of violence that occurred was the taking of Bonifacio by the Genoese, when they gained a foothold which was destined to have a marked influence on the country. There seems to be some difference of opinion as to when Bonifacio was actually taken. Three writers give it variously as 1187, 1193 and 1195. From whichever of these dates is 1187correct up to 1217, the Pisans had tried in vain 1195 to wrest the place from the Genoese and the question was settled for the time by Pope Honorius III, who confirmed the Genoese possession. Corsica was now divided into three main parts or factions: adherents of Pisa, Genoa and the Terra di Commune. Italy was trying by every means to force Pisa to give up her hold. This, of course, she was unwilling to do and she sent one, Sinucello (known later as Giudece della Rocca, when he was made judge of the island), who, for a time, succeeded in strengthening the Pisan influence and who, in the fighting against

the Genoese troops under Spinola, defeated them. The success was only of temporary value as the Pisan's fleet was destroyed in an engagement near Meloria, and the Genoese lost no time in taking possession of the east coast of Corsica, and 1268 in 1268 the important fort of Calvi was commenced by Giovanninello de Loreto, on behalf of Genoa. Sinucello, however, retained his power in the interior in spite of the Genoese instructions to General Doria to subjugate the whole island which was in a state of constant turmoil and confusion the accounts of which make it difficult to gather any coherent picture of what was happen-1298 ing. To add to the confusion, James of Aragon was vested with the sovereignty of the island by Pope Boniface VIII; curiously enough this does not appear to have had any immediate effect on 1347 the country, for we find that in 1347 the greater number of the seigniors and barons and the Terra di Commune offered the sovereignty of the island to Genoa, on condition that, in return for the payment of tribute, she should retain her laws to be administered by a council of eighteen and that she should have one representative in Genoa. This may be said to be the beginning of Genoese rule which, with many interruptions and endless conflict and uprisings, lasted over four hundred years (Sinucello, who had played a prominent part in holding out against the Genoese, had been betrayed into their hands by his son, and is said to have been cast into a dungeon

in Genoa where he died in 1312. This date is,







A TYPICAL CORSICAN MOUNTAIN VILLAGE NEAR PIEDICROCE



however, somewhat doubtful). Under the Agreement it was stipulated that the Corsicans should pay a tax of twenty soldi (approximately tenpence) "for each hearth"; this was accepted by the Genoese Senate and in 1348 Corsica received 1348 Boccaneria as their first and perhaps their most satisfactory Genoese governor; unfortunately he only retained the office for about one year. After his departure feuds and dissensions once again took possession of the unhappy island. Many of the barons revolted openly against Genoese control and some who had never favoured it supported the belated claims of Aragon, and in 1372 (date also given as 1392), 1372 after years of internal strife the Aragonese troops under Arrigo, Count della Rocca, a Corsican, took a precarious possession of the country, and after routing the Genoese troops proclaimed himself Count of Corsica.

For the time being the only places in the island held by Genoa were Calvi, Bonifacio and San Columbano. Arrigo's rule lasted for four somewhat turbulent years, during which Genoa seemed unable to do anything to help the situation. They then tried to solve the problem by handing over the management, or should we say government, of Corsica, to a set of five men who were a sort of chartered company under the name of the "Maona" (or Mahona). On coming to take over the conduct of affairs they encountered such serious obstacles that they thought to solve the problem of peaceful occupation by taking Arrigo

into the strange partnership. It was an unfortunate move and ended in serious fighting. Four of the "Maona" returned to Genoa and the fifth, Lomellino, established himself at what was 1383 then the little fishing hamlet of Bastia, when he commenced the construction of the fort which, as time went on, became of the utmost importance to the Genoese. Arrigo was compelled to leave Corsica after Genoa had sent an expedition against him, but he soon returned, having secured assis-1394 tance from John of Aragon, and once more he obtained almost complete possession which was 1401 retained for several years, in fact, until the time of his death at Vizzavona (said to have been due to poison). We now find Corsica coming under

the temporary rule of France, Genoa having 1407 fallen into the hands of Charles VI, and in 1407, Lomellino, the former member of the "Maona," became governor of Corsica under the French. It was not long before Genoa became, once more, independent of France, but the Corsicans in the meanwhile had rallied round Vincentello d'Istria (a nephew of Arrigo) who, with Spain's assistance, had landed in force at Sagone, and both the French and Genoese lost, almost entirely, their hold on the island, even Bastia was forced to surrender. For two years Vincentello was in constant conflict with the Genoese and was eventually driven away. Spain again came to his assistance and he returned once more, and by 1419 I419 Genoa's sole possessions were confined to

Calvi and Bonifacio; at this time Istria began

building the fort at Corte. Calvi was forced to 1420 surrender temporarily to the fleet of Alphonso of Aragon in 1420, and then followed one of the greatest fights that Corsica had known, the famous siege of Bonifacio (which has been already dealt with, page 88) which ended in defeat for the Spaniards. The fleet having retired, Vincentello was left to carry on the attack, unsuccessfully, by land. He was eventually captured while on his way to Spain for assistance and, in 1434, was 1434 or beheaded in Genoa. Genoa regarded him as a 1435 dreaded and powerful enemy, Spain, as a possible instrument for the accomplishment of her own ends, while Corsica still looks on him as a hero.

We now come to a period of such confusion that it seems an almost impossible task to follow the intricate tangle of events and give a clear outline of what went on, or who held Corsica. Each of the two factions of Genoa, Aragon, the Popes Eugene IV and Nicholas V, the Bank of San Giorgio (of Genoa), and Milan, all in turn held sway, more or less, even the Corsicans themselves. At no time was there peace or happiness, all was intrigue, fighting, bargaining, making and breaking of treaties, slaughter and misery, pestilence and poverty, out of which few names or acts rise clear of the general atmosphere of evil. Briefly, the dates of the most conspicuous changes occurred in the following order; the details seem unnecessary in this outline of events:

Janus da Fregoso, Doge of Genoa, took 1441 partial possession of the island and built the

town of San Fiorenzo (the St. Florent of today). Aragon also made attempts to re-establish herself.

Pope Eugenius IV, at the request of some of the Corsicans, was asked to intervene; he sent an army, but was repulsed by the baron's leader, Rinuccio da Leca. Later, another expedition sent by the Pope was more successful, and da

Leca was killed; then Nicholas V became Pope and, being a Genoese, gave his rights to Genoa, with the result that the two factions of the Republic (which was at that time in a somewhat divided condition) held the island (more or less) between them and put the government into the hands of Ludovico Campo Fregoso in 1449. There was much friction and discontent and at last the Terra di Commune, in desperation, foolishly negotiated with the Bank of San Giorgio (of Genoa) to take over Corsica. The Bank, seeing a possible chance of making something out of the deal, accepted, in 1453, and began to

out of the deal, accepted, in 1453, and began to clear out Spaniards and other possible fomenters of trouble and then followed a selfish, severe and ruthlessly cruel government, which resulted in serious conflict with the barons whose obstinate

resistance lasted until 1460. Two years later the Bank gave way to the Genoese, Tomasin Fregoso, who gained a hold on the interior of the island and was proclaimed by the people "Count of Corsica." After another two years had passed,

1464 Genoa having fallen into the hands of Francesco Sforzo, Duke of Milan, Fregoso was overthrown and the Duke laid claim to Corsica. The allegiance of the people was given to Antonio Cotta, the Milanese general. But no sooner had this taken place than trouble began again owing to a quarrel between some Corsican peasants and members of the Milanese troops. This resulted in bloodshed and the final recall of Cotta, who was succeeded by Amelia whose unfortunate behaviour led to a state of war between the Corsicans and Milanese. After the death of 1466 Sforzo, Duke of Milan, the Milanese power vanished from Corsica except in some of the coastal towns. In the meantime Thomas Campo Fregoso had attempted to land in the island but was taken prisoner and sent to Milan, from which 1480 place he returned with certain authority, and 1484 (?) later was appointed governor. He married a Corsican and for three years continued to rule with the utmost severity. The people became more and more disgusted with both Fregoso and his son Janus, and chose Renuccio da Leca (probably a relation of Fregoso's wife) to represent them in an appeal to Appian IV, Prince of Piombino; and he sent his brother, Gherardo di Montagnara, who, after a spectacular entry, was proclaimed by the people as Count of Corsica! He also made several captures, including the town of San Fiorenzo (St. Florent). Fregoso, fearing disaster, sold out his rights (so-called) to the Bank of San Giorgio for two thousand gold scudi. The Bank, combined with Count da Leca, defeated Gherardo. Fregoso, now that the

country seemed safe from further attack by Gherardo, thought he would repudiate his agreement with the Bank. He failed, however, to make good his claims and after some unsuccessful 1501 attempts he was finally exiled in 1501. Trouble with the barons continued for some years and it or less complete control. Its rule was wellnigh intolerable, the one idea being to exact all that was possible from the unfortunate country and give it nothing in return, not even protection from the repeated attacks on the coast by the Barbary pirates. Cruelty reigned and justice became a farce. The far-reaching effect of this misrule is said to have been the origin of the Vendetta, which simply meant that the people, unable to obtain justice, took the law into their own hands and by so doing started family feuds which in the end had a very serious effect on the well-being of the country. The two names most intimately associated with the Corsican efforts to destroy the power and rule of the Genoese Bank are those of Giampolo da Leca and Renuccio della Rocca. The former made one serious attempt to defeat the Genoese. He is said to have landed from his exile in Sardinia with less than a dozen followers, but his friends collected round him till he had an army of over seven thousand. These, however, were defeated at Foce al Sorbo by Ambrosio Negri, the Genoese general. After this Giampolo returned to Sardinia and took no further action. He finally died in Rome in 1515.

But Renuccio, fearing for his own position and possessions, made several attempts to start uprisings, which always failed. Nicholas Doria, the Governor, not only had Renuccio's eldest son beheaded but punished with the utmost severity all who had helped the unfortunate man, burned their homes and destroyed their farms. It was not until this brave patriot had been killed in the hills back of Ajaccio (presumably by the peasants, who were frequently tortured in the hopes of getting information of the whereabouts of the fugitive) that the Bank of Genoa felt secure. The resistance of the turbulent but usually patriotic Corsican seigniors had come to an end, their castles had crumbled away; but in their stead there remained the humble cottages with their sturdy people, and these produced leaders of note who made history in the years that followed. For over forty years the country was ruled without serious interruption. At first fair promises were made by the Genoese Bank and it almost seemed as though Corsica was to enjoy peace and become a modified Republic under Genoese supervision. The people were allowed to appoint their own Council of Twelve, known as the Dodici without whose consent no law could be changed, enacted or abolished; but unfortunately this state of things did not endure for long. Oppression grew; the voice of the people was strangled and once again misery reigned. The result of this was to cause a great many of the people to leave their native land

and seek service in other countries. These men aired their grievances to such effect that Henry II of France determined on the conquest of the island and the defeat of the power of Genoa. 1553 In accordance with this plan he made a treaty with Sultan Suleiman the Magnificent, at Constanti-nople. The combined fleets of Turkey and France therefore attacked the Corsican forts. The most noteworthy figure in this enterprise was the famous Corsican patriot, Sampiero of Bastelica (the small town in the mountains, forty-two kilometres from Ajaccio). He had been in the service of the Medici and in the French Army and had been made a colonel by Francis I. An interesting act of foolishness on the part of the Bank of Genoa had far-reaching effect. Sampiero, who was of humble origin, had returned, with much fame, to his native land and had married Vannina d'Ornano, a woman of noble birth. It happened that the presence of this soldier patriot disturbed the peace of mind of the governors of the Bank, who feared that he would stir up trouble. They foolishly and without right had him arrested and thrown into prison. His father-in-law, Francesco d'Ornano, secured assistance through the aid of the French ambassador at Genoa, and Sampiero was re-leased. The treatment he had received kindled his fire of hate towards Genoa and made him only too anxious to help the French in their attempt to take Corsica from Genoa. When the fleets of France and Turkey attacked the various

ports, Sampiero made a landing at Bastia, which 1553 surrendered almost immediately, whereupon he made directly for Corte (the strongly fortified town in the centre of the island) and gained entrance without difficulty. Of the coastal towns, Calvi and Bonifacio alone offered serious resistance (fuller accounts of these two forts are given elsewhere where the towns are described). Bonifacio's ultimate fall was due to trickery. Calvi alone held out and earned her title of Semper fidelis. Genoa, fully alive to the impending loss of the much-disputed Corsica, secured help from every possible source. Among the troops were Spaniards, Germans and Genoese, in all a powerful army, under the leadership of the famous old general, Andreas Doria, who is said to have been then eighty-six years of age. The first landing on behalf of Genoa was made at San Fiorenzo. For a time success was theirs, even Bastia was retaken, but in the end, after years of relentless fighting, a truce was called which left the island almost completely in French hands. The Corsicans had every reason to believe 1556 that at last they had secured some sort of permanent government which was proving reasonably satisfactory, but their hopes were changed to complete disappointment and the unexpected happened when, in 1559, the treaty of Cateau- 1559 Cambrésis was signed and France gave Corsica back to the Bank of San Giorgio, from which it was taken almost immediately by Genoa, and this notwithstanding the statement made in 1557 by

Jourdain des Ursins, viceroy of Corsica, under Henry II, when he declared in speaking of the island: "incorporée à la couronne de France en telle sorte que le roi ne pût jamais l'abandonner, à moins qu'il n'abandonnât sa propre couronne." No greater misfortune could have befallen the wretched islanders. All their fighting had been in vain, thousands of lives given, hardships without end had been endured, and there they were back in the hands of their most hated enemy and master, Genoa. Betrayed by the friend they had trusted! Sampiero, who would not accept defeat, now devoted his entire energies to securing help for his beloved country, but though he tried with all his eloquence at the courts of Europe and even went to solicit aid from Barbarossa, Sultan of Algiers, and from the 1562 Sultan of Turkey, his efforts produced no results. It was at this time that he committed his one great double crime which must for ever tarnish his otherwise glorious memory. His wife, who was living in Marseilles, had fallen a victim to the intrigues and wiles of Genoa and had actually started on her way there when she was overtaken by Sampiero's friend, Antonio of San Fiorenzo, and brought back to France. On her husband's return from Constantinople he found one of his relations, Pier Giovanni, who told him that he had long foreseen the possible flight of Vannina. Sampiero was so enraged that he immediately slew his friend. He then went for his wife, who was at Aix, and bringing her back, is said to have

strangled her with her own garter. Whether or not that is true is beside the point. That he killed her is certain, and his supposed reason was that he believed she had been a traitor to Corsica and to him. Other reasons have been given and are to-day believed by her descendants, but it is doubtful whether they have any truth in them. Sampiero, unable to secure further aid from France, decided that if Corsica was to gain its independence it could only be accomplished by the people themselves. Accordingly, in June 1564 of 1564, he landed with a few Corsican and French friends in the Gulf of Valinco (the first large bay south of Ajaccio). Having destroyed the boat which had brought him from France, he began to gather recruits for his fight for freedom. At first these were slow in coming, for the people had learned from sad experience how disastrous was the usual end of all efforts to win independence by following the leadership of even the greatest of their patriots. Nothing daunted, Sampiero with but a handful of men made his way to Corte, which was the key to the interior and one of the strongest forts of the island. Such was the great soldier's reputation that immediately Corte opened its doors, after the flight of the Genoese.

The next move was made on Vescovato (in the mountains, some twenty-five kilometres south of Bastia). A stubborn battle was fought against the Genoese under Nicolas Negri. Owing to the fact that the Genoese had a number of

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Corsicans with them, the fighting was to a large extent a case of the islanders against each other, to the disgust of Sampiero, who could not understand such lack of patriotism on the part of those who sided with the country's oppressors. In the end the Genoese were repulsed, and after their leader had been killed Sampiero's followers increased rapidly. The Genoese, fearing that the rapidly spreading insurrection would threaten seriously their position in the island, lost no time in sending an army, largely composed of German and Italian mercenaries under the command of General Stephen Doria. With the landing of this powerful but utterly ruthless leader, Corsica became a seething furnace. Annihilation of the people, who would, apparently, never submit to foreign government, and destruction of their towns and farms was his one ambition. Among the first of the towns to be destroyed was Sampiero's birthplace, Bastelica. It was chosen, not because it had any special strategic value, but because it was the home of the great patriot whose spirit he hoped to break by every means in his power. Against the odds of superior numbers and greater resources of arms and money, Sampiero carried on the war for freedom, often in the face of serious adversity. But he needed outside help if he was to succeed. His own people required the stimulus of the friendship and assistance of France or indeed of any country that would ensure the island's freedom from the Genoese yoke. But, while Genoa received help

in the way of men and ships from Spain, Corsica received practically nothing from France. Catherine was sympathetic, but would not help, notwithstanding Sampiero's urgent appeals, and suggestion of offering the partial sovereignty of the island to the Turks, for he said, in a letter of appeal to the Duke of Parma: "A hundred times rather the Turks than the supremacy of the Republic" (Genoa). The great Doria narrowly escaped annihilation of his army in one of the battles, and he was forced to flee before the Corsicans, and eventually left the island with his boasts of rapid conquest drowned in the sound of battle, defeat and misery. His revengeful cruelty had accomplished little beyond inflaming the hatred of the people for everything that was even remotely associated with the Genoese. The hope of subduing the Corsicans by warfare seemed useless, so another type of General was sent, one who would call to his aid other weapons than those of steel; where fighting generals such as Doria, Centurione, Spinola and Vivaldi had failed, this man, Fornari, would succeed, by foul means if necessary, for the mighty Genoa could not be beaten by the small island of Corsica even though it had a Sampiero to lead its ill-armed forces.

Gregorovius, in his interesting book, Wanderings in Corsica, gives the following account of how Fornari succeeded. The Ornanos (it will be remembered that Sampiero's wife was of that family) induced the monk Ambrosius of Bastelica

and Sampiero's own servant to help in the dastardly scheme of treachery: "Sampiero was in Vico when the monk brought him forged letters, urgently requesting him to come to Rocca, where a rebellion, it was said, had broken out against the popular cause. Sampiero instantly despatched Vittolo" (his servant) "with twenty horse to Cavro, and himself followed soon after. He was accompanied by his son Alfonso, Andrea de' Gentili, Antonio Pietro of Corte, and Battista da Pietro. Vittolo, in the meantime, instructed the brothers Ornano and Giustiniani that Sampiero would pass through the defile of Cavro; on receiving which intelligence they immediately set out for the spot indicated with a considerable force of foot and horse, and formed an ambuscade. Sampiero and his little band were riding unsuspectingly through the pass, when they suddenly found themselves assailed on every side, and the defile swarming with armed men. He saw that his hour had come. Yielding now to those impulses of natural affection which he had once so signally disowned, he ordered his son Alfonso to leave him, to flee, and save himself for his country. The son obeyed, and escaped. Most of his friends had fallen bravely fighting by his side, when Sampiero rushed into the mêlée, to hew his way through if it were possible. The day was just dawning. The three Ornanos had kept their eyes constantly upon him, at first afraid to assail the terrible man; but at length spurred on by revenge they pressed in upon him, some

Genoese soldiery at their back. Sampiero fought desperately. He had thrown himself upon Antonio Ornano, and wounded him with a pistolshot in the throat. But his carbine missed fire; Vittolo, in loading it, had put the bullet in first. Sampiero's face was streaming with blood; freeing his eyes from it with his left, his right hand still grasped his sword and kept all at bay, when Vittolo, from behind, shot him through the back, and he fell. The Ornanos now rushed in on the dying man and finished their work. They cut off Sampiero's head and carried it to the Governor." Thus died, at the age of sixty-nine, the "Plus Corse des Corse" Sampiero, the great soldier and patriot who for nearly three years had held off and frequently defeated the legions of Spaniards, Germans and Genoese and who, had not treachery caught him in its foul meshes, might ultimately have freed his ravaged island completely from the centuries-old oppression of Genoa. The day of his betrayal and murder, January 17th, 1567, was a sad day for Corsica. Vittolo received, it is said, one hundred and fifty gold scudi for his infamous work, but unlike the more famous Judas he had not even the decency to hang himself. But Sampiero's death had not been entirely in vain. His heroism and leadership had sown strong seed. At the instigation of Leonardo of Cassanova, who made a stirring appeal to the stricken people at Orezza, Alfonzo d'Orano, son of Sampiero, who though but seventeen years of age, was chosen chief of the

Corsicans. He, though so young, had served a

wonderful apprenticeship under his father and for nearly two years he held the Genoese at bay, and on several occasions had inflicted on them serious defeats, which is evidence of the error in the statements made by some writers that the spirit of the Corsicans was broken by Sampiero's death. How desperately the people fought is proved by the honourable peace which was made 1568 with Genoa in 1568. The treaty included "complete amnesty for Alfonzo and his adher-ents," and the "Liberation of certain persons then in confinement." Alfonzo, with a large number of his companions, made their way to France where, under Henry IV, he became eventually a marshal. Genoa appears to have realized at last that Corsica was worthy of better treatment than had been accorded in the past, for she sent as Governor, George Doria (not to be confounded with Stephen Doria of evil repute), who treated the people with sympathy and fairness and observed not only the letter, but the spirit of the treaty. Unfortunately those who followed him were of a different kind, and it was not long before the old abuses returned with increasing severity. All that had been won by Sampiero and his son was lost, and the condition of the country grew steadily worse as the years went on. The comparative autonomy granted by the treaty gradually vanished until the voice of the people was practically silenced, and Corsicans were not even allowed to hold public office.

The courts became a farce which denied even a semblance of justice to the people, with the inevitable result that more and more did they take the law into their own hands, and the vendetta flourished in this fertile soil of a debased judiciary. As the vendetta flourished, so did the crops of the island wilt for lack of care and loss of interest on the part of the farmers. The rich lands of the coastal belt were practically abandoned owing to the constant ravages of the Barbary pirates, and the Genoese did nothing to protect the people whose country they had stolen. To add to the fullness of the cup of misery, pestilence swept the country from seacoast to mountain-top in 1576. Nothing was wanting to complete the long list of misfortunes. Genoa even resorted to the ill-considered scheme of making money by introducing fire-arms for which the people had to pay licences that brought in many thousand lire to the Republic's treasury and into the private pockets of the officials who received a percentage of all taxes collected, and who therefore encouraged the use of muskets. Each new Governor, when he assumed office, would revoke the licences, so that he might gather money from the new issues. But this introduction of fire-arms had a still worse result than the taking of the people's money, it helped the vendetta and made the feuds more deadly than they had ever been. The death-rate from this cause was estimated at about 1400 each year. It is no wonder that the vines and olives and other

crops were neglected. The Genoese, seeing that the agricultural products of Corsica were decreasing owing to the abnormal death-rate, the unhealthy condition of farming when enemies' muskets were so busy and to the ever-increasing emigration of the discontented and oppressed 1676 (or people, welcomed the arrival of a Greek colony who were in search of a new home where they would be free from the tyranny of the Turks. It is difficult to see how they were going to better themselves by this change of masters. Events proved that they gained but little by their migration. Genoa made many promises to the new arrivals and granted them a large tract of country about Cargese, in the Gulf of Sargone, on the west side of the island, north of Ajaccio. Over seven hundred of these Greeks came to take possession of their new homes, and were treated, as might have been expected, with but scant ceremony by the Corsicans, who deeply resented having to make way for the strangers. For some years—nearly half a century—no marked change occurred in the island. Grievances were nursed, and "the people lived upon their hatred." Then the wiser men of the country, realizing that the indiscriminate granting of licences for carrying fire-arms was causing much of the misery in the island, begged that the importation and use of fire-arms should be stopped, or at least restricted. Genoa agreed to this, but finding that it involved a decrease of revenue, imposed a new tax called the due seini, which immediately produced an

increased dissatisfaction, especially as the sale of 1724licences continued more or less openly. An 1729 insignificant act of unfairness in collecting the new tax was sufficient to light the fuse of revolt. The blowing of the conch shell, like the beating of the drums of certain African tribes, carried the news from hamlet to hamlet, and scarcely had its echoes lost themselves in the mountain gorges, than the people rose once more to fight for the freedom that had been always denied them. Their first leader, Pompiliani, proved himself incapable of the task, and having failed in his attack on Bastia, an Assembly was held at Furiani and by the voice of the people he was forced to give place to Andrea Ceccaldi and Don Luis Giafferi, who renewed the attack on the strongly fortified town. A four months' truce was concluded, ostensibly to allow of investigation being made and possible concessions granted to the people. But neither side trusted the other. Genoa feared the Corsican generals and made a futile attempt to have Ceccaldi assassinated. The two leaders, in order to make the insurrection legal, issued edicts from their newly-formed Legislative Assembly at Corte, in conjunction with the clergy, relieving the people from the oath of allegiance to Genoa and making war in self-defence justified if their rights were refused. When the four months' truce had expired, the Genoese, as might have been expected, refused all concessions and demanded that Ceccaldi and Giafferi be handed over to them. To their

surprise, they received by way of answer the news of a general insurrection of a serious nature. This was more than the Republic had counted on, and she realized that she had not the troops necessary to combat the uprising, and as usual she was forced to secure assistance of another Power, and once more we find Germans employed against the Corsicans. Charles VI made an agreement to furnish Genoa with eight thousand Germans for the sum of thirty thousand gulden per month and their keep. The agreement further arranged in a cold-blooded way that one hundred gulden should be paid for each man that 1731 was slain. The first half of the mercenaries landed in August, 1731, and drove the Corsicans from the attack on Bastia. Having no hope of securing outside help, the unfortunate, but persistent, Corsicans recalled those who had emigrated to various countries. The war raged without decisive results, but several important engagements were won by the brave islanders, 1732 and in February, 1732, the Germans (who had been increased by a further four thousand), under Camillo Doria and De Vins, were almost annihilated at Calenza, just south of Calvi. The result of this battle was that further reinforcements of Germans were sent under the Prince of Würtemberg. His demand that the Corsicans should lay down their arms was ignored, but in accordance with the request of Charles VI, who had received a full account of the people's grievances, that they should be dealt with with

all possible leniency, a peace was signed at Corte in May, 1732. In other words the people had been successful against the combined forces of Genoa and German mercenaries; of the latter over three thousand had been killed. The terms of the peace were highly satisfactory, for though the country remained under the sovereignty of Genoa it was to be, to a large extent, self-governed and was not to be punished by taxation or otherwise for its rebellion against the Republic. Charles VI guaranteed that the terms of the treaty should be observed. But Genoa, never true to its word, seized the Corsican signatories of the treaty and took them to Genoa. This act of treachery aroused the Emperor, who, largely through the representation of General Wachtendonk, who remained in Corsica to see that the terms of the treaty were observed, ratified the treaty and demanded the liberation of the four prisoners, Ceccaldi, Giafferi, Rafelli and the Abbé Aitelli. In June, 1733, Wachten-1733 donk left the island. No sooner had he gone than once more war broke out as a result of Genoese intrigue. The former leaders had left their native land as agreed when released at Genoa. The new leader was the famous Hyacinth Paoli, the man whose name must be for ever associated with Corsica. The war having been renewed, Giafferi, feeling that he was no longer bound by his word to remain abroad, returned, and was again appointed general, together with Paoli and Castineta. Corte was

quickly taken and there, at the General Assembly,

war against Genoa was declared and the independence of Corsica proclaimed, under the protection of Philip V, King of Spain. This later on was declined by the King, who only agreed that he would not support Genoa. Within a year the Genoese were driven out of the island except a few of the more strongly fortified ports. A 1735 General Assembly was called at Corte in 1735 when the constitution of Corsica was drawn up under Giafferi, Paoli, and Ceccaldi. This, in spite of the fact that Genoa was again making elaborate plans for the subjugation of the island. With no hope of help from outside sources and without an adequate supply of fire-arms or ammunition and with the country blockaded by Genoese cruisers, the position of the people was verging on desperation, and they looked with dismay on the arrival of Felix Penelli, whose cruelty and oppression had only a few years before been largely responsible for the great uprising under Giafferi. This brings us to what was probably the first point of contact between England and the ill-used island. Some Englishmen-who they were, history does not relatelearning of the pitiful condition of the people of Corsica, sent two British ships laden with food and munitions of war. These ships landed at Isola Rossa (the Ile-Rousse of to-day) and discharged their cargoes as gifts to the people from unknown sympathizers. It is not to be wondered

at that the Corsicans were overjoyed at what they

considered was an answer to their prayers to the Virgin Mary, under whose protection they had placed their island when no earthly power would assume the responsibility. They were buoyed up by this unexpected act of kindness and believed that it was but the forerunner of further supplies.



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CHAPTER SEVEN. OUTLINE OF THE HISTORY OF CORSICA CONTINUED FROM 1736 TO 1792, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF KING THEODORE I, THE ONLY KING OF CORSICA



CHAPTER SEVEN

OW we come to one of the most extra-ordinary events in the history of this island of strange happenings. It reads more like a fairy-tale than a statement of wellauthenticated facts. It was on March 12th, 1736, that the people of Aleria observed a 1736 British ship making for the harbour. Later in the day a landing was made by a strange man dressed in gorgeous Moorish attire with a beplumed Spanish hat and bearing a sceptre. With him was his retinue of sixteen strangelyassorted persons, French, Italians, and Moors. To the astonished eyes of the onlookers, who could not understand what was happening, great stores of cannon and muskets, together with other munitions and food, as well as money, were brought ashore.

To Cervione, a short distance further north, the party were taken and then the remarkable adventurer, Baron Theodore von Neuhoff, explained that he had come to be King of Corsica and that he would have endless supplies sent to the island, which he would free for all time from the yoke of Genoa, for he was a trusted friend of most of the Great Powers of Europe, a Lord of Great Britain, Count of the Papal Dominions, and

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possessor of all sorts of other honours. It was like a scene in a comic opera and it is easy to understand that the people were completely bewildered. Their condition was such that they were ready to grasp at any possible or impossible opportunity that promised even a remote chance of freedom, and their imagination was fired by the strangeness of the situation. Orticoni, who was in charge of foreign affairs, conferred with Paoli and his confrères, and it was decided that von Neuhoff should be proclaimed King, under the name of Theodore I, and on April 15th Corsica became a kingdom and Theodore was crowned with a crown of laurels and oak leaves, the people being too poor to make one of gold. The new King, who loved display and pomp, created titles for all who were to be in any position of power. Giafferi and Paoli became counts and others marquises, barons, and so on.

Though a boaster and adventurer, Theodore did accomplish a certain amount of order and organization and won several battles against the astonished Genoese, who had proclaimed him an impostor and put a price on his head. He established industries and issued his own coins; these "showed on the obverse a shield wreathed with laurel and above it a crown with the initials T. R.; on the reverse were the words *Pro bono et libertate*."

Before proceeding with the exploits of Theodore, it might be of interest to know something

about this strange king of adventurers, and once more I can do no better than quote directly from Gregorovius, who says:

This singular person was a German, the Westphalian Baron Theodore von Neuhoff-the cleverest and most fortunate of all adventurers of his time. In his youth he had been a page in the court of the Duchess of Orleans, had afterwards gone into the Spanish service, and then returned to France. His brilliant talents had brought him into contact with all the remarkable personages of the age; among others, with Alberoni, Ripfzerda and Law, in whose financial speculations he had been involved. Neuhoff had experienced everything, seen everything, thought, attempted, enjoyed and suffered everything. True to the dictates of a romantic and adventurous nature, he had run through all possible shapes in which fortune can appear, and had at length taken it into his head, that for a man of a powerful mind like him, it must be a desirable thing to be a king. And he had not conceived this idea in the vein of the crackbrained Knight of La Mancha. . . . On the contrary, accident threw the thought into his quite unclouded intellect, and he resolved to be a king, to become so in a real and natural way—and he became a king.

It appears that Theodore's early life was unfortunate in that his father, who was in the army, died before he was born. No sooner had he left school than he met trouble over a love affair and in a duel killed his rival. Later, after having been involved in some apparently shady affairs, he married a Spaniard, of mixed Irish and English extraction, and after a short while

he forsook her and her child either in Spain or in Paris. In Paris he was again mixed up in scandals and succeeded in accumulating some money. He also visited England, Holland, and Genoa. At one time he was captured at sea by the Moors and became a slave in Algiers, from which, by some means not recorded, he managed to get free; and it was from Tunis that he sailed in a ship belonging, apparently, to one Captain Dick, and made his famous entry into Corsica. The Genoese issued most uncomplimentary accounts of the man who was interfering with their régime in their troublesome island; among their statements were the following: that he was a "notorious and vagabond person of little fortune," that he had in his travels assumed false names and called himself in turn English, German, and Swede. That in 1727 he "embezzled the money advanced to him for the purpose of levying a German regiment, and then absconded," that "this so-called Baron Theodore von Neuhoff, as being an undoubted originator of insurrections, a seducer of the people, and a disturber of the common peace, is guilty of the crime of high treason and has consequently incurred all the penalties ordained by our laws for that offence. Therefore, we forbid all to maintain intercourse or communication with the said person, and we declare all those who give him assistance or in any other way join the party of this man in order still more to disturb our people and incite them to revolt, to be in like manner

guilty of high treason, and disturbers of the public peace, and to have incurred the same penalties." This invective from Genoa seemed to strike the royal Theodore as most amusing, and his reply is so interesting that I am quoting it almost in its entirety:

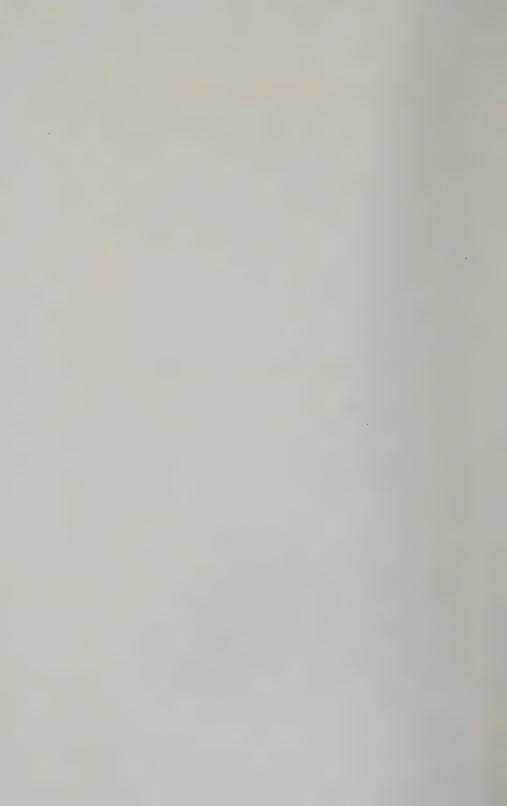
THEODORUS, King of Corsica—To the Doge and Senate at Genoa, his greeting and much patience. It has not till now occurred to me that I have committed a sin of omission in not having made known to your Highness my intention of removing to Corsica: To speak the truth, I considered such formality unnecessary, thinking that rumour would quickly inform you thereof. I indeed considered it quite superfluous to acquaint you with a trifle like this, as I felt persuaded that your Corsican Commissioner had already told you all about it in a pompous enough narrative. Since, however, I now discover that you have been complaining that I kept silence about my intentions, I feel myself constrained, as a dutiful citizen, to announce to you, as one friendly neighbour is in the habit of doing to another, that I have changed my residence. I must therefore take the liberty to observe that I-disgusted with the long and many wanderings which, as you are aware, have occupied my past lifehave at last come to the conclusion to select for myself a little place in Corsica; and since this place happens to lie in your vicinity, I take the liberty now to pay you in writing my first visit of ceremony. Your present delegate at Bastia, if he does not deceive you like his predecessor, will be able to assure you of my particular exertions to send to the said town an adequate number of troops in order to pay my respects to you in a way which may give the fullest publicity to our new neighbourhood. . . . I will refrain from further compliments and immediately talk with you about our

concerns; and I do so all the more willingly that I have heard from various quarters that our new neighbourhood is very disagreeable to you, that you bitterly inveigh against it, and, indeed, in defiance of every law of etiquette, entirely repudiate it. The declaration made by you that your neighbour is a disturber of the common peace, and a seducer of the people, is a most barefaced lie, promulgated as the truth not only in one or two places, but in the face of the whole world, although everybody knows that peace and quiet have been these seven years entirely banished out of Corsica, and that you yourselves were the first to disturb them by your tyrannous and unjust rule, and then by your cruelty to extinguish them entirely. The statemaxims according to which you have acted have, under the pretence of promoting peace, bathed the poor Corsicans in a sea of blood. This has been your conduct, and in this way have you chased peace and quiet out of Corsica after it had been with such great difficulty restored by the Emperor. . . . Why is the guilt of your crimes rolled over on me? In what law is it written that so simple and innocent a neighbour as I am can be guilty of high treason? Treason supposes a friendship broken by the lowest crimes, and those crimes perpetrated under the pretext of friendship. Grant that you were by me grievously injured, what friendship has ever existed between us two? When was I your friend? Heaven prevent me from sinking so low as to be the friend of a nation which has so few friends! Further, you would fain with all your might demonstrate that I have committed the crime of high treason against royalty! The very thought of so horrible an offence at first made me tremble. But after having made earnest enquiries regarding the place from which your Majesty comes, I have at last regained my peace of mind, as I could nowhere discover what I was in search of. Tell me, have you





STREETS IN THE OLDER PART OF BASTIA The curious bridge-like arches are found also in Bonifacio.



inherited this Majesty from your Doges, or pirated it upon the high seas at the time you gave up your city as a place of resort for the Mahometans, and through greed of gain, drew so many Turks to your country that they almost threatened to overwhelm the whole of Christendom? Perhaps you brought this Majesty out of Spain on your back, or it may be that it found its way to your country in a ship from England, which was consigned by an English merchant to one of your countrymen who had just been elected Doge, and which as you remember, brought a letter the address of which ran thus: "To Monsieur N. N., Doge of Genoa, and Dealer in General Wares." Tell me, in Heaven's name, whence you have obtained the dignity of a monarchy and the title of royalty, when the fact is that your Republic has, in bygone times, been nothing but a corporation of gain-greed pirates. . . . Although you still remain in peaceful possession of your country, which is much more than you deserve, yet I am not able to see that it must therefore go equally well with you in Corsica, where the people, having their eyes open, stand by their just demands, and feel themselves constrained to throw the yoke from their neck. I, for my part, am firmly resolved to act as reason and love of justice prompt. And because you have proclaimed me through the world as a deceiver of all and every nation, I have now proposed to myself to demonstrate the contrary by deed in the case of one nation at least, and that, the oppressed Corsicans. As often as I can deceive you, by undeceiving you as to the estimate you put on my character, I shall do so with more than ordinary pleasure, and give you permission to do the like to me-when you can. Meanwhile, rest assured that my creditors will get your property; because those effects of yours, which the Corsicans have legally presented to me, more than suffice for

the payment of my debts. Yet it would grieve me much if I should be unable to give a sufficient equivalent to your Republic for the severity it has exercised towards this Kingdom; because no payment seems to be great enough as a requital for this. Let me not forget likewise to inform you-what, however, you will, I dare say, have heard—that my progress has been so triumphant, that I have now as many troops in pay as will suffice to show that I am not only able to live at the expense of others, but clever enough to support a thousand men at my own cost. Whether these get their full pay and rations let those heroic soldiers testify, who keep themselves shut up within the walls of Bastia, because they have not the courage to come out into the open field, in order that one may look at them a little nearer. As to other matters, I assure you that, however much you exert yourselves to asperse my good name in the eyes of the world, I do not fear its having the impression which you imagine on the people here; and I do not doubt that the ducats which they have got will have a much more powerful effect than all the calumnies which you are perpetually inventing against my person. Still I must beg you to do me a favour, namely, that in the battles likely to take place between my troops and yours, some of your countrymen may show who it is that commands them, because the heroism which truehearted citizens must cherish for their fatherland cannot fail to be met with in men such as they are. But I believe that I am not likely to obtain the fulfilment of my request; because, what with their bills of exchange, commercial transactions, and trades, they have so much to do that the spirit of valour can find no place among them. On this account I do not at all expect that you will ever acquire honour with your soldiers; because those who should be at their head possess neither time nor bravery enough to lead

them into the field, as the men of other high-souled nations do.

Given in the camp before Bastia, July 10th, 1736. THEODORUS.

SEBASTIANO CORSA, Secretary of State and High Chancellor of the Kingdom.

A more surprising document has, probably, never been sent by "Royalty," and it is easy to imagine the wrath of the Doge and Senate, especially as, single-handed, they were powerless to suppress this new and unexpected menace to their sovereignty of the island. That the letter contained much that was true made matters worse, and probably increased the indignation of these rulers of the commercial Republic.

Unfortunately for this strange self-appointed king, his castle was very much in the air; his promises, mere dreams of what he hoped might happen, but did not; and the Corsicans became suspicious when none of the foreign help materialized. His position became less and less secure, his throne more and more tottering, and at last, seven months after his arrival, he declared in the parliament assembled at Cascicconi that if the hoped-for assistance did not arrive by October he would leave the island and go in search of it. In the meantime he visited various parts of his kingdom in regal state and founded the Order "della Liberazione" and with a lavish hand conferred knighthood on various important persons. As a business proposition it was a good

one, for every cavalier had to pay one thousand scudi in return for which he would (perhaps!) receive ten per cent for life. It was a cheap way of raising money and of satisfying the vanity of his more ambitious subjects. But as might be surmised, this did not take the place of the foreign help which was necessary if the independence of the island was to be placed on a sound foundation.

The party of the "Indifferents" was formed by those who doubted the king's honesty of purpose, and such important men as Paoli, Rafaelli and the Abbé Aitelli, were the leading spirits. The activity of this party of malcontents was disturbing to Theodore, and he decided to make his escape from the island while he could still do so with an appearance of dignity. Accordingly, he announced his intention of going personally in search of foreign help, and after leaving his wavering kingdom in the hands of Paoli, Giafferi and Lucce Ornano, he sailed on November 11th, 1736, from Aleria under the French flag, with a small retinue, and landed at Leghorn, where, it is said, he assumed the disguise of a priest; from Leghorn he went to Naples and then took passage to Amsterdam.

One cannot help feeling a certain amount of both sympathy and admiration for the picturesque fugitive, for that is what he had become, fleeing from the kingdom of his own creation, as well as from the agents of Genoa, who followed him wherever he went. He undoubtedly tried

to be true to the country that had so ingenuously accepted him and his magnificent promises, for he raised money by various heroic methods and from time to time sent ships with supplies of munitions, while he himself was thrown for a time into the debtors' prison in Amsterdam.

The Corsicans in desperation tried to make terms with Genoa, but without success, as the only condition under which she would negotiate was complete submission and surrender of all arms. This spelt such total disaster that the leaders refused to consider it, and decided by the voice of the people to remain true to their one and only King, to whom they had sworn allegiance. The Genoese, hearing of this, embarked on a serious attempt to subdue the island. Money was borrowed and with the help of Swiss soldiers, Genoa commenced her attack, but fearing failure, the result of previous experience, she decided to call on the assistance of France, and in July, 1737, concluded a treaty by which 1737 France was pledged to conquer the island. The Corsicans replied to the manifesto which had been sent to them that, though they were willing to come to terms with France, they would not under any condition acknowledge the sovereignty of Genoa. War, therefore, was the only possible result. France, fearing that either Great Britain or some other Power would obtain possession of the island, was only too willing to undertake its subjugation, by peaceful means if possible, but otherwise by force of arms, and in February,

1738 1738, her troops, under General Boissieux, effected a landing. At first he hoped to come to terms without fighting, but when the Corsicans were informed that they must surrender their arms, they refused, and the whole island prepared for the inevitable war. Boissieux, still anxious to avoid hostilities, tried for six months to come to terms by negotiation, but the people reaffirmed their previous statement that though they were willing enough to come to terms with Louis XV they would rather fight to the death than become

again subject to Genoa.

According to Gregorovius, it was at this time that "King" Theodore made his second appearance in Corsica, where he landed as before at Aleria. With him were three Dutch ships, of sixty-four, sixty and fifty-five guns, besides transports and other smaller vessels. These brought "twenty-seven pieces of cannon, seven thousand muskets with bayonets, one thousand muskets of larger size, two thousand pistols, twenty-four thousand pounds of coarse and one hundred thousand pounds of fine powder, two hundred thousand pounds of lead, four hundred thousand flints, fifty thousand pounds of iron, two thousand lances, two thousand grenades and bombs." This would have been more than welcome under earlier conditions, but Theodore found the island in active negotiation with France, and Boissieux "issued a proclamation, which declared every man a rebel and guilty of high treason who should give countenance to the outlaw, Baron Theodore von Neuhoff." This was an unexpected rebuff to the great adventurer and he was forced to leave the island. 1739 Boissieux's attempts to force the Corsicans to give up their arms led to serious fighting in which the French forces were defeated, and were driven to the walls of Bastia, where, in February (1739), Boissieux died. He was succeeded by the Marquis of Maillebois, who landed a few months later with a large force. The new general was a man of quick action and power and within a short time he had defeated both Giafferi and Hyacinth Paoli, with the result that to a certain extent peace was restored, one of the conditions being that the Corsican leaders should leave the country.

Maillebois was now the governing power of the island, and he showed great wisdom in his methods. Unfortunately, the death of Charles VI and the outbreak of the Austrian War of Succession compelled him to leave Corsica with all the French troops in 1741. Once more the 1441 people were face to face with their bitter enemies, the Genoese (who had only been in nominal power during the period of the French occupa-

tion), and once more there was war.

In the meantime the ubiquitous Theodore had not been idle. His desire to regain his island kingdom died hard. He had succeeded in stirring up interest in his cause in England and in January, 1743, he appeared off Isola Rossa with 1743 three British men-of-war; but though he had

brought, as on the previous occasion, large supplies, he received such a cold welcome that he was forced finally to abandon his hopes of reigning, and, leaving the country for the last time, he returned to England, where, in London, thirteen years later, he died in poverty and was buried in the churchyard of the Church of St. Anne, Soho Square. His tomb, with the following inscription on a tablet near by, may still be seen: "Near this place is interred, Theodore, King of Corsica, who died in this Parish, December XI, MDCCLVI, immediately after leaving the King's Bench prison. By the benefit of the Act of Insolvency in consequence of which he registered his kingdom of Corsica for the use of his creditors," to which is added the following verse by Horace Walpole:

> The grave, great Teacher, to a level brings Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and Kings, But Theodore, this moral learned ere dead; Fate pour'd its lessons on his living head, Bestow'd a Kingdom, and denied him bread.

In this sad way ended the life of one of the strangest of all the army of adventurers, Baron Theodore von Neuhoff, erstwhile King of Corsica.

After a short period of comparative peace, resulting from a form of agreement drawn up between Corsica and Genoa, trouble again appeared, engineered probably by some of the exiled leaders, and the outburst came when 1746 Count Domenico Rivarola (curiously enough a Genoese by birth, though at enmity with his own country), with the aid of Charles Emmanuel III, King of Sardinia, and some British ships, captured Bastia and San Fiorenzo, while Gaffori took Corte, after the Genoese commandant had tried the vile expedient of fastening Gaffori's son on the outside wall, in the hope that fatherly affection would prevent further firing. By so doing he showed how little he understood Corsican character and patriotism. After a brief delay the shooting recommenced at Gaffori's command; the fort was taken and the boy was unhurt. Once more Corsica declared its independence. But the most important point, Bastia, was retaken by the Genoese.

Genoa had in the meanwhile fallen into the 1748 hands of the Austrians, from which, with French aid, it soon freed itself, and steps were quickly taken to guard against the rumoured attack on Corsica by the King of Sardinia. The Genoese, having learned from past experience of the difficulties which would be bound to obstruct their efforts, induced the French to come to their aid and occupy the chief seaports, including Bonifacio and Bastia. General Cursay, who commanded the French forces, proved himself an able and fair-minded man, who was largely instrumental in making a treaty between Corsica 1751 and Genoa, which gave the islanders many of the privileges they had longed for. Unfortunately, Cursay was mistrusted by the Republic which accused him of siding with the people of

the island. As a result of the hatred and intrigue of the Genoese, the French general was deprived of his command and sent to the Tower of Antibes. The natural effect of this treatment to a man who had done his best for the well-being of the downtrodden people, was to cause a general uprising under the leadership of Giampetro Gaffori, in some ways the finest of all the country's great patriots. His skill in organizing and handling the military resources of the island was so great that the Genoese were routed in every direction. The usual seaports, with their strong fortifications, alone were unconquered. The Genoese Governor realized that he had another of the Sampiero type to deal with and that so long as he remained alive the country would do his bidding. Once again treachery was the weapon of the Republic and Gaffori was murdered. The 1753 result of the foul murder was a declaration of war to the bitter end, and at the great patriot's funeral the people declared that anyone who should even venture to propose a treaty with the accursed Genoa would be guilty of capital crime.

For two years the war was conducted under the control of five men elected by the people, and the Genoese were held at bay. But Clemens Paoli suggested that the country should be under a single leader and that his brother Pasquale would be a suitable man. At that time Pasquale was living with his exiled father, Hyacinth, in Naples; he was a serious student and philosopher,

besides being a soldier who had already distinguished himself, though but twenty-nine years 1755 of age. At his father's command, Pasquale returned to the country of his birth, and landed at Aleria; a quiet unassuming man, destined to play a part of vital importance in his country's history. At San Antonio della Casabianca, he was unanimously proclaimed general and sole

leader of the people.

The difficulties which confronted this man, who, though young in years was well developed in mind, were so overwhelming that the task must have appeared hopeless. The long years of strife and turmoil, of murder, misery and treachery, of hopes raised and shattered, had produced a condition of unrest and suspicion, to cope with which demanded a master hand. Pasquale Paoli realized his difficulties and realized too that before he could hope to gain any success of permanent value he must bring the people themselves back to a normal state, in other words he must crush the vendetta; until this was accomplished he would be helpless, for there could be no concerted action against the common enemy so long as family feuds of such merciless character existed among his own people. This then was Paoli's first great work, and it was carried out firmly, tactfully and without fear. In this the priests gave their whole-hearted support. Death by the public executioner was the punishment of those who were guilty of violating the law. Paoli even condemned to death one of his own relations who

had committed a murder of revenge. Unfortunately for Paoli's plans he was forced to fight one faction of his own people before he could devote his undivided attention to getting rid of the Genoese. Emanuele Matra resented Paoli's leadership; he refused to settle the question by vote, preferring to resort to force of arms. At first he won many successes, and when he met 1756 with a serious defeat, called on the assistance of Genoese troops. But thanks to the timely help of his brother Clemens and a number of his friends, Paoli was saved and Matra was killed, together with most of his adherents. At this time, 1758, Paoli founded Ile-Rousse. Genoa became seriously alarmed at the trend of events and being helpless to conduct the war singlehanded once more called on France as an ally, and France, fearing that England would come to Paoli's aid, lost no time in occupying the principal 1759 seaports, which she held until conditions on the Continent compelled her to withdraw from Corsica. This was a serious blow to the Republic, whose power was rapidly failing; and, to make matters worse, Corsican ships continually harassed those of Genoa, and the much-coveted island showed increasing indications of prosperity and unity under the powerful guiding hand of the great Paoli. In vain did Genoa try to foment revolt among the people, using as her tools two members of the Matra family. All attempts at revolt were speedily crushed by the Government, and Genoa, 1764 in despair, made another treaty with France by

which French troops were to hold the chief seaports for a period of four years, nominally under Genoese control. But the treaty of Compiègne failed to accomplish what the Republic had hoped for, as the French, under the command of Count Marbœuf, though occupying the ports, remained neutral and were on amicable terms with the Corsicans. Genoa, alarmed at the way affairs were going, especially when the Corsicans captured the adjacent island of Capraja in May, 1767, realized her own helplessness and finally, 1767 on May 15th, 1768, she sold the sovereignty of 1768 Corsica to France for £2,000,000, claiming the right of re-entry should she be in a position to reimburse France for all expenses incurred. Thus ended once and for all time the Genoese power in Corsica. For about six hundred years it had been a curse to the island, if what historians say be true. By the strange decree of Fate it was a Corsican, Napoleon Bonaparte, who finally crushed the time-dishonoured enemy, Genoa.

This sale of the island was a cruel blow to Paoli and his people, for the country had in fact become an almost model Republic, a country governed for the people and by the people. Everything that could be done, within the financial limitations of the island, was done. Agriculture was once again put on a sound footing. Education too was carried on under satisfactory conditions, and the Corsican University was opened in 1765. And, as already mentioned in a previous chapter, poor scholars were given free

education. But all that had been accomplished by the heroic efforts of Paoli's government was to be lost by the unexpected action of Genoa and France, and Corsica found itself engaged now in a conflict with a country whose power and resources, compared with those of the little islands, were practically limitless. Almost the first intimation that the people had of what had been done was the landing of French troops at Ajaccio, the lowering of the Genoese flag and the hoisting of the white ensign of France.

France, however, was not to gain peaceful possession of the island, which fought for its life with all the vigour with which a mother lion fights for her young. The odds against the freedom-loving people were overwhelming but, nevertheless, the invaders were beaten in many serious battles; among the most noteworthy was the battle at Borgo (about eighteen kilometres south of Bastia) where, under the leadership of Paoli, the famous French army was repulsed and driven back to Bastia, Marbæuf wounded and the garrison of Borgo, consisting of seven hundred men under Colonel Ludre, were forced to surrender.

The bravery of the people of Corsica appealed to the English, but for some political reason our country, which has always acted as the protector of small nations, took no action. Paoli realized his impotency and appealed in vain for a treaty which would leave Corsica her constitution under French sovereignty. The answer was Chauvelin's

renewed attack with a powerful new army which 1769 met with defeat at Nebbio. Chauvelin was recalled and was replaced by Count de Vaux, who with a very large force of infantry, cavalry and artillery marched upon Nebbio. The outlook was indeed dark for Paoli's small force, yet he determined to fight as long as he had any army.

Overwhelming superiority of numbers eventually defeated his hopes, and at Ponte-Nuovo, on May 9th, 1769, the French won the decisive victory which shattered the Corsican hope of freedom. The powerful France, with its highly organized troops, had beaten the men and women, for they too fought, of the little island of illfortune.

Pasquale Paoli, discouraged and hopeless, saw no good in continuing the struggle. He was beaten and he knew it. Further fighting only meant further bloodshed without possibility of gain and he, with a small body of friends, left Porto-Vecchio on June 11th and sailed from Corsica in a British ship for England. The following day the country acknowledged the French supremacy and a year later swore 1770 allegiance to King Louis XV.

During the following nineteen years no marked 1789 change took place in the island, but then, with the beginning of the French Revolution and Louis XVI's loss of power, the position of Corsica became different, and in 1790 it became 1790 a separate "department" of France. Paoli was recalled, but he had little heart in the prevailing

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revolutionary principles. However, he accepted the appointment of Lieutenant-General of Corsica.

Paoli's lack of sympathy with France led to his becoming outlawed by the Convention and to his decision to revolt. He had hoped that Napoleon Bonaparte would join him, but in this he was disappointed, so he made a strong appeal to the British Government, which met with a quick response. About this time the Revolutionary Government of France declared war against England.

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CHAPTER EIGHT. OUTLINE OF THE HISTORY OF CORSICA COMPLETED—THE BRITISH OCCUPATION AND EVACUATION

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CHAPTER EIGHT

E now come to where the British take an active part in the affairs of Corsica, and I am indebted to The Diary of Sir John Moore (edited by Major-General Sir J. F. Maurice), and to The Life of a Regimental Officer during the great war 1793-1815 (compiled by Lieut.-Colonel A. F. Mockler-Ferryman), for most of the information on the subject

of the British campaign and occupation.

Britain was in need of a deep-sea port, east of Gibraltar, which was her only possession touching the Mediterranean, and Admiral Hood believed that Corsica would supply the need, as it had, not one, but several deep-water ports, which were, at the time, occupied by the French. Such information as Hood possessed regarding the island was so meagre that it was decided to send Lieut.-Colonel John Moore (later, Sir John Moore) who, at the time, was commanding the 51st Regiment (now the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry), and a Major Kochler, to recon- 1794 noitre; with them, on the frigate Lowestoffe, which sailed from Hyères on January 12th, 1794, was Sir Gilbert Elliot, "one of the King's Commissioners in the Mediterannean, who was to endeavour to persuade the Corsican inhabitants

to assist the British force in ridding the island of the French interlopers." Considering the fact that the Corsicans had invited the British to come to their assistance, this statement seems scarcely correct.

Two days later they landed at Isola Rossa (Ile-Two days later they landed at Isola Rossa (He-Rousse) and were warmly welcomed by the people, who expressed the hope that they would soon deliver them from the French. A few days later the little party was escorted to where Paoli was living, in an abandoned convent, at Murato. He was guarded by armed peasants who came "voluntarily from different parts of the island, with a few days' provisions on their backs, and without pay, serve as a guard to his person. They are obliged to return home when their provisions are obliged to return home when their provisions are expended, but they are succeeded by others.
This strong proof of attachment these poor people give to General Paoli, from a sense of gratitude for his service against the French and Genoese in support of their liberty and independence." Paoli's statement to Elliot is of interest as showing his feeling towards us. "I wrote long ago to the King and his ministers; I have also repeatedly written to Lord Hood that I and my people wished to be free, either as subjects of Great Britain, which I know does not want slaves, or free under the protection of Great Britain "—
"I think my countrymen will enjoy a proper degree of liberty under the protection or government of the British nation."

Another point of interest is Moore's first

opinion of Paoli's sound views on military subjects and remarkable intelligence on everything to do with politics. "He struck us all," says Moore, "as a very superior man." This is particularly worthy of note, when we consider how much criticism there has been on Paoli's ability as a general. About two months later Moore changed his opinion and speaks of Paoli's "complete

ignorance of military matters."

Moore's advice, written to Lord Hood and Lieut.-General Dundas, was, that it would be best to gain possession of Martello Point (presumably Pte. Mortella, a few kilometres northwest of St. Florent) as an anchorage for the fleet, where it could co-operate with the army; five hundred men and some light field-guns would be necessary to take the strong battery at the Martello Tower. When the bay of St. Florent was secured, the east side of the bay would afford good landing-places for troops and stores. Patrimonio and Barbaggio (small towns between St. Florent and Bastia) should be taken; they were lightly defended and should be occupied without much effort. Bastia did not appear to offer much difficulty as it could be commanded from the high hills which overlook the town and forts. Calvi was considered the strongest position, and would require a serious attack. Corsican troops were available in considerable number, but Paoli believed that two thousand would be sufficient; these would require arms and ammunitions. The total number of troops holding the French

positions of Calvi, Bastia, St. Florent, and the lines of communication, was estimated at nineteen hundred and fifty. In addition to which there were four frigates. Immediate action was advisable.

As a result of the conference between the leaders of the land and sea forces, on February 7th (1794) the British fleet, consisting of the Alcide, Fortitude and Egmont, and later augmented by the Juno, and possibly the Victory, anchored in the bay back of Pte. Mortella, and that same evening the first British troops were landed. They comprised two hundred men of the Royals, three hundred and fifty of the 51st, one hundred and twenty seamen, thirty artillery, together with a six-pounder, and a five and a half-inch howitzer, a force which, in view of the fact that, since Moore and Kochler had visited and reported on the condition of the enemy's position, the fortification had been greatly strengthened, was insufficient for the purpose of attack. In the meantime, however, the ships had opened fire on the tower, and though they had failed to effect a breach, the French officer in command, seeing the helplessness of his positon, surrendered. The Fortitude lost sixty men in this small engagement. The land forces having received some heavier guns and placed them in suitable positions, were ready for the attack on the French redoubt called the "Convention," and on the evening of the 17th (of February) the 51st, under Moore, and the Royals, succeeded in taking the redoubt by

assault, with a loss of between thirty and forty killed and wounded, while the enemy's loss was

over one hundred, including prisoners.

Thus, with the assistance of some of Paoli's troops, began our occupation of Corsica. On the 19th the French, realizing that they were in danger of being cut off from Bastia, abandoned St. Florent, which was occupied immediately by the British troops; these included the 50th,

51st, and 69th Regiments.

The next step to be taken was the attack on Bastia. Preliminary examinations of the fort and its surroundings decided General Dundas that his force was insufficient for the attempt, notwithstanding Lord Hood's opinion to the contrary. Unfortunately there was a good deal of friction between the land and sea forces, Hood desiring to assume complete command without apparently having received due authority to do so. The result of this was that Dundas resigned his command and left the country on March 11th. At this time Hood was about seventy years of age, which may account for some of the unsatisfactory things which occurred during this period. That he was unpopular seems clear enough, and that his decisions were frequently at fault there can be little doubt. Dundas' place was taken by Colonel D'Aubant, who was made Brigadier-General. He appears to have distinguished himself chiefly by hopeless indecision, if not worse.

The taking of Bastia was of paramount importance; quick action might have accomplished

a great deal, but for over a month nothing was done but talk. This allowed the enemy to occupy the most important positions on the high land overlooking the town, which, of course, should have been held and fortified without loss of time by the British. On April 5th, Lord Hood sailed for Bastia, with the intention of bombarding the fort from the sea, in the hope that the mere show of force would induce the French to surrender. The bombardment, which was carried on for some time, had little or no effect on the heavy masonry of the forts. Hood then thought that a diversion by making an attack from the land side was advisable, but D'Aubant could not be induced to do so as he considered his force was not strong enough. Moore, at this time, writes very bitterly about Paoli and the Corsicans. He says: "Instead of the active, warlike people I took them to be, zealous in the cause of liberty, they have proved to be a poor, idle, mean set, incapable of any action which requires steadiness or resolution, and have been absolutely of no use to us since we landed." One cannot help thinking that there is another side to the question, as Paoli could not blind himself to the utter lack of collusion and goodwill, and even, one might add, of efficiency, displayed by the British leaders, and, with this in his mind, his faith must have been influenced if not shattered, consequently his co-operation was not given in a whole-hearted manner. This may be a wrong conclusion, but reading carefully all

that Moore and others have said during this period, it seems to be the only possible one.

On May 19th the firing on Bastia ceased, and it was then that D'Aubant decided suddenly to occupy the heights above the town. Moore remarks at this point that: "He never seems to

have had such a desire for action." (!)

On the 22nd, Bastia surrendered, owing to lack of provisions. The French had six thousand men¹ under arms and abundant ammunition, but no food, owing to the blockade maintained by Hood's ships, and by the viligance of the Corsicans, who prevented supplies coming in from the country. The taking of this well-fortified and important town was, therefore, an almost bloodless affair. At this time D'Aubant was relieved of his command and Moore would have succeeded him but, on the very day when he went to report himself to Hood and settle some unpleasant business about the question of who was really in command of the troops, Major-General Charles Stuart arrived from Leghorn (May 25th), and immediately assumed command of the land forces.

Calvi was the next fort to be attacked, but a delay occurred, owing to the French fleet leaving Toulon with the apparent intention of coming to interfere with the British efforts to gain possession of Corsica. Hood was criticized for not having completed the destruction of the French fleet on

¹ This figure does not correspond with the previous estimate of the forces under the French, which was given at nineteen hundred and fifty.

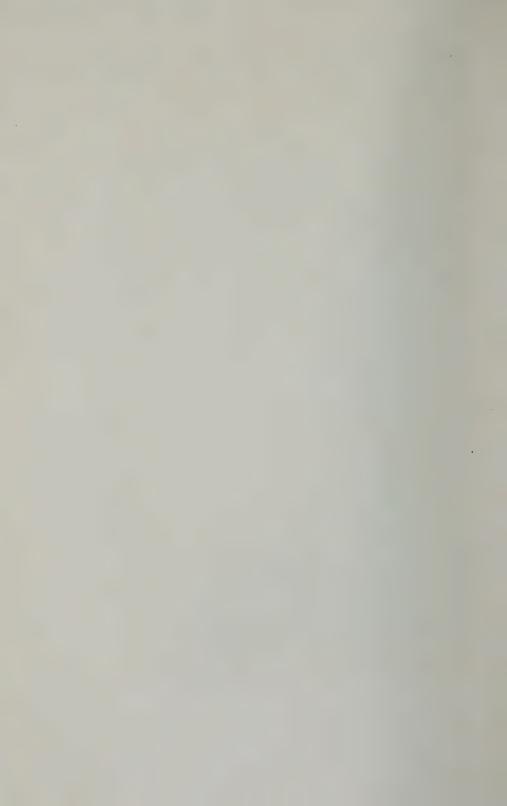
December 19th, 1793, before evacuating Toulon, as, had this been done, it would have had a crippling effect on France's later operations. The delay in undertaking operations against Calvi allowed the garrison to provision itself for a three months' siege. It was on June 19th that the troops, numbering in all about twenty-three hundred, landed for the operations against Calvi; this number does not include the Corsicans, who proved themselves of considerable value. Moore had given up his command of the 51st, and was now in command of a Special Corps, comprising "flank companies of the Royal Irish, 50th and 51st, and the remains of the 2nd Battalion of the Royals." At General Stuart's request some sailors, under Captain Nelson (the future Lord Nelson), were sent ashore to help in the operations. A few days later, during the attack on Mozzello, Nelson lost an eye when, as the result of a round shot striking some rock, a splinter of stone caused the injury.

The actual attack on Calvi may be said to have begun on the morning of July 4th, the first steps being the assaults on the outworks of Monteciesco and Mozzello, both of which were taken by the 19th; Calvi itself, commanded by General Casabianca, surrendered on August 10th, 1794, and the following day the defenders marched out of the town with the honours of war, and were sent to Toulon. It was then a "whole heap of ruins." "There is literally not a house which has not been damaged by shot or



CORTE

In this town Corsica was proclaimed a part of the British Empire on June 19th, 1794.



shell," says Moore. The British losses are not given by Moore, his only statement being: "Of upwards of 600, of which the reserve is composed, only 216 were in a state to move down with us; great part of them were convalescents, most of whom have since relapsed. Some of the regiments have not twenty men fit for duty." From other accounts it may be assumed that illness was the chief cause of the reduction in the active strength of the forces.

It was on the same day that the troops landed for the operations against Calvi, June 19th, 1794, that, at Corte, Corsica was proclaimed part of the British Empire, and Pasquale Paoli, in the following speeches before the assembly and Sir Gilbert Elliot was present, said in part:

Enfin, ma chère petite patrie a trouvé un refuge permanent dans le cœur du roi d'Angleterre! Enfin nous avons échappé aux cannibales de la convention! L'avenir est à nous!

To which Elliot replied:

Moi soussigné, chevalier barronnet, membre du Parlement de la Grande Bretagne, et commisaire plénipotentiaire de sa Majesté britannique, ayant pleins pouvois et étant spécialement autorisé à cet effet, j'accepte, à nom de sa Majesté, Georges III, roi de la Grand Bretagne, la couronne et la souveraineté de la Corse, selon la constitution et les lois fondamentales contenues dans l'acte de la consultation générale réunie à Corte et décrétée, ce jour même 19 fuin, et je jure, au nom de sa Majesté, de maintenir la liberté du peuple Corse, selon la constitution et la loi.

Fair promises that were not destined to be fulfilled; sanguine hopes that were not to be realized!

Bastia, St. Florent and Calvi having been wrested from the French, there was no further resistance to the British occupation. It now became the duty of those in command to put their house in order, and establish a stable government, and dispose of the troops to the best advantage. Sir Charles Stuart was in charge of the military officers, and Sir Gilbert Elliot was appointed Viceroy on October 5th (1794). There were unfortunate differences of opinion as to the sphere of influence of these two men. Stuart absolutely denied that Elliot had any authority over the Army and in a verbal controversy declared his belief with marked decision, to which Elliot replied: "I am totally of a different opinion." Stuart, however, was not a man to be browbeaten, as his answer shows: "I do assure you you have none; my commission is not only to command the troops in Corsica, but to be Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean; and you should rather consider it as a fortunate circumstance that it is so. As a friend, I advise you never to interfere with the Army till such time as your powers are explained to you by your commission; you will otherwise involve yourself in endless difficulties. The number of British subjects now in Corsica are amenable to no law you can institute. Martial law is the only one which now exists. I am at present

responsible for the conduct of the Army and for the military operations in the Mediterranean, and, till such time as your commission gives you the powers of a Commander-in-Chief, you will do well not to attempt to interfere in military matters." Moore, who quotes the above, realized what an unfortunate situation had arisen when Elliot was made Viceroy instead of Governor, for he says: "Government will find out perhaps when too late how much they have allowed themselves to be committed from the confidence they have reposed in the good sense and moderation of Sir Gilbert; qualities which, perhaps, he does not possess in so great a degree as is imagined. He has been infinitely dazzled by the splendour of aides-de-camp, general ushers, etc., etc., and I fear he will involve his country in difficulties."

These words foreshadowed much of the calamity that followed, and as this unfortunate situation has so much bearing on the future in showing the mistakes of Sir Gilbert, it might be interesting to go a little further into one of the original causes of our failure in Corsica, and see how far Sir Gilbert's love of power and desire to manage military matters, without military knowledge, contributed towards the events of the near future. Stuart proposed to form a small but efficient force of Corsican soldiers, under an English field-officer, or inspector; these battalions to be quartered with the various British units. Without boring the reader with the details

of the formation of this new corps, it is sufficient to say that Sir Gilbert, with the presumable idea of making friends with certain Corsicans, named the officers himself and more than doubled the number suggested by Stuart. Further, instead of giving the commissions to suitable men, they were given to those who were of some possible political use, and the necessary increase in the amount of money required was to be obtained by " reducing the pay of each rank in order to make up for the increase of officers." This was, perhaps, a small matter, but it showed how things were going, and later on was productive of serious trouble, owing to the lack of discipline of the new corps.

In January (1795), Sir Gilbert received des-1795 patches, giving him supreme command of the Army in Corsica. Stuart, realizing that he might now be compelled to execute orders which would be against his better military judgment and would consequently be injurious to his reputation as a soldier, resigned and returned to England. From then onward conditions became worse. Pozzo de Borgo became the Viceroy's adviser, and Colonna his A.D.C. Both of these men were hated by the majority of the people. Paoli was chosen president of the parliament, but declined the honour, much to the relief of Sir Gilbert, who feared the power of this most popular man. Lieutenant-Colonel Moore (afterwards Sir John Moore) was unjustly accused of conniving with Paoli and was ordered home to England, and left

on October 9th (1795). The people became more and more restive and finally there was open rebellion. Paoli had also been invited, in May, to make England his home, and the Viceroy found himself in serious plight. To make matters worse, Napoleon was carrying everything before him on the Continent, and an attack on Corsica was imminent, and it was well known that the defences were in no condition to withstand a serious siege. Our ships in the Mediterranean were inferior in numbers to the combined French and Spanish fleets and to complete the disaster the people of Corsica, as a whole, were no longer with us. The inevitable happened; Sir Gilbert was instructed to evacuate the island. On October 20th, 1796, Nelson's fleet embarked the troops at Bastia, and thus ended the brief period of British occupation. On the 18th, when evacuation was nearing completion, news came that the French had landed near Cape Corse and were marching on Bastia. The guns were hastily spiked, but only just in time, for the last boatload of soldiers had barely left the shore, on the 20th, before the French advanced guard marched into the citadel of Bastia. The dignified withdrawal suggested by the British Government resolved itself, therefore, into a somewhat undignified flight, and, but for the timely arrival of Nelson's fleet, worse things might have happened—possibly an ignominious surrender." The question so easy to ask and so difficult to answer is: Had the Viceroy shown better judgment and worked

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with Paoli, and left the people to form their own government, under our protection, would the final results have been the same? Southey says that "It was impolitic to annex this island to the British dominions, but having done so, it was disgraceful thus to abandon it." We spent our blood and our substance on Corsica; we came there at the request of the people and promised them freedom. But our blood was shed in vain and our promises were never fulfilled. To-day, Corsica belongs to France.

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HINTS ON TROUT FISHING IN CORSICA



HINTS ON TROUT FISHING IN CORSICA

FEW suggestions regarding trout fishing in Corsica may not be amiss as so many of the English visitors enjoy this form of sport, especially in a place where there is no golf. The experienced angler comes to the island equipped with vast numbers of flies dressed to every pattern that the ingenious tackle manufacturer can devise. These flies are works of art, a positive joy to look at and would meet the requirements of every stream and lake and every hour and week of the season in the British Isles, but strange to say they are not worth anything in Corsica.

Of course the experienced angler smiles when he reads this. He knows he has something that will prove effective in this particular country, or in fact in any particular place. But Corsica is different. I have met many of these past masters in the gentle art of angling in the island and they have looked in a pitying way at me when I told them their flies were of no use. To try to persuade them from their own point of view was useless, and it took usually many days of hard work along the streams before they were convinced that they were up against something novel in the way of

trout. After they had worked all day and caught nothing and had very naturally blamed the weather or the condition of the water for their failure to connect with any fish, their conversion would come after meeting a native with a well-filled creel of beautiful pale-coloured trout. If they (the anglers) were not too pig-headed, they might have condescended to examine the flies used by the local expert. What would they see? A curious hackle fly with a linen-wrapped body, probably of a pale cream colour. The hackle, which is lightly dressed, might vary from light grey or buff to almost black, according to the

hour, the day, or the time of year.

The Corsican, who prefers fishing to work, is really an expert fisherman, infinitely patient. He ties his own flies as he needs them, while sitting on the bank of the river. His outfit is wonderfully simple and consists of a few hackles of various colours, very carefully selected, some linen thread, cream or grey as a rule, and a few hooks of rather small size, and of course some gut. When he reaches his particular stream he looks in a knowing way at the water, sits down, and in a few minutes decides on the hackle that will be necessary, and there and then ties a fly in an incredibly short time. The result of his efforts may not be very beautiful, but, as a rule, it does the trick. Perhaps the first attempt may not succeed in coaxing the fish to rise, the hackle may be a trifle too light or too dark. Another fly is quickly tied and this time the results will,

in all probability, prove satisfactory. After an hour or two, with the change of light, another change may be necessary, and so it goes on during the day. These men seem to know when the fish should rise and it is only a question of finding the fly for that particular day. As a rule the fly is tied with the gut leading from the shank



of the hook about one-third of the length from the top, as shown in the accompanying diagram.

Only one fly is necessary.

The native uses a white silk line which, when in the water, is almost transparent. Any good light rod will answer, but it should not be less than ten feet, according to the local fisherman, who uses a long and very light bamboo. He seldom troubles about a reel, or anything in the way of fancy equipment.

The fishing season begins on February 1st and lasts until October 20th. In normal years February is a good month in some of the rivers, such as the Gola, but everything depends on the

snowfall for the majority of the streams. When the river comes from the snow-covered mountains it is best to start fishing very early in the morning, for once the melted snow comes down, the trout will not as a rule rise. A couple of hours after the sun rises the melting begins and the distance you are from the source must be considered in ascertaining when the snow water will reach you, for then you may as well go home. The late spring is probably the best time of year, but even in July and August, or even later in certain streams in the higher country, good fishing may be found. A certain amount of bait-fishing is done. Bee grubs and gentles are, I believe, the most popular lures. Spoons are seldom successful.

The country abounds in streams of all sizes, and of all types. In the mountains there are of course rapid-flowing ones with rocky bottoms and sides and with beautiful pools, and the water is as clear as gin. In the valleys the water is naturally slower. There is seldom any good fishing near the sea, as the water becomes too warm, and even where it is cool enough there is so much feed that it is difficult to persuade the trout to take the fly. Wading is essential in many of the streams, and on account of the coldness of the water during the earlier season, it is not advisable to walk in without proper protection.

Unfortunately the best streams are, as a rule, in places that are difficult of access. The small inns in these more remote places are not good, and one must be prepared to put up with simple fare

and very primitive conditions. A car will be found most useful as it allows one to stay at a more comfortable inn and motor at least part of the way to where there is fishing. If the headquarters are at Ajaccio, it is possible to go up the Gravone to Ucciani or Bocognano (thirty-one and fortytwo kilometres) by train. This means leaving Ajaccio at seven o'clock and returning from Bocognano at one-thirteen or four fifty-one, or from Ucciani at one forty-eight or five-eighteen according to present time-table. But with a car there are many streams within a run of an hour or two. Among the places which have hotels and can therefore be used for staying in, are Corte, Ghisoni, Zicavo, Bastelica, Evisa, Zonza, Saint Gavino di Carboni, Petreto Bicchisano, and Francardo. From each of these villages fishing is within walking distance. In the mountain districts it is generally advisable to carry a very light mackintosh as sudden showers are common and getting wet does not pay. The winds which blow through the gorges are often bitterly cold, and chills are to be avoided at all costs.

The one great drawback to the fishing in Corsica is the appalling amount of netting that is done. The fact that the law prohibits such poaching seems to have no effect, and the only way that it can be stopped is by forbidding the sale of trout, and particularly of the exporting to France. If this were not allowed the fishing would improve and visitors would be attracted to the island in greater numbers. Not the

tourist type who stay two or three days, but those who would remain for months, and so become a

greater source of income to the country.

The fisherman reader has, by this time, become impatient because no mention has been made of the size of the fish that may be caught. Well, it is a difficult subject, but it is safe to say that large trout are rare, or at least rarely caught. Half or three-quarter pounders are the usual large limit, though much heavier fish are sometimes taken. Don't expect large bags. Read Seneca with a liberal application of salt where he says:

O Corsica! whose winding rivers feed, Unnumbered as their sands, the finny breed.

Four to six brace is considered a decent bag. Natives, however, think nothing of bringing twice that number. But they have the advantage of knowing the streams and the conditions.

In spite of the extraordinary clearness of the water the fish can scarcely be said to be shy. I have stood on a rock in full view of the trout and watched them come up from the bottom and take the fly. Either dry or wet fly may be used. The local method is a sort of compromise. No oil is used, but they are inclined to let the fly float where it will.

It is always dangerous to give advice about fishing, but one thing can be said truthfully of Corsica and that is about the beauty of the streams. There are few places where one fishes in more wonderful country, and even though in the gorges the scrambling over rocks is, at times, difficult, yet it is in such places that the scenery is best. It is in some districts really superb, and if you don't bring back an overloaded creel you have at least enjoyed your efforts in perfect settings, and after all, that is something. Some people say that the actual fish are only of secondary importance. Be that as it may, fine scenery adds greatly to the joy of most anglers.



SUGGESTIONS FOR PAINTERS GOING TO CORSICA



SUGGESTIONS FOR PAINTERS GOING TO CORSICA

Corsica is becoming more and more popular with painters, a few words may be found useful for those who are considering a trip to this beautiful island with a view to painting. It is a question that must be approached with due caution, as no two people see things in the same way. What one considers a perfect subject another will pass by without so much as a thought. One English painter came to the island and left it in disgust without, I believe, opening his box. There was nothing to paint, he said. Others come and rave about the country and grow so enthusiastic that they work themselves almost to death. So I am going to assume that other painters see things more or less as I do, even though their interpretation may be (and I hope is) entirely different from mine.

For variety of subjects Corsica must be difficult to equal. There is something to suit almost all tastes, both in the way of figures and landscapes and, of course, marine. The one drawback to the figure work is that the native costumes are so dull. The men in the country districts usually wear very dark colours, almost black, corduroy, cut loose, large black felt hats, red cummerbund

and light-coloured shirts. The women are nearly always in black, with shawls or handkerchiefs over their heads; in some places they wear strange flat, almost crownless, straw hats, which are, I believe, peculiar to the island. To see them riding on their donkeys coming into Ajaccio in the early morning is a decidedly picturesque sight, but seldom seen by visitors, unless they happen to be early risers and go to the east end of the town. What becomes of these straw-hatted women later in the day I have never discovered, unless they return to the country at an early hour. About the towns and larger villages there is a certain amount of bright colour worn, chiefly by the younger women and girls. The habit of carrying green or reddish brown earthen water-jars on their heads and the fact that they are frequently very handsome, are points worth noting.

Architecturally, Corsica has little to offer, but the streets are quaint, irregular, and often good in colour, with the inevitable "washing" hung out from every window. The variety of colouring of some of the garments makes it look as though the street were dressed in vivid bunting in honour of some great occasion. Ajaccio has some interesting streets from the painter's point of view, so have Bonifacio and Bastia, where many of the narrow streets have arches connecting the tall buildings and the streets are steep. Corte also has some strange old streets that are well worth considering, there, the curious Genoese

fort, placed on a mass of rock overlooking the town, and the background of mountains, combine

to make the place interesting.

Throughout the country the villages are frequently remarkably picturesque both in colour, form, and situation. The two most famous ones are Evisa and Nonza, both of which usually figure in the exhibitions at the Salon (Paris); of the two, Nonza is the more striking, and is unfortunately a picture so naturally composed that it is painted by too many. The only thing that saves it from every visitor is the fact that it boasts of no hotel, so people come and go from Bastia (about thirty kilometres away) and generally arrive too late in the day, when the sun is so high that everything is wrong from the picture view-point.

For mountain scenery there is an almost unlimited scope: snow-capped peaks, rugged rocky piles, sharp-edged or rounded, abrupt cliffs shadowing deep ravines, forest-clothed mountains of pines, chestnuts, oaks and beeches, maquiscovered slopes, velvety green in the spring and like golden Persian carpets in the autumn. Mountains of rose-coloured rocks, copper, green, grey and brown, and nearly every colour that rocks can be. Rivers, broad and smooth, with purple, pink and orange osiers bordering their banks, torrents of clear pale green water dashing over many-coloured rocks, through deep rocky gorges, or in open valleys. Grey-green olive groves, and darker green cork trees and live

oaks; undulating hills of pale grey-green lavender and sage, of pink and white cistus, of grotesquely shaped prickly pears and aloes, fields of silvery white asphodels, broad stretches of dry grassy land and of reed-grown swamps. Every sort of country that one can imagine, and it is difficult to know which is the most beautiful: some prefer the mountains with their ever-changing light and shade, some the dark pine forests with their endless tall straight purple-red trunks, others get their inspiration from the gigantic and ancient chestnut trees, so gnarled and scarred by time and gales, while many prefer places where man's handiwork is combined with nature, such as the rough built villages, or the harbours. Of these, Bastia is perhaps the best, for the buildings, tall and more or less irregular, encircle the little port and offer subjects innumerable. For the marine painter there is abundant material, fascinating in the infinite variety of the marvellously coloured water, so brilliant are the blues, greens and purples, that one's pigment seems hopelessly lacking in luminosity. The only drawback, from the marine painter's point of view, is the lack of paintable vessels. Few sailing craft come to Corsica and the native boats are usually without sails, for the motor has put the graceful lateen almost out of being. A few years hence they will be as extinct as the dodo, but the fishing boats are interesting, both in form and in their wide range of bright colouring, while the men, usually clad in blue, and the brown







nets and lobster pots add greatly to the value of the boats in supplying material for the painter.

Each season has its own particular charms; which is best must depend on one's taste. The autumn with its glorious shades of gold and russet is beautiful beyond words. In December these colours give way to soft grey-greens, to be followed in February and March with all the tender purplish pinks and greens, varied by the many flowers, including the gorgeous magenta of the mesembryanthemum which clothes the seashore in places. Late spring and early summer is perhaps the least beautiful, for then the greens are too strong, and remain so for a month or more, when the powerful sun and the lack of rain dull them and they become more grey. The whole country is, I consider, a painter's paradise during the greater part of the year, and nearly all tastes can be satisfied.

In order to get the best out of the endless opportunities a car is advisable. They are cheap to hire, but it is better to have one's own for then one is independent. As the roads are for the most part good—indeed they may be called very good, when the mountainous nature of the country is considered—there is no difficulty in going about to nearly all parts of the island: motor-bicycles are not suited to the country.

At Ajaccio painting material can be bought from M. J. B. Bassoul, a delightful man and extremely clever painter. In the event of special supplies being needed it is best to send to Paris.

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Parcel post is somewhat slow, about ten days being the time required to get things to Ajaccio, but small packets come in four to six days. Anything sent from England may be a month or more in arriving, and then there is the duty to be paid, so it is in every way better, and very much cheaper, to deal either with Bassoul or a good Paris firm.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF PLACES AND POINTS OF MORE OR LESS INTEREST, WITH BRIEF NOTES CONCERNING THEM

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ALPHABETICAL LIST OF PLACES AND POINTS OF MORE OR LESS INTEREST, WITH BRIEF NOTES CONCERNING THEM¹

AGRIATES, desert; dry barren stretch between St. Florent and Ile-Rousse, reaching to the sea, crossed by the road from St. Florent to Ile-Rousse.

Aïtone, forest, through which road passes between Evisa and Col de Vergio. East from Gulf of Porto.

AJACCIO, town, capital of Corsica, on north side of Bay of Ajaccio. Population 22,700. Railroad terminus. Steamers arrive from Marseilles and Nice. Seaplane service to Antibes and Tunis. P.L.M. and other motor tours start from Ajaccio. Places of special interest: Napoleon Museum in Hotel de Ville, place des Palmiers. Napoleon's house in place Letizia, rue Napoleon. Here on August 15th, 1769, was born Napoleon Bonaparte. Cathedral, Notre Dame, built in sixteenth century. Napoleon was baptized here in 1771. There

¹ Distances are in some cases only approximately correct. They are near enough to enable the reader to find the various places on a map.

is a brass plaque on left side on column near entrance on which the following words of Napoleon are inscribed: "Si on proscrit" (de Paris) " mon cadavre comme on en a proscrit ma personne, je souhaite qu'on m'inhume auprés de mes ancêtres dans la Cathedrale d' Ajaccio, en Corse." Palais Fesch, in rue Fesch, Museum and Library. Napoleon's grotto, just beyond the Place du Casone. Berteau's garden, an ambitious unfinished garden, containing fine palms and in the season a beautiful mass of mimosa. This garden is private, but M. Berteau allows visitors. Château de la Punta, fourteen kilometres from Ajaccio, elevation about 2000 feet, building completed 1894, partly from material obtained from the Tuileries. The following inscription, on a red marble plaque, is in the château:

"Jerome, duc Pozzo di Borgo, et Charles, sont fils, ont fait constriure cet edifice avec des pierres provenant du palais des Tuileries, incendie a Paris en 1871, pour conserver a la Patrie Corse un precieux souvenir de la Patrie Française, l'an du Seigneur 1891."

Ajaccio, said to be one of the oldest towns in the island. Old town, which was north of present site, was destroyed by the Saracens in tenth century. New town probably founded by Genoese in fifteenth century. The citadelle was built about 1554. (See further details, page 56).

ALATA, small village, $9\frac{1}{2}$ kilometres north of Ajaccio.

Albertacce, village, about 867 metres elevation on road about half-way between Evisa and Francardo (junction of Corte-Bastia road); Monte Cinto is but 15 kilometres in a north-westerly direction from Albertacce, which is the point of departure for the ascent.

ALERIA, village, east coast, 72 kilometres south of Bastia, on junction of Tagnone and Tavignano rivers, little more than a ruined village; this was the Alalia of former times, founded probably by the Phoceans. The first Colony of Greeks settled here about 580 B.C. Theodore I, King of Corsica, landed here in 1736. Frequently mentioned in earlier history.

Algajola, small village, on coastal road between Calvi and Ile-Rousse. The granite base of the great column in the Place Vendôme, Paris, came from this place.

Appletto, small village, 16 kilometres about north of Ajaccio, near Rocher Gozzi mountain.

Abbori, small village, in chestnut grove, about 12 kilometres east of Gulf of Sagone, south of Vico.

Aregno, small village, dating back to 1177, about 15 kilometres east of Calvi.

Arena-Vescovato, R. R. Station for Vescovato.

Arrigo Della Rocca, ruins of château (see chapter on history, period 1372, for account of Count della Rocca), near Olmeto.

Asco, village, elevation 750 metres, on River Asco, N.E. 10 kilometres from Monte Cinto, about 15 kilometres from road near Ponte-Leccia, R.R. station, from which no road most of way, only mule trail. Interesting gorge and old bridge. A point from which Monte Cinto may be climbed.

Aullène, village, in chestnut forest, elevation 834 metres, on junction of roads Zicavo to Zonza and to Sartene.

BARRETALI, small village, west side of Cap Corse, between Nonza and Pino.

Bastelica, town, 800 metres, 42 kilometres east from Ajaccio, near source of Prunelli River, beautifully situated beneath Monte Renosa, 2357 metres high (about 7860 feet). Chiefly of interest as being the birthplace of Sampiero, the famous Corsican patriot, to whom there is a fine statue in the town. (See chapter on history, period 1553-1567.) On a plaque on the front of the house that was built in the eighteenth century over the ruins of Sampiero's house, which was destroyed by the Genoese, there is the following inscription (translated from the Corsican dialect):

"Au plus Corse des Corses, Sampiero, heros fameux parmi les innombrables heros que l'amour de la patrie, mere superbe des males vertus, a nourris dans ces montagne et dons ces torrents, William Wyse, catholique irlandais, neveu de Napoleon le Grand, plein d'admiration, dedie ce marbre VIII decembre, jour de la Conception, MDCCCLV."

The trip from Ajaccio to Bastelica, which is beautiful beyond words, may be made in half a day by car. The road, though narrow and winding, is fairly good. The best way is to come by way of Cauro and return on the north side of the river through Tolla and Ocana which is one of the finest drives in the country and is especially good when the sun is fairly low, either morning or afternoon, when the deep gorges are in shadow. The total distance of the trip from Ajaccio and back is only about 82 kilometres. It is a drive that should not be missed. (See further details, page 115).

Bastia, largest town in Corsica, on east coast at the lower end of Cap Corse; population about 33,000. Steamers to Nice, Marseilles, Genoa and Leghorn. P.L.M. and other motor trips start here. R.R. terminus. The old port is most picturesque with its horseshoe form surrounded by tall (up to nine storeys high) and somewhat irregular buildings, pale yellow and blue in colour, with greenish roofs. Streets of old town very narrow and steep, the buildings bridged across. Fine old Fort, frequently mentioned

in history; commenced in 1383 by Genoese, Leonello Lomellino; taken by British 1794 and evacuated 1796. Town originally small fishing village and not mentioned in older history. Now most important town commercially. Objects of interest: Library containing valuable books, in rue de L'Opera. Museum, several churches of interest, including those of Sainte Marie, in the citadel, built 1604, and containing a magnificent black crucifix, and Saint Jean Baptiste which is the largest in the town, and the citadel. Bastia is a delightful place for painters, not only the town and port, but the surrounding country offering a great variety of material. It is the starting-point for trips round Cap Corse and to Ile-Rousse and Calvi. The Cap Corse tour is about 88 kilometres by way of Luri or 106 by the more northern route. Frequent allusions to Bastia will be found in the chapter on the history of Corsica. (See further details, page 123.)

BAVELLA (col de), 1240 metres. The most beautiful col in the island, nearest village, with hotel, Zonza, 9 kilometres. Ajaccio, 108. N.E. of Sartene, 46 kilometres. Zonza-Solenzaro road. (More fully scribed, pages 97, 98.)

BAVELLA, forest; from near Zonza to near Col de Bavella. A pine forest of considerable size and great beauty.

- Belgodere, village on the Corte-Ponte-Leccia-Calvi road, south of Ile-Rousse. R.R. station.
- Bellavale (col de), 522 metres, on road Sollacaro (near Olmeto) to Ajaccio, near Petrosella.
- Bettianella, lake, small, south of Mt. Rotondo, 2058 metres elevation.
- BICCHISANO, hamlet of Petreto-Bicchisano.
- BIGUGLIA, small village, not far from east coast, about 8 kilometres south of Bastia. At one time under Genoese, fourteenth century, temporary capital of Corsica.
- Boccognano, village, and R.R. station, 620 metres; 42 kilometres from Ajaccio, near junction of Gravone and Bronco rivers, favourite place for those who make trip by train from Ajaccio for the trout fishing in the Gravone.
- Bonifacio, town of 2816 inhabitants, near exextreme south end of Corsica, 123 kilometres from Ajaccio. The most conspicuous feature is the old fort built by Boniface, Marquis of Tuscany, about 828. Historically the place is of great interest and the stories of the deeds of valour connected with the various sieges are endless. These are dealt with elsewhere in the history chapter and in Chapter III. The thirteenth-century church of Saint Dominique was built by the Knights Templars. The fifteenth-century Saint-François and

Sainte Marie-Majeure are the churches that may prove of interest to the visitor. From Bonifacio it is but a short distance by boat to the Grottos, Le Camere, Le Bain de Venus, and the Sdragonato, which is the finest of the three. Only in calm weather is it possible to reach these grottos. Sardinia may be reached by boat from Bonifacio. (For further details see pages 92, 93.)

- Borgo, small village, south of Bastia about 18 kilometres, short distance from R.R. Battle fought in 1768 in which Paoli's forces defeated the French.
- Brando, small village, east side of Cap Corse, 6 kilometres north of Bastia, old church (1677), Notre-Dame de Lavasina, also Grotto of Brando with its red, yellow, and white stalactites.
- CALACUCCIA, village, 847 kilometres, on road between Evisa and the Corte-Bastia road. 142 kilometres from Ajaccio and about 40 from Corte. West of the magnificent gorge, Scala di Santa-Regina. Usual place from which ascent of Mte. Cinto is made. Scenery remarkably fine.
- CALANCHE, the most visited and consequently best known of the sights in Corsica are the red Rocks of the Calanche. West coast, 73 kilometres from Ajaccio and 1½ kilometres from Piana the nearest village. Described in Chapter II.

- CALCATOGGIO, village, west coast, 22 kilometres north of Ajaccio near road to Piana. Picturesque and with fine view of Gulf of Sagone, but of no other special interest except that it was more or less the home of the king of the bandits, Romanetti, who was killed on April 25th, 1926, and had one of the largest funerals ever seen in Ajaccio.
- CALDANE, spring, hot sulphur baths, near Santa-Lucia-di-Tallano, about 20 kilometres east of Sartene.
- CALDANICCIA, small village, about 5 kilometres east of Ajaccio, on Gravone River, warm medicinal springs.
- CALENZANA, small town, about 13 kilometres south-east of Calvi. Scene of bloody battle of February 2nd, 1732, when, under Ceccaldi, the Corsicans routed the Genoese and their mercenaries. (See history chapter of that period.) Many hundreds of German mercenaries were buried here, about five hundred it is claimed, in what is known as the "Campo santo dei Tedeschi" (German cemetery). Calenzana is in a rich part of the country, minerals, honey, and oil being its chief resources.
- Calvi, fortified town, north-west point of island. R.R. terminus. Steamers to Nice and Toulon. An historical place of great interest. Founded in 1268 by the Genoese, Giovanninello de Loreto. Christopher Columbus

is believed to have been born in a small house inside the citadel in 1441 (this date is disputed, but is given on the plaque which has been placed on the ruins of his house). The fort has been besieged many times by various nations and was surrendered to the British on August 10th, 1794, after a bombardment which reduced the buildings to ruins. See history chapter of this period and further accounts of sieges. Nelson lost an eye during the siege of Calvi. (See page 136 for more full description of Calvi.)

- CAMPOTILE OF CIARMENTE (col de), elevation 1868 metres, south-west of Corte about 18 kilometres.
- CAMPOTILE, forest, about 8 kilometres west of Corte.
- Canari, commune, west side Cap Corse, between Nonza and Pino.
- Capigliolo, tower, Genoese, on point in Gulf of Sagone near Liamone River.
- Capitello, tower, Genoese, in Gulf of Ajaccio, near Prunelli River. In this tower Napoleon (who was then Instructor-General of Corsican artillery and had been instructed to reduce the citadel of Ajaccio) was an enforced prisoner when the fleet with which he was supposed to have co-operated was blown out to sea. Napoleon's cannon and the small body of men were in danger of being captured, and only with difficulty was the future emperor able to escape.

CAPRONALE (col de), 1570 metres, northerly from Evisa about 8 kilometres.

CARBINI, small village, about 8 kilometres, southwest of Zonza and 18 from Sartene, on edge of forest, Barocaggio-Marchiese. Sole claim to interest is that it was here, in 1365, that the abominable sect known as the Giovannali came into existence. Started by Polo and Arrigo, illegitimate sons of Guglielmuccio. Free love, and common ownership of everything, women, children and property. The sect, which grew with alarming speed, was finally destroyed by Pope Urban V, who excommunicated the members and sent troops for the purpose of wiping them out. Giovanneli were killed on sight. In a country renowned for its morality it is strange that this thoroughly immoral creed should have prospered.

CARBUCCIA, small village, R.R. station (some distance from village), 22 kilometres from Ajaccio.

CARDO, small village, 4 kilometres north-west of Bastia, summer resort for Bastia.

CARGÈSE, small town, on north-west point of Gulf of Sagone; 51 kilometres from Ajaccio, on road to Piana. Chiefly interesting as having been a Greek colony from Peloponesus, founded in 1676. The land given to them by the Genoese in the hope that the new people would perhaps be in sympathy with

Genoa and against the Corsicans. The experiment was not very successful and in 1731 the Greeks were forced to retire to Ajaccio when their villages were destroyed by the people of the island who had always objected to their presence. After the French had possession of Corsica the Greek colony reestablished itself. The Catholic and Greek churches now stand facing one another.

- CARGIACA, village, about 30 kilometres northeast of Sartene on road to Aullène near River Rixxanese.
- CAROZZICA, forest, north of Mte. Cinto, near Asco.
- CASABIANCA, east coast, near Aléria. Shooting headquarters for the plains of Aléria where game is abundant.
- CASAGLIONE, small village, 5 kilometres from Gulf of Sagone, between Liscia and Liamone rivers.
- Casalabriva, small village, 607 metres; 26 kilometres north of Sartene on Olmeto-Cauro road, near Petreto-Bicchisano.
- CASAMOZZA, R.R. station, 21 kilometres south of Bastia, on Golo River.
- Cascade des Anglais, near Vizzavona.
- CASTIRLA, small village, about 12 kilometres north of Corte, on road sometimes used as a short cut (first left after leaving Corte on Bastia Road) by visitors going to the Scala di Santa-Regina Gorge.

- CATERI, small village, about 15 kilometres east of Calvi on Ponte-Leccia-Calvi road.
- CAURO, village, 376 metres; 21 kilometres east of Ajaccio. Beautiful views of Prunelli River and Valley, and Mte. d'Oro.
- CAVALLO, island east of Bonifacio.
- CENTURI, village and small island, near extreme north-west point of Cap Corse, west of main Cap Corse Road. Village contains a modern château, built by General Comte Cipriani, contains numerous paintings. It was here that James Boswell landed when he visited Corsica and wrote about the island.
- Ceppo, peak, 1831 metres, south of Mte. d'Oro, near Vizzavona. Magnificent views.
- CERBICALE, group of islands, south of Porto-Vecchio, east coast, consisting of Forana, Maestro Maria, Piana and Pietricaggiosa.
- CERVELLO, large forest, north of Vizzavona.
- CERVIONE, town, 326 metres, near east coast. 51 kilometres south of Bastia on road from east coast to Ponte-Leccia. R.R. station, Prunete-Cervione, about 6 kilometres eastward. One of the finest and most prosperous looking of the east-coast towns. It was here, at the house of the Bishop of Aleria, that King Theodore lived in 1736. (See history chapter of that period.)
- CHERALBA (col de), elevation 1934 metres, about 8 kilometres (as crow flies) south-east of

Zicavo. Near Mt. l'Incudine (2136 metres). An interesting climb from Zicavo.

- CHIAVARI, old penitentiary, south of Ajaccio, uphill from Port de Chiavari, by road via bridge of Pisciatella, 37 kilometres. The drive to the Penitentiary, no longer in use, is a popular one.
- CHRISTE-ELEISON, mountain peak, 1220 metres. South of Ghisoni 3 kilometres (as crow flies). South-east of Vizzavona. Together with its twin peak, Kyrie-Eleison, 1584 metres, fine rugged mountains.
- CIARMENTE (col de), see Campotile.
- CINERAGGIA, mount, 1611 metres, about 18 kilometres (as crow flies) east of Calvi, due south of Nessa.
- CORBARA, village, about 4 kilometres south-west of Ile-Rousse. An interesting little village, somewhat African in character, with ruins of a castle.
- CORTE, town and citadel, 396 metres, near centre of island, 84 kilometres from Ajaccio and 74 from Bastia. R.R. station. 5094 inhabitants. On Restonica and Tavignano rivers. One of the most interesting and picturesque places in Corsica. Beautifully situated in a valley beneath mountains rising up to about 7000 feet and over. (Monte Rotondo is 8730 feet). Its history is full of incident from its earliest days. (Its origin

is shrouded in mystery.) Up to the time in 1794 when the proclamation was read by Sir Gilbert Elliot, making Corsica (at her own request) a part of the British Empire, to be relinquished again in about two years, the names of the greatest Corsican patriots, such as Sampiero, Gaffori, Paoli, have been intimately connected with this central citadel of the island. See Chapter IV and elsewhere for further description and information. Corte is the starting-point for many excursions such as the ascent of Monte Rotondo, the Gorge of the Tavignano, the magnificent Scala di Santa Regina and the Inzecca.

- Cozzano, village, 728 metres, 5 kilometres northeast of Zicavo on Zicavo-Ghisoni road, on Taravo River.
- Creno, small lake, near Monte Saint Eliseo (1507 metres), about 15 kilometres (as crow flies) from Vico, no road.
- CRICCHETO (col de), 709 metres, on Cauro-Bastelica road, about 6 kilometres from Bastelica. Fine views from pine forest.
- CRISTINACCE, small village, on Evisa-Vico road, about 5 kilometres south-east of Evisa, on Porto River. Fine scenery.
- Croix (col de la), see Lava.
- DEUX MERS (col de), see Teghime.
- Eccica-Suarella, small village near Cauro, in valley where there is a stone to mark the place

where Sampiero was murdered on January 17th, 1567. (See account, pages 164-65.)

ELBE, or ELBA, island, 60 kilometres east of Bastia. Belongs to Italy since 1860. No regular boat service from Bastia. Famous in connection with Napoleon to whom it was ceded (it belonged to France at that time), after his deposition. He lived there from May 5th, 1814, to February 26th, 1815. Chief town, Porto-Terrajo.

Evisa, village, 850 metres; 106 kilometres from Ajaccio, via Piana, 10 kilometres in a straight line east from Gulf of Porto, about 21 from Porto by road. One of the most beautifully situated villages in Corsica. Superb views of Spelunca, of Capo d'Orto (over the Calanche), and vast ranges of mountains to the north. 12 kilometres from Col de Vergio, on edge of Aïtone forest. Perfect place for walks and scenery. A favourite place for visitors. (See more complete description on pages 65-68.)

FILOSORMA, large forest, about half-way between Calvi and Evisa.

FINOCCHIAROLA, small islands, off north-east point of Cap Corse.

Folelli-Orezza, small R.R. station, 32 kilometres south of Bastia, on Ghisonaccia-Casamozza line, east coast. On Alto River.

Forca, forest, immediately north-west of Corte.

- Francardo, village, R.R. station, 55 kilometres from Bastia, on Bastia-Ajaccio line. On Golo River. Good fishing district.
- Furiani, small village south of Bastia, about 6 kilometres. West of east-coast road. In 1729 Giafferi won a great battle against the Genoese; a ruined fortress still remains. (See history chapter under 1729 period.)
- GALERIA, village, 20 kilometres (as crow flies) south of Calvi. About 6 kilometres west of main road and near the River Fango. Rather picturesquely situated on slopes of Capo Tondo overlooking the Gulf of Galeria.
- Ghisonaccia, village, terminus of R.R.; 86 kilometres south of Bastia, also village 5 kilometres south-east on Bastia-Bonifacio road, and 5 from east coast. Good shooting district, and trout fishing in the Orbo River and others.
- Ghisoni, village, 658 metres, on Zicavo-Vivario road, at junction of road to Ghisonaccia; 15 kilometres from Vivario, 31 from Zicavo, at head of Inzecca Gorge. Beautiful mountainous country. Shooting and trout fishing in neighbourhood.
- Gozzi (Rocher), a red rock mountain, 708 metres high, about 12 kilometres north-east from Ajaccio. An interesting climb and splendid views.

- Granace (col de), 827 metres. About half-way on road between Cauro and Zicavo, near village of Zevaco. Fine views.
- GROSSETO-PRUGNA, village, 441 metres, on road to Petreto-Bicchisano, about 3 kilometres south of Cauro-Zicavo road.
- Guagnerola (col de), 1837 metres (over a thousand feet higher than the Col Vergio). Northeast of Evisa, not far from Col Vergia, crossed in making mountain trips from Galeria to Albertacce.
- Guagno, river, flows into Liamone, near Vico.
- Guagno les Bains, village, and baths, 480 metres, 11 kilometres east of Vico, contains springs of mineral waters of medicinal value, some of which are almost of boiling temperature. Known since sixteenth century. Baths have been built but are not kept up properly.
- Guagno, village, about 5 kilometres further east, on River Albelli.
- Guitera, village and baths, about 5 kilometres west of Zicavo. Hot sulphur baths, not properly cared for.
- ILARATA (col d'), 1050 metres, on road between Porto-Vecchio and Zonza, on edge of Ospedale Forest, magnificent views.
- ILE-ROUSSE (Isola Rossa, old name), small seaport town of about 2000 inhabitants, on north coast between St. Florent and Calvi. R.R. station, 99 kilometres by train from

Bastia. Steamers to St. Florent, Calvi, Toulon, and Nice. Founded in 1758 by Pasquale Paoli, to have a foothold on the coast near the enemy's forts of Calvi and Algajola.

Inzecca (défilé de l'), gorge, of the Orbo River, a few kilometres east of Ghisoni on Vavario-Ghisonaccia road. About 44 kilometres southeast of Corte via Col de Sorba (1305 metres). This is one of the finest of the gorges in the island, and is worth visiting, not only on account of its wild imposing beauty, but for the drive leading to and away from it. For some reason people are apt to imagine that it involves a long journey. Yet it is but about 24 kilometres from the R.R. station of Vivario, or 41 from Zicavo. (Described, page 97.)

Isolaccio, village, about 12 kilometres westward (as crow flies) from Ghisonaccia, not on main road.

Kyrie-Eleison, mountain peak. (See Christe-Eleison.)

LAMA, village, 17 kilometres south-west of St. Florent (as crow flies), near Monte Asto, 1533 metres.

LANCONE (défilé de), a picturesque gorge of the Revinco River, 17 kilometres south-west of Bastia. Between Mte. Rotto and Mte. Al Cola on road Bastia-St. Florent, via Oletta. LARONE (col de), 621 metres, on road Zonza to Solenzara, between Mufrareccia peak, 1895 metres, and Mte. Renosa, 805 metres. Magnificent views.

LAVASINA, village. (See Brando.)

Lavezzi, island, south-east of Bonifacio, in Straits of Bonifacio. On this island in 1855 the frigate Semillante, carrying troops to the Crimea, was lost with all hands; 773 soldiers and sailors were drowned and their bodies washed up on the rocks were buried there.

Lavo (col de), 498 metres, just south of Piana, on Ajaccio-Piana road, overlooking the Calanche and Gulf of Porto.

LECA (château de Jean-Paul de), close to Piana, remains of castle.

LETIA, village, north-east of Vico, about 5 kilometres east of road to Evisa.

Levie, village, 600 metres, on Sartene-Zonza road, about 27 kilometres north-east of Sartene. Picturesque village overlooking the Tallano vineyards and with fine views of surrounding mountains.

LIAMONE, river, empties into Gulf of Sagone.

Libbio, forest, about 7 kilometres west of Vico. Near Bains de Guagno.

Liscia (golf de), part of Gulf of Sagone (west coast).

Liscia, river, empties into Gulf of Sagone.

- Lonca, forest, few kilometres north of Evisa.
- LORETO-DI-CASINCA, 600 metres, village, about 5 kilometres south of Vescovato. North of Mont Saint Angelo (1216 metres), in fine chestnut forests.
- Lozzi, village, about 4 kilometres north of Calacuccia. South-east of Monte Cinto (9003 feet).
- Lucciana, village, south of and near Borgo. Near east coast, about 17 kilometres (as crow flies) south of Bastia.
- Lumio, village, 9 kilometres east of Calvi, on coast road. Old church, built 1272.
- Luri, village, on Cap Corse road, midway between Marine de Luri and Pino.
- Macinaggio (marine de), north-east point of Cap Corse road from Bastia, 36 kilometres. From this port Paoli in 1767 took the island of Capreja from the Genoese, and here also he landed in 1790 after his exile in England.
- Manganello (col de), 1792 metres; about 23 kilometres (as crow flies) east of Vico.
- Mariana, or Marana, about 6 kilometres east of Casemozza. R.R. station (21 kilometres south of Bastia). Is the site of ancient town founded by Marius. There are some Roman remains and the ruins of the once fine cathedral called the "Canonica," believed to have been built in eleventh century. It is likely that the unhealthy nature of the flat lands of

- the Biguglia swamps caused the place to be abandoned.
- MARIGNANA, village, just south of Evisa, on upper or south road, beneath Capo San Angelo (1272 metres).
- Marinca, village, west coast Cap Corse, between Nonza and Pino. Sixteenth-century church containing paintings of more or less interest.
- MEZZANA, R.R. station, 13 kilometres from Ajaccio.
- Minervio, village, west coast of Cap Corse. Short distance south of Pino.
- Мюмо (marine de), small village, on east coast of Cap Corse, 4 kilometres north of Bastia.
- Moca-Croce, village, about 6 kilometres northeast of Petreto-Bicchisana, on road to Bains de Guitera.
- Moltifao, village, about 9 kilometres west of Ponte-Leccia-Calvi road. Between Moltifao and Ponte-Leccia is the great grotto of Pietrabello, which has not been thoroughly investigated.
- Monaccia, village, north of Sartene-Bonifacio road, about half-way between these two towns.
- Monte Asto, 1533 metres, 14 kilometres southwest of St. Florent.
- Monte Calvi, 1071 metres; immediately west of Ghisoni.

- Monte Capra, 1266 metres, about 10 kilometres north from Bastia, between Nonza and Brando.
- Monte Cinto, 2710 metres (9003 feet), 20 kilometres (as crow flies) north-west from Corte, and 8 from Calacuccia. Highest mountain in Corsica. Can be climbed from Albertacce in about seven hours, or from Asco (northeast of the mountain), from where mules can go most of the way to the peak. Guides are necessary; ascent should not be attempted in winter.
- Monte d'Oro, 2391 metres (7970 feet), west of Vizzavona, from which place ascent can be made in a day. Monte d'Oro is seen from Ajaccio, distant about 40 kilometres northeast (as crow flies).
- Monte Grosso, 1941 metres, 16 kilometres south-east of Calvi and 6 east of Calenzana (as crow flies).
- Monte Incudine, 2136 metres (7120 feet), 10 kilometres south-east of Zicavo (as crow flies), from which place it may be climbed in about five hours, by mule almost to summit. At this point both sides of the island are in sight. A magnificent panorama repays the effort of the ascent.
- Monte Padro, 2398 metres (7980 feet), 20 kilometres (as crow flies) almost south of Ile-Rousse. Splendid views in all directions.

Monte Renoso, 2357 metres (7860 feet), 9 kilometres (as crow flies) north-east of Bastelica. Six hours via Lac de Vitalaca (which is near the source of the Prunelli River and quite near the summit).

Monte Rotondo, 2625 metres (8730 feet), 13 kilometres (as crow flies) south-west of Corte, from which place ascent can be made. Wonderful views.

Morosaglia, village, 821 metres. East of Ponte Leccia about 14 kilometres. Interesting chiefly as the birthplace of Pascal (or Pasquale) Paoli (April 8th, 1726), son of Hyacinth Paoli. (See in history chapter, period 1755 et seq., and pages 100–105.) Pasquale Paoli died in London in 1807 and was buried at St. Pancras. In 1889 the remains of the great patriot, known as the "Father of his Country," were brought back to Corsica and laid to rest in a little mortuary chapel in the house in which he had been born, which is really at Stretta a part of Morosaglia. At Morosaglia there is a school founded by Paoli known as "École Paoli."

MURATO, village, about 22 kilometres south-west of Bastia. In the church there is a painting attributed somewhat doubtfully to Titian. Another church, St. Michel, is remarkable for the strange sculptured work and coloured stones; believed to have been built by the Pisans from material taken from a

Moorish mosque previously in the same locality.

- Muro, village, about 12 kilometres south of Ile-Rousse, near the Ponte-Leccia-Calvi road. A prosperous little village of about 1000 inhabitants.
- Murzo, small village, just east of Vico, near the Liamone River.
- Nebbio, i kilometre from St. Florent. Ruins of ancient town destroyed by the Saracens. The cathedral restored in 1884. It contains the mummified remains of St. Florent.
- NINO, lake, 1743 metres, source of Tavignano River, west of Corte about 20 kilometres (as the crow flies).
- Nonza, village, west side of Cap Corse, about 30 kilometres from Bastia. The most picturesque village in Corsica. It is on the crest of an abrupt rocky spur rising high above the sea. On the highest point is an old Genoese tower overlooking the irregular slope of the village. Some of the houses of the north side seem to be a part of the almost vertical rocks to which they cling in a seemingly perilous way. In passing through Nonza on the Cap Corse trip a stop should be made here so that the remarkable beauty of the place may be seen. (Further details, see pages 127–132.)
- Ocana, village, 25 kilometres east of Bastia on road to Bastelica. An extremely picturesque

place on the slopes of mountain covered with chestnut, live oak and olives. Overlooking the valley of the Prunelli River; magnificent views in all directions. (See trip to Bastelica from page 115.)

- OLETTA, village, 23 kilometres south-west of Bastia, via the Défilé de Lancone (gorge), to St. Florent (7 or 8 kilometres to the north), a village of noticeable prosperity. Roquefort cheese and fruits are its chief resources.
- Olmeto, village, 325 metres, 64 kilometres south of Ajaccio on road to Sartene. Overlooking the Gulf of Valinco; a very picturesque place of nearly 2000 inhabitants; near by are the ruins of the château d'Arrigo della Rocca.
- OLMETA DE TUDA, village, 20 kilometres southwest of Bastia on road to St. Florent, and quite close to the Défilé de Lancone. There is a château built by the maréchal Sebastiani, and is the scene of the Isle of Unrest, by Seton Merriman.
- Olmi-Cappella, village, 49 metres south of Belgadore, 7 kilometres (as crow flies) south of Ile-Rousse. Well situated, overlooking the valley of the Tartagine River.
- OMESSA, village, 828 metres, north-easterly from Corte about 10 kilometres (as crow flies). East of main road to Bastia. In the church

- are some fine paintings, one having a frame inlaid with precious stones.
- OMINANDA (col d'), 814 metres, north of Corte, on short-cut road to road through the gorge of Scala di Santa Regina. Fine views.
- Orezza (Eaux d'), mineral springs and therapeutic establishment, near Piedicroce (on the Cervione-Ponte Leccia road).
- OSPEDALE, beautiful pine forest and small hamlet between Zonza and Porto-Vecchio, on high tract overlooking the southern portion of the island.
- OTA, village, between Porto and Evisa, north of Porto River. Situated on the steep slopes of the Spelunca, it has views of unusual beauty, eastward up the gorge leading past Evisa to the Col de Vergio, south towards the rose and orange-tinted mountains overlooking the Calanche, and west over the beautiful Bay of Porto. The village itself is perhaps less interesting than its surroundings.
- Palneca, village, 1022 metres, on west side of the Taravo River and ravine. West of the Zicavo-Ghisoni road. With its 1650 inhabitants it is a fair-sized village, but somewhat isolated by the difficulty of access along its winding mountain road.
- PARATA, point, and old martello tower, 12 kilometres west from Ajaccio. A favourite drive

along the coast road which ends at the point and off which are Les Isles Sanguinaires.

- Patrimonio, village, on road between Bastia and St. Florent. Beautifully situated, overlooking the rich vineyards, with the Gulf of St. Florent in the distance. The church with its single campanile, seen through the olive trees, makes a most effective picture. The village has given its name to one of the best-known wines of the country.
- PAZZANA, or PAZZARA (col de), 1233 metres, between Bastelica and Ucciani (near the railway), crossed by mule track.
- Penta di Casinca, village, about 30 kilometres south of Bastia and 4 west of railway halt of St. Pancrace.
- Perticato, forest, between the Flango and Perticato rivers, north of Evisa.
- Pertusato, cape, 4 kilometres south of Bonifacio. Splendid view of coast and town.
- Petreto-Bicchisano, village, 481 metres, combining Petreto and Bicchisano; 48 kilometres south-east of Ajaccio, near Cauro-Olmeto road. Delightful place with fine views. Trout fishing in the district.
- Piana, village, west coast, 72 kilometres north of Ajaccio; an attractive place, parts of which are picturesque, but it is known chiefly on account of its proximity to the extraordinary Red Rocks of the Calanche which begin about

one and a half kilometres to the north. Practically every visitor to Corsica goes to the famous Calanche, consequently they all see Piana, and many spend a day or two there in order to have more time to enjoy the strange rocks and the splendid views.

PIEDICROCE D'OREZZA, village, 636 metres, about 50 kilometres south of Bastia on the Cervione-Ponte-Leccia road. Near the mineral water springs and therapeutic establishment of the Eaux d'Orezza.

PIEDIPARTINO, small village, in chestnut forest south of, and close to, Piedicroce.

PIED' OREZZA, very small village, close to the above.

PIETRA-CORBARA, small port, east coast Cap Corse; 18 kilometres north of Bastia.

PIETRAPOLA, mineral baths, about 14 kilometres west of Ghisonaccia (east coast).

Pino, small village, west coast of Cap Corse. A very attractive village, overlooking the Gulf of Aliso. About half-way on the long tour round the cape from Bastia. Best known as the stopping-place for lunch.

Pisciaallonde (cascade de), on the upper waters of the Liamone River, north-east of Vico, and reached by a rough trail from Letia.

Pisciatello, small village, on the Prunelli, where a bridge crosses the river, 12 kilometres from Ajaccio on Cauro road.

Poggio-Riventosa

villages and railway sta-Poggio di Venaco, tion, 76 kilometres from Ajaccio and 83 from Bastia.

PONTE DE CASTIRLA, bridge over Golo River, west of Francardo and north of Corte on junction of short-cut road and the Calacuccia road, near eastern end of the Scala di Santa-Regina Gorge.

PONTE-LECCIA, small village and railway junction station for Calvi and main line Bastia and Ajaccio, 47 kilometres south-west from Bastia. On Golo River; junction also of roads to Bastia, Corte and Ajaccio, Calvi and Morosaglia-Cervione and east coast.

PONTE-Nuovo, small village and railway station, on Golo River, 40 kilometres south-west of Bastia. The old Genoese bridge of five spans and the sad history of the battle of Ponte-Nuovo in May, 1769, when the Corsicans were finally defeated by the French (see history of this date), are the chief points of interest.

Popolosca, village and marble quarries, southwest of Ponte-Leccia and north of Ponte-Castirla, in a region of mountains and bright red rocks.

Porticchio, point and hamlet, south-east of Ajaccio, about 5½ kilometres by sea and 16 by road.

Porto, hamlet and old Genoese fort, at mouth of Porto River, 13 kilometres north-east of Piana. A very beautiful place with unusually fine views towards the Calanche, up the Spelunca towards Evisa and the shores of the Gulf of Porto.

Porto-Vecchio, small town (4242 inhabitants), on south-east coast, about 25 kilometres north of Bonifacio in the Gulf of Porto-Vecchio. Well situated with interesting old forts overlooking the sea. The town itself is about the most depressing one in Corsica, though formerly it enjoyed considerable importance. The prevalence of malaria makes it a place to be avoided during the summer. Salt, oysters and cork are the chief sources of commerce. The large red pina shells are abundant in the district.

Pozzo-di-Borgo, château, usually called the château de la Punta, 13 kilometres from Ajaccio, up a steep drive to a height of 660 metres (over 2000 feet). This building was completed in 1894 by Ferome Duc Pozzo di Borgo et Charles son fils. Stones from the Tuileries, which was burned in Paris in 1871, were used in its construction. It is open to the public through the courtesy of the caretaker and is considered one of the sights of Ajaccio.

Prato de Morosaglia (col de), 974 metres, 3 kilometres east of Morosaglia.

Propriano, seaport, west coast, about 70 kilometres south of Ajaccio. A busy, but not

particularly attractive, place. It was near here, in June of 1564, that Sampiero, after he had killed his wife, returned to the island to fight for its freedom. (See history chapter of this period.)

- Prunete (marine de), small port on east coast, near Cervione.
- PRUNETE-CERVIONE, railway station for Cervione, 48 kilometres south of Bastia.
- Punta, château de la. (See Pozzo-di-Borgo.)
- Punta Radiche, peak, 2010 metres, 18 kilometres south-east of Calvi (as crow flies).
- Puzzichello (bains de), 80 kilometres south of Bastia by train (halte de Puzzichello, 2 ½ kilometres from baths), near east coast; cold sulphur and salt baths, supposed to be good for various diseases.
- REGINO, LE, R.R. station, 42 kilometres from Ponte-Leccia, 10 from Ile-Rousse.
- Renno, small village, about 8 kilometres north of Vico. From this fertile district the Reinettes apples come.
- RESTONICA, forest, and valley of the Restonica River, west of and close to Corte. One of the favourite walks from Corte, and one of the ways to Monte Rotondo (8730 feet).
- REVELLATA, point and gulf of, immediately west of Calvi. The Veaux-marins (seals) Grotto is in this bay.

- RINELLA (col de la), 1595 metres; west of Corte and south of Calacuccia, on trail between these places via the Tavignano Valley. Magnificent views of Monte Rotondo.
- Rio Secco (col de), 2550 metres, on northern slopes of Monte Rotondo.
- ROCCAPINA (le lion de), large rock resembling a lion, 35 kilometres north-west from Bonifacio, near road to Sartene.
- Rogliano, village, north end of Cap Corse, south of road crossing the peninsula.
- SAGONE, village, 37 kilometres north of Ajaccio, on north shore of Gulf of Sagone. A sad remains of former glory when it was the seat of bishops about the sixth century. Its destruction by the Moors and others resulted in the bishop moving to Vico, and the place to-day is a doleful little hamlet, whose existence is only justified by the fact that great quantities of charcoal are shipped by sailing vessels which find good anchorage in the bay.
- ST. Andre D'Orcino, small village, west of Calcatoggio, in richly cultivated region, 30 kilometres from Ajaccio.
- St. Florent (formerly San Fiorenzo), port and village at mouth of Aliso River, south bay of Gulf of St. Florent, 21 kilometres west of Bastia. Founded in 1440, and held in turn by many Powers, including Genoese and French, and the English, who took it in 1794

Owing to its good port it was at one time an important place. Now it is a harbour without ships and wharves without merchandise; a rather forlorn spot. Even the railway has ignored it. To add to its woes it is unhealthy owing to the swampy nature of the adjacent country.

- St. George (col de), 762 metres. On Ajaccio-Zicavo road, about 7 kilometres south-east of Cauro.
- St. Laurent (San Lorenzo), village on Casaluna River, about 28 kilometres south-east of Ponte-Leccia. Good trout fishing district.
- St. Pierre (col de). (See Vergio-Soprono.)
- St. Pierre de Venaco, village, south of Corte, near Venaco, of which it is practically a part.
- STE.-MARIE-SICH^E (Sta. Maria S.), village, just south of Cauro-Zicavo road, 34 kilometres from Ajaccio in an easterly direction. A picturesque village in which was born Sampiero's wife, the ill-fated Vanina d'Ornano. The former name of the place was Santa-Maria-d'Ornano.
- SAN COLOMBANO (col de), 682 metres; 8 kilometres east of Belgodere on Ponte-Leccia-Calvi road.
- SAN DAMIANO, island, in the Étang de Biguglia, on east coast, south of Bastia.
- SAN DAMINAO, peak, 994 metres, east of Sari d'Orcino (east of Gulf of Sagone) about 8 kilometres (as crow flies).

- SAN GAVINO, R.R. halte, on Ponte-Leccia-Calvi line, 35 kilometres north-west of Ponte-Leccia, near Belgodere.
- SAN GAVINO-DI-CARBINI, small village on Sartene-Zonza road, 5 kilometres south-west of Zonza. Best known to tourists as a stopping-place (with a comfortable hotel) for visiting the Col de Bavella.
- SANGUINAIRES, islands, west of Ajaccio, 18 kilometres by sea. Off Parata Point, which is a favourite drive of 12 kilometres from Ajaccio.
- SAN LUSORIO (col de), 762 metres, north of Sarrola-Carcopino. About 23 kilometres north-east of Ajaccio.
- SAN MARTINO-DI-LOTA, village, about 11 kilometres north of Bastia. West of the east coast Cap Corse road.
- SAN PARTEO (Mont), 1680 metres, about 10 kilometres (as crow flies) south-west of Belgodere (on Ponte-Leccia-Calvi road).
- SAN PIETRO, or PADRONE (Mont), 1766 metres, west of road between Piedicroce and Morosaglia (on Cervione-Ponte-Leccia road). Supposed to afford one of the finest mountain views in the island.
- SAN PIETRO (col de), 1758 metres, near above mountain on trail between Campana and San Lorenzo.
- SAN PIETRO D'Accia, rocks, 1075 metres, near above mountain.

- SANT' ANGELO (Mont), 1216 metres, about 25 kilometres (as crow flies) south of Bastia, between Vescovato and Morosaglia.
- SANT' ELISEO (Mont), 1507 metres, 12 kilometres (as crow flies) easterly from Vico, accessible from Orto.
- SANT' ELISEO, peak, 1272 metres north of Gravone River, 19 kilometres north-east of Ajaccio (as crow flies).
- SANTA LUCIA DI TALLANO, village, about 600 metres; on Sartene-Zonza road, about midway. The centre of one of the finest wine districts.
- Santa Regina (Scala di), gorge of the Golo River, between Calacuccia and Francardo, north of Corte, about 12 kilometres. This gorge is one of the finest and grandest sights in Corsica, where the torrent is walled in by sheer rocky mountains 3000 feet high.
- SANTA SEVERA, small village, on east coast of Cap Corse, 25 kilometres north of Bastia at junction of road to Pino.
- SANTO PIETRO DI TENDA, village, 12 kilometres south of St. Florent, picturesquely situated on mountain slope, near by; towards Mont Rivinco are four dolmens, known as the Maison de l'Ogre, Tombeau de l'Ogre, Maison de l'Ogresse, and the Tombeau de l'Ogresse.
- SARI D'ORCINO, village, about 33 kilometres north-east of Ajaccio; on the eastern

Calcatoggio-Vico road; in the well-cultivated vine district.

- SARROLA-CARCOPINO, village, about 20 kilometres north-east of Ajaccio. A curiously picturesque little place reached by a very twisting road which turns so sharp in the village that it requires careful driving to get through. Splendid view of the Gravone River and valley and surrounding mountains.
- SARTENE, town, with population 6135; 85 kilometres south of Ajaccio, on road to Bonifacio, overlooking Rixxanese River and valley. (Further particulars, page 83).
- SCALA DI SANTA REGINA. (See Santa Regina.)
- Scallela (col de), 1173 metres, on road from Bocognano to Bastelica.
- Scalo (marine de), small port of Pino, on west side of Cap Corse.
- Sciano (col de), 999 metres, south of Bastelica, on mountain trail to Zicavo.
- Scozzolatojo (col de), 1115 metres, northwest of Ghisoni on road via Col de Sorbo to Vivario. Wonderful mountain views.
- SDRAGONATO, sea cave, near Bonifacio. (See page 92.)
- Seneca (Tower of), between Luri and Pino, Cap Corse. In this tower Seneca, while exiled to Corsica in A.D. 41, is supposed to have lived; the story is open to doubt.

- SERMANO, village, 764 metres, east of Corte about 10 kilometres (as crow flies) and 24 by road, picturesquely situated beneath rugged mountains.
- SERRA (col de), 804 metres, close to Vivario on road to Ghisoni by way of the Col de Sorba.
- SERRAGIO-DI-VENACO. (See Venaco.)
- SEVI (col de), 1094 metres, highest point on road from Vico to Evisa. Magnificent view of the Liamone River and valley, and mountain ranges.
- Sisco (commune and port), east coast Cap Corse, 14 kilometres north of Bastia. Near Sisco port, Marine de Sisco, is an old convent with chapel reputed to be about six hundred years old. The crypt is said to contain some remarkable relics, which apparently no one has seen. The list includes "Aaron's Rod which blossomed. Manna from the Desert. A piece of the cradle of Christ, and the rod with which Moses parted the Red Sea."
- Soccia, village, 850 metres, about 16 kilometres east of Vico and 6 from Bains de Guagno. From Soccia there is a way to the Lac de Creno, which is situated at an elevation of 1203 metres, between Mont Sant' Eliseo, 1507 metres, and Capo Alla Moneta, 1896 metres.
- Solenzara, village, on east coast on Solenzara River near junction of the Zonza and the Bastia-Bonifacio roads. An attractive

little place, planted with fine eucalyptus trees.

- Sollacaro, village, 51 kilometres south of Ajaccio on the western road to Sartene, and about 3 from the Cauro-Olmeto road. Formerly residence of Vincentillo d'Istria, the ruins of whose castle still remain.
- Sorba (col de), 1305 metres on road between Ghisoni and Vivario. One of the finest views is to be had from this high col. Beyond the pine forest and gorge of the Inzecca the eastern plains may be seen framed by many high mountains. The road is often impassable during winter owing to the snow, but is one of the finest drives to be found in the island.
- SPELONCATO, village, south-west of Belgodere on Ponte-Leccia-Calvi road. Remains of fifthcentury Roman baths, and ruins of château de Guistiniani.
- SPELUNCA (La), gorge and rock-bound mountains, near Ota, between Porto and Evisa, on north side of Porto River. The Spelunca is part of the wonderful view looking west from Evisa.
- STRETTA, a hamlet of Morosaglia, where Pasquale Paoli was born. (See Morosaglia.)
- TALASANI, small village, about 5 kilometres from east coast and 5 south-west of Folelli-Orezza station. Birthplace of Louis Giafferi, whose

- name is closely associated with the war of independence in and about 1734.
- Tartavello (col de), 900 metres, north of Gravone River and north-west of Carbuccia station (22 kilometres from Ajaccio).
- TATTONE, R.R. station, 55 kilometres from Ajaccio; 802 metres elevation.
- TAVERA, village and R.R. station, 35 kilometres from Ajaccio; 465 metres elevation. South of the Gravone River.
- TAVIGNANO, gorge, west of Corte, through which runs the
- TAVIGNANO, river, whose source is Lac de Nino, 1748 metres elevation, near Mont Tozzo (2099 metres), runs past Corte to east coast at Aleria.
- TEGHIME (col de), 544 metres, 10 kilometres west of Bastia, on road to St. Florent.
- Tolla, village, 31 kilometres from Ajaccio, on road to Bastelica. Beautifully situated overlooking the Prunelli River and gorge.
- Ucciani, village, near R.R. station, 32 kilometres east of Ajaccio, also near Gravone River. The village lies nestled on the slope of fairly high mountains and is particularly attractive in summer and autumn.
- Uomo di Cagna, strange rock, shaped like a man; 1215 metres. About 7 kilometres in direct line inland from road Sartene-Bonifacio, at point 20 kilometres from Bonifacio.

- URBALCONE, small village and baths of sulphur water, I kilometre west of road going south from Cauro-Zicavo to Petreto-Bicchisano, 41 kilometres from Ajaccio.
- VACCA-MORTA (peak), 1315 metres, about 7 kilometres in direct line south-east of Levie (between Sartene and Zonza).
- VACCIA (col de), 1188 metres, 12 kilometres north of Aullène. Highest point on Zicavo-Zonza road. Magnificent views.
- Valdoniello, pine forest, east of Col de Vergio, between Evisa and Calacuccia. The road passes through part of this large and beautiful forest, which is on the slopes of Mont Tozzo (2090 metres), Artica Peak (2329 metres), and Capo Faccinata (2117 metres), and goes down to the Golo River.
- Valle-di-Mezzana, small village, 20 kilometres north-east of Ajaccio. North of Gravone River, on mountain slopes overlooking valley. A picturesque little place in which is the interesting church of Saint Michel.
- VEAUX MARINS, sea grotto, 4 kilometres west from Calvi in Gulf of Revellata. This cave, which has a height of about 36 feet and has strange effects of colour, is the home of seals.
- Venaco, village and R.R. station (also called Serragio di Venaco), 565 metres, 73 kilometres from Ajaccio on way to Bastia, 11 south of Corte. A delightful village, well

situated and very irregular, and commanding vast views across the Tavignano Valley and of the surrounding mountains.

- Venzolasca, village, 26 kilometres south of Bastia, 2 south-east of Vescovato. A delightful village in chestnut forest region. Overlooking the flat country of Biguglia and the sea, and in the distance Elba and the other islands may be seen.
- VERDE (col de), 1345 metres, the highest point of road south of Ghisoni on way to Zicavo.
- Vergio (col de), 1464 metres, 12 kilometres north-east of Evisa, on road to Calacuccia, Francardo and Corte. The highest road in Corsica on which motors can go. It is 4800 feet in height and commands truly magnificent views of the Golo ravine and valley to the east and the Aïtone gorge to the west, and of Monte Cinto, 9003 feet, the highest mountain in the island, and other high points. The road is impassable as a rule during winter, owing to snow. (See further details, pages 70-71.)
- Vergio-Soprono (col de), also called Col de St. Pierre, 1446 metres; about 4 kilometres (as crow flies) from Col de Vergio. East of Evisa.
- VESCOVATO, village, 29 kilometres south of Bastia, R.R. station, Arena-Vescovata to the east

about 3 kilometres. Situated among fine chestnut trees, the place is most attractive, and has some buildings which are interesting as being the birthplaces of Andrea Ceccaldi the famous patriot, Filippini the historian of the sixteenth century, and three of the Casabiancas; Luce the hero of Aboukir, general and French senator, and the count who was minister under Napoleon III. Vescovata has been the dwelling-place of other great men and was the residence of the bishop after Mariana was destroyed.

VEZZANI, village, 785 metres; about 14 kilometres east of Vivario. On road to the east coast, near head of Tagnone River. There is a copper mine, which until recently was being exploited, quite near the rather bare little village. Its good air and views and proximity to the forests and mountains are its chief attractions.

Vico, village, 400 metres, 52 kilometres north of Ajaccio, and 1 from the road to Evisa and Calacuccia. In the valley of the Liamone River, it is 10 kilometres west of the Bains de Guagno. At one time the residence of the bishop after the destruction of Sagone in the sixth century.

VILLE DE PARASO, small village, south-west of Belgodere (on Ponte Leccia-Calvi road). Remains of an ancient Roman town called Mutola. VITALACA, lake, near Monte Renoso (7860 feet), north-east of Bastelica. Source of the Prunelli River.

VIVARIO, village (also called Gatti de Vivario), 617 metres, R.R. station, 62 kilometres from Ajaccio and 22 south of Corte. The village is perilously situated on the steep rocky slopes overlooking the valley of the Tavignano, and with a fine view of Monte d'Oro. One of the favourite summer resorts. The passer-by will remember it chiefly by the very sharp bends of the road.

Vizzavona, village, chiefly of hotels and summer villas; 906 metres, R.R. station, 51 kilometres from Ajaccio, 107 from Bastia. Owing to its elevation and being among great forests of pine and beech this is Corsica's favourite summer place. During the winter it is becoming popular with those who enjoy being among the snow. All about there are endless walks and, for those who wish it, mountain climbing, as Monte d'Oro, whose summit is 7970 feet above sea-level, is within easy distance, and to the south there is Monte Renoso, 7860 feet high.

VIZZAVONA (col de), 1162 metres, just to the west of Vizzavona.

VIZZAVONA, R.R. tunnel, beneath the col, 824 metres elevation at south end and 906 at north, total length 3916 metres.

ZICAVO, village, 727 metres, about 60 kilometres east of Ajaccio, at junction of road north to Ghisoni, south to Zonza. Well situated on north slopes of Monte Incudine (7120 feet); beautiful scenery near by, with fine views down valley of Taravo River, where there is trout fishing. A good centre for excursions if it were not for the hotels. Used as stopping-place for lunch on way north or south.

Zonza, village, 784 metres, about 101 kilometres south-east of Ajaccio, on Zicavo-Porto-Vecchio-Bonifacio road and 37 from Sartene, on the Sartene-Solenzara road. Used chiefly as a sleeping-place for the tours from Ajaccio by Bonifacio, and for those wishing to see the wonders of the Col de Bavella, which is 9 kilometres north-westerly. Zonza is on the edge of the magnificent pine forest and has splendid views in all directions.



HEIGHTS OF PRINCIPAL MOUNTAINS OVER 7000 FEET.

	Feet	(Feet
Artica, Punta	7760	Missodio, Punta	7440
Bacinello, Punta	7420	Mozzello, Punta	7790
Berdato, Capo al	8620	Mufrella, La	7160
Bianco, Capo	8510	Muratello, Punta	7200
Borba, Capo al	7610	Niello, Monte	7330
Capannelli, Punta	7450	Niolia, Punta	7510
Cappezzola, Capo de	7470	Oriente, Punta de l'	7030
Cardo, Monte	7550	Oro, Monte d'	7970
Castelli, Punta della	7280	Padro, Monte	7980
Cinto, Monte	9003	Paglia Orba	8410
Castelluccia, Pta.	7460	Porte, Punta de	7720
Corona, Monte	7140	Renoso, Monte	7860
Diciotte, Pta.	8950	Rossa, Punta	7670
Falo, Monte	8400	Rotondo, Monte	8730
Facciata, Capo	7060	Scaldasole, Punta	7020
Felichina, Pta.	8140	Statoja, Cima della	7680
Giargiole, Capo Alle	7010	Stranciacone, Punta	7270
Incudine, Monte l'	7120	Tafonato, Capo	7810
Ladroncello, Capo	7150	Teri Corsica, Capo	7010
La Moniccia	7780	Tighietto, Capo	7620
Lattiniccia, Pta.	8000	Uccello, Capo	7650
Migliarello, Pta.	7500	Villa, Capo alle	7131
Minuta, Punta	8490		



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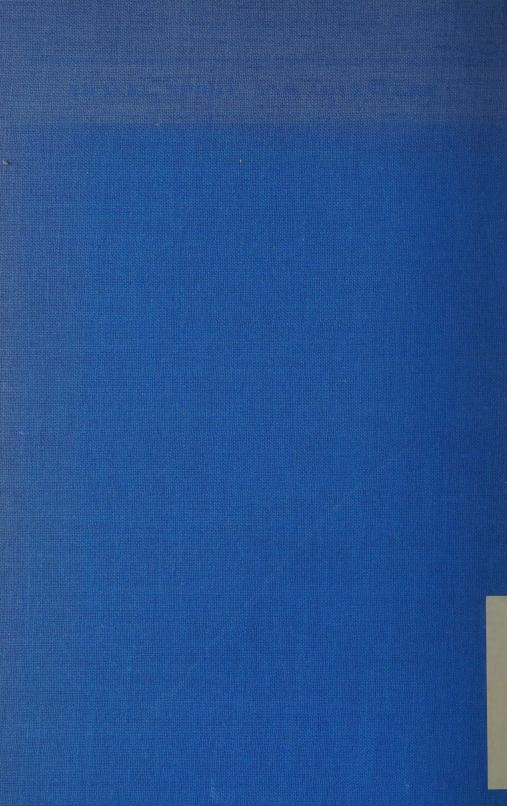
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